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IN WAR TIME.

XVII.

THE Morton household soon settled down to its new and on the whole more happy life. Edward's change from unrestful discomfort to the peace of soul which a growing love of books and of the pursuits of the naturalist brought him struck his mother with astonishment, and filled her with a hopeful pleasure which what Arthur called "our Ned's melancholy sweetness" could not destroy. In fact, Edward was suffering from the effects of a great moral shock on a system incompetent to bear the blow; and with it, unfortunately, had come to the tender-hearted young man some self-reproach. "Why," he asked himself, "should I, a wretched cripple, have dared even to dream of fastening this strong, wholesome life to my morbid wretchedness?" How wrong it would be even if it were possible! And now it was not possible; but the worst of the bitter of it had been tasted, and use had dulled the palate of despair. For a nature like Edward Morton's there was nothing left except to smooth the way for Arty. The love which had been cherished because it had seemed only a tender friendship was now clearly defined to him, its real nature made but too plain; for moral analysis, like chemical analysis, sometimes destroys what it explains.

The widow, delighted to be relieved in many ways by Mrs. Morton's return, left her very willingly to wind up the affairs of the Sanitary Commission office, and to keep Mrs. Grace and her kind in order. She felt also that it was no longer so clearly her business to watch certain young folks, and as sometimes happened to this woman she lapsed for a season into a fit of absolute idleness, checkered with many visits from Wendell; for in fact Mrs. West-ley was fast making up her mind, and, tired of defense, was becoming indifferent as to what her friends or neighbors might say.

The happy leisure of home life suited Captain Arthur Morton well. He was young, had won his spurs honestly, and found it pleasant to dine out and be made much of.

With Ann Wendell, the young captain was a welcome guest, and this also suited him. There was about him a certain grimness of purpose which Ann liked, but that this was accompanied by a never-ending good-humored amusement at and with everything in life seemed to her at times unnatural, and, if she had been able to think it out clearly, contradictory. It was of course not in the nature of things that any woman should long have doubted as to what brought him to the Wendells' so often. But Ann was slow in seeing the by-play

of life, and Arthur had a hundred excuses.

On the morning of April 16th, Arthur walked slowly down the main street of Germantown. He was thinking deeply, as were millions of men and women North and South, of the dark news of Lincoln's assassination. As he went along, people were already closing their window shutters and hanging black draperies on the shops, and on all faces were awe and a terror as of something yet to come.

But now Hester came walking up Church Lane, whither she had been as the messenger of some of Ann's modest charities, and presently saw him; and as she was becoming consciously shy in these days, she would have run away had she been able. All she could do, however, was to delay her steps, and think with amusement of how she would walk down the main street behind him. But suddenly Captain Morton's eyes were on her, and throwing away his cigar he joined her.

"Oh, Miss Hester, what awful news!"

"How can men be so wicked!" she returned. "And now Dr. Wendell says that of all the things that could happen this is the worst for us, — for the South."

"Yes, nothing could be worse for the South."

"And will it make more war, more blood?"

"I think not, but who can say! Let us not talk about it now. I have seen so many men killed — I have seen so many killed while I was talking to them, killed while they were laughing, struck out of life like numerals rubbed off a slate — that I do suppose I don't feel this as I ought to."

"Why, Mr. Morton!"

"Yes, that seems strange to you, does n't it? Still I believe it will be a long while before I get to thinking life, just mere life, so very valuable."

They walked on a little in silence.

Then he added, musingly, "I think I have a soldier's feeling about it all, and I should n't wonder if he had that, also."

"You said a little while ago, Don't let us talk of it; and I would far rather not. But — but," she added, "you won't ever say it was the South?"

Arthur colored. He had declared as much at breakfast. "Whatever I may feel or think, I shall never say what will hurt you. Much I care for the rest of the South!"

Hester felt that the reply was rather more ample than she had asked.

"Thank you," she returned, and there was a moment of silence, when presently they came to the doctor's door. Miss Ann, being now assured of the truth of the news, stood at a window, the shutters of which she was closing as for one dead in the house, and listened gravely to the sound of cannon from one of the camps at the foot of the hill, where men used the voice of war to tell the story of despair.

"Come in," said Ann, opening the door. "Have you heard the last news? Johnston has surrendered; and to think of this death between these two joys! Was it really at a theatre, Arthur?"

"Yes."

"I wish it had n't been there," she rejoined sadly. "And is it true that the man tripped on the flag?"

"Yes; that is true, I believe. But let Miss Hester in, Miss Ann;" and when she had passed, he said, "I think it has troubled her as a Southern woman. She feels it dreadfully."

"And well she may," exclaimed Ann, bitterly for her, and went away upstairs, saying to Hester, who had gone into the parlor, "Come up as soon as Mr. Morton goes. I have got some work for you."

"Shall I come now, Miss Ann?"

"No, I am in no hurry."

"Of course you cannot go," said Captain Morton. "Am I not a bronzed vet-

eran, and shall I not be entertained on my return from the wars?"

"Duty first," cried Hester, laughing.

"Oh, Miss Gray, I hope you don't forget the rest of that wise saying; and as Miss Ann has let you off the duty, I may presume there is nothing else but to realize the other end of the proverb."

"I think you are very saucy," she returned; "and in fact you are quite too fond of making inferences."

"Is that what keeps you away from our house, Hester?"

"No, it is not that — but" —

"But what? Ned is n't well, and he must miss you awfully. He does nothing but growl about your staying away. Why do you?"

"I think he will get on very well without me. Come in here; I want to show you the doctor's new rhizopod. He is so proud of it."

"Now," said the bronzed veteran calmly, "that was a very feeble bit of diplomacy! Why do you not come to the Laurels as you used to?"

"Don't you think," she replied, "that when one shows a disinclination to answer it were just as well to infer that you are answered?"

He looked up at her, surprised at the ingenuity and truth of the defense, and charmed with the womanly dignity which of a sudden seemed to envelop her.

How old she gets! he thought; but then he saw she was flushing a little. There had come to her a sudden apprehension that what she had said might be misunderstood, so she added quickly, a little angry at being forced to explain herself, —

"Miss Ann thinks that your mother will ask me when she wants me, and as you have many guests I have kept away. Is that very mysterious?"

He had an instinctive sense that this was not quite all; but he said, "That is Miss Ann all over; but I have vexed

you." Hester shook her head. A fib by gesture is probably to be regarded as the mildest form of untruth.

"But I did vex you; and one word more. I was not quite correct in what I said about Lincoln and the South. I had said something about the South at breakfast that would have made you furious. I want to say now that I shall never so speak again. I mean — Hester Gray — I mean because of you!"

"I think you should obey your own conscience," she said, proudly standing by the mantel, and facing him. "No friendship ought to control that."

"I have two consciences now," he replied, looking up and smiling kindly.

"Two?" she returned, a little eased at the turn of the talk, — "two? How queer!"

"And one is Hester Gray."

"Nonsense!" she cried, laughing and embarrassed. "I cannot accept the charge. I have quite enough trouble as it is. Besides, you would be so oversupplied with conscientiousness, you could n't turn around without crying; and as for me, I should have to share your conscience, also, and if I am to have two I shall try Miss Ann's. I think it is more of a bronzed veteran than yours."

"But after all, I never meant to ask you to share my conscience. I only wanted to keep the respect of yours."

"As if you ever had it!" she cried, merrily, well pleased to be off dangerous ground again.

"But I shall hope to have it, and to keep it too."

Then Miss Ann called, as was her way, from the stair-case: "Are you soon coming, Hester?" Miss Ann was, as we know, calmly unconventional.

"I must go," said Hester.

"Just a moment, Hester," begged Arthur. Then, as she stood, he took her hand.

"Don't keep me," she exclaimed. "Really, I must go."

"Not yet," and looking her straight in the eyes went on: "I shall want your respect, Hester, because I want your love — and — and — shall I have it, Hester?" and a great eagerness of purpose came over his strong face. He felt her tremble and saw her eyelids fall to hide the tender terror of the moment, but yet she did not move. Many times in these few days she had gotten away from this, and now it was come. "Speak, Hester," he implored, hoarsely. There was some gentle instinct in him that made him feel a deep and unselfish pity for the orphan girl. "But if, dear," he added, "it cannot be, don't be afraid to tell me. I shall try hard to bear it."

And then Ann was heard again: "If Arthur Morton stays any longer, Hester, he must help pare the apples for the pies."

Hester looked up, smiling, through fast-filling eyes. Then the captain also smiled. Then they both laughed, while, glad of this diversion, she made a swift and shameful flight for the door; but this flank movement was unsuccessful, and he caught her by the wrist with his hurt hand.

"Don't!" she cried. "I must go."

"But you hurt my arm."

"I don't care — I don't care at all! Mr. Morton, let me go!"

"And may I peel those apples with you, Hester?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And may I always peel apples with you, Hester?"

"Yes," she murmured, faintly.

"Are you never coming?" asked Ann, quite close to the door.

"Yes, yes," returned Hester, very red, and opening it abruptly.

"Oh, Miss Ann, and I am going to help her!" said Arthur.

Then and there it was all only too suddenly made clear to Ann, and leaving them she went upstairs into her room, and sitting down groaned aloud, "What am I to do? How blind I have been!

And does she dream that her father was killed by his father?"

It had been a horrible story to Ann as first she heard it, and her last interview with Captain Gray, when he was dying, had so set it in her mind that it would have been utterly impossible for her to disbelieve it. In fact, it was, as she felt, a dying man's statement. The law accepted such statements, and how could she do other than accept them also? All through these years it had influenced her feelings, at least, and had made her look with constant discomfort on the kindness shown to Hester by the Mortons. When she knew that Colonel Morton was responsible for a part of this kindness, it seemed to her as if he were thus seeking to atone to the child he had made fatherless. Her brother had told her that the whole matter was absurd, and that, if true, it was only what must happen in war. He had better not have said "if true." That still left in Ann's mind a dark and unpleasant doubt; and now at last the time had come when, as a woman fearing God, she must face the matter with some practical decision. Ann tried hard to think it all out to a satisfactory conclusion. She felt that this time, at least, she could not quite trust Ezra. How could he decide anything fairly where the Mortons were concerned, and who else was there, and who could tell these glad young people, and why was this misery of duty put upon her? "Had I been less blind, I might have seen it in time," she cried. Then she began to realize how far Hester had grown into her affections, and to think with an increasing pain of Arthur, for whom her heart was strangely open. There was some New England vigor in him, she said, liking to explain her admiration on impersonal grounds. If Dr. Lagrange had been within reach, she would have wished to talk with him about it all. His supreme exactness gave Ann a strong belief in his conscientiousness,

and probably she would have been set at rest by his dictum. But Dr. Lagrange was far away in the Mississippi Valley, and was just then lamenting over divers returns of hospital stores conveniently "expended in service," or captured, and was miserably unhappy over wars which were carried on in this unmethodical fashion.

Nevertheless Ann took some comfort after having written to him. She felt that she must do something, and now, having done something, could rest tranquil for a few days; and if then nothing came to her in the way of hopeful counsel, there at least was Alice Westerley.

But just yet she would say nothing to Ezra. If Arthur mentioned his love affair to him, as was likely enough, she might have to speak as to what was on her mind. She did not like the concealment, but events had been too strong for her.

XVIII.

The spring buds filled up despite the wars and griefs of men, and where the latest snow was melting the trailing arbutus made the Wissahickon hills delicious with its perfect fragrance. It was such a day as always brought Mr. Wilmington to the country for a little sunning. He was yet lingering in his town house, loath to leave his club and the evening whist-table; but the evening whist had been rather broken up of late, owing to great events outside, and as a consequence the little, precise, ruddy face was looking displeased, its owner's enjoyment of life being temperately made up of a regular succession of many small things. He got out of his train at Fisher's Lane, and sauntered along until he came to the old graveyard at the corner of the main street. Here he paused in the lane, and resting his arms on the crumbling stone wall looked over at the neglected stones, slanted

this way and that, and tried to decipher some of the nearer inscriptions. He was wondering what some other old fellow would say, a century hence, when he came to read the words in which his demise would be recorded in Christ Church burial-ground. "At least," reflected the comfortable old sinner, "I sha'n't know." And then he chuckled at the idea that it would not be well to have Mrs. Westerley write that inscription.

"Good-morning, Mr. Wilmington," said Wendell, approaching him. "What mean these meditations among the tombs?"

"I was thinking," said the old gentleman, "how much more amusing graveyards would be if comments were added to the inscriptions by others than one's heirs."

"Good heavens!" said the doctor, shuddering. "I should decree myself a nameless, dateless grave, like the Quakers." The idea struck him as unpleasant. If he died that day, what might not be said of him? "Are you going up Main Street?"

"I am wandering," answered Wilmington. "I shall probably wind up at Mrs. Westerley's."

Wendell was glad of company. He had learned lately the worst news of his new investment, and he had bought some gold, thinking thus to help himself, and then, to the amazement of all, when Lee surrendered gold fell. That day had come a letter from Henry Gray, dated in London a month back, in which he desired Dr. Wendell to hold ready for his call nine thousand dollars, as he saw a way of making for his cousin Hester a better investment of it than could possibly be made in the North. Like most Confederates abroad, he was utterly unable to see how fast the power of the Southern States was crumbling, and still wrote with a confidence in their integrity which to Wendell seemed little less than ludicrous. "Would the doc-

tor and his sister be so good as to keep the remaining thousand as a slight proof of Mr. Gray's gratitude, which he hoped to show later in some still more substantial way?"

Wendell did not like this letter, for many and obvious reasons; he walked on, talking, and at times thinking of it anew.

"Disagreeable business, all this!" said Wilmington, vaguely, — "death of Lincoln, and all that. There is a passage in the *Spectator* which applies to it, — something about rebels; but it might be in Milton."

"I don't recall it," replied Wendell.

"Nor I. My memory is n't at all what it was. Bless me, how sharp the air is!"

"Yes, it is rather biting for the season. And how is the gout, Mr. Wilmington?"

"Well enough, if I don't drink madeira. But you see, doctor, if you don't drink madeira, why, life really is n't worth much in the latter part of the day, you know."

"I would n't take a great deal, or habitually," said Wendell.

"No, I dare say you would n't. But upon my word, is n't that old Grace's barn? He has taken off his weather-cock; and how on earth does he suppose I can dress myself without a weather-cock in sight? It's no use on one's own house."

The doctor, much amused, consoled with his friend, and suggested mutual weather-cocks, which seemed a satisfactory solution, and Mr. Wilmington went on for some time in silence, apparently comforted.

This gave Wendell a little time for reflection, which resulted in this wise: —

"I have had a letter from Hester's cousin, and perhaps you may be willing to advise me in regard to it, as you did about the first letter."

"I shall have great pleasure," returned Wilmington. He liked to be

asked for advice, and in matters of business, or purely worldly affairs, there were few more clear-headed counselors. He put on his glasses, and pausing tranquilly in the street read the letter. Then he read it again.

"Queer hand he writes. What's that word? Oh, it's 'investment,' is it?"

"Indeed," said Wendell, "I agree with you fully about the writing. I wonder people are not ashamed to write so badly. It is n't considered an accomplishment to stammer so as to be incomprehensible. But how does the letter strike you, sir?"

The old gentleman raised his eyelids, which were in general very nearly shut, and this unclosure of two large gray eyes had the effect of the sudden lighting up of a disused house.

"I am afraid he has an idea of putting the money in Confederate bonds. But of course that is his business, and not ours. It is his own money."

Wendell was not greatly pleased with the inference to be drawn from this advice, and said, "In a measure it is his own; but if he throws it away, and the rest of his property, too, where will Hester be? Does n't it strike you that she should be considered a little?"

"You have no right to think that he is n't considering her, and of course my guess is just only a distrustful old fellow's guess. Perhaps he has some really good investment; and after all, when you come to act, you cannot afford to assume any rights."

"And you would advise me" — continued Wendell, with hesitation.

"Oh, you can't need advice! When he draws you will send him his money."

"But it will be rather hard on Hester."

"That may be, or it may not. Perhaps he won't draw at all, and I rather think that he will hesitate now about Confederate paper. It must be a stupid rat that does n't know that ship is sinking."

"I didn't think of it in that light. Things have certainly changed a good deal since he wrote. But don't you think if I found that he had drawn soon after writing me, it would be a kindness to be in no haste to act? A little time might" —

"I said nothing like that, Dr. Wendell," broke in the old gentleman, with unpleasant accuracy of articulation, and opening his eyes again very wide. A dim shade of suspicion had entered his mind.

"I was rather making an inference than repeating anything you said," replied Wendell, quickly. "I need hardly say that he will instantly find his draft honored. As a mere matter of business I should have no choice, but one can't help speculating as to the desirable."

"Speculation with or about other folks' money is — well, is undesirable; and, by the way, Hester must have a nice little sum over and above her ten thousand, or his ten thousand. Those bonds have gone up like a kite."

Wendell shuddered. "Yes," he assented, "you gave me good advice as to that. Poor Hester!"

"Why poor?" growled the old man. "Is any one poor who has eyes like hers? Only age is poor; and it gets poorer, sir, — it gets poorer, till it ends in the poorhouse of the grave. But I think that young person will be taken care of. I suspect my friend Arty is going to have a say in her future."

"Indeed?" said Wendell, annoyed. "I have had that idea myself; but do you suppose Mrs. Morton would ever dream of allowing Arthur" —

"Dream, allow!" exclaimed Wilmington. "You don't know the men of that breed. He will marry the girl if he wants to, doctor, — make your mind easy on that subject," and the old gentleman chuckled gently. "But I must leave you. I am going into this shop. Good-morning."

Wendell said good-by, and walked away. He felt unhappy and displeased with himself, and had an odd sense of an injustice done him in the taking of Hester out of his life; it would be so much sunshine gone. And then over and over he thought, till thought was a wearying pain, of what he could do. There were now at least three thousand dollars to replace; and even if he sold his sister's stock and his own, at a sacrifice which would be ruinous, how should he tell Ann? — how account for the portion of Hester's bonds he had sold? Death would be easier than to face Ann's pure face, and say, "I have stolen. I am a thief." Amidst the gathering horror of all this anticipated torment, he went feebly through several visits, and then wandered about, until at last he came to Mrs. Westerley's gate. He felt none of the fear of her insight which experience had taught him in regard to Ann's, who had instinctively studied him through the long years of their changing fortunes; but the thought was ever present to him that he loved Alice Westerley purely and for herself, and must marry her to be clear of his pecuniary load. He wanted to marry her, and yet not to have to think he had or might have a bad background of urgent motives. He wished to have all this lovely sweetness of longing free from taint and pure as childhood. Only a sensitive man and a poet in temperament could have kept himself on such a rack. He took off his hat as he stood at her door, struck his forehead with his palm, moved his fingers like one in pain, and at last rang, and presently went in.

He wanted to be alone with Alice, but to his annoyance he found Arthur, and saw at once from their faces that some talk of unusual interest had taken place. Alice rose, and greeted him warmly.

"Ah, you are the very man we wanted. I have just been saying to Arty that he must tell you and Miss Ann

that Hester has promised to marry him. And what a wicked thing, Dr. Wendell," she added, archly, "to promise to marry a man; and she is so young, too, to be so wicked!"

Wendell was pleased at her little bit of gay allusiveness, which he felt flattered to know was meant for him alone to understand.

"It is so, Dr. Wendell," said the sun-browned captain; "and I feel as if now I might be going to be some kind of a relation of yours, and that is n't an unpleasant part of it, either."

Mrs. Westerley liked this well.

"Indeed?" returned Wendell, not quite so warmly as such occasions demand. "I congratulate you, Arthur. In fact, I suppose I should have expected it. But does your mother know it yet?"

"No," replied Arthur, "but Ned will settle that. He means to talk to her to-night. I wanted to do it myself, and at once; but he said no, — that he wished to have the pleasure himself. Of course there will be a row, but it won't last. And now I am off. I think — oh, I ought to say I know — that Miss Gray has told Miss Ann. Good-by!"

"Why did you take it so coolly?" asked Alice of Dr. Wendell. "I don't think Arthur was enough himself to notice your manner, but I did. You must have had some expectation of it. I should have really supposed you did not like it, if I had not known better."

"It seems like losing a child to lose Hester. I do not see how life would be possible without her."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, and picking up a book began to cut its leaves with great precision.

"Why did you say Oh?" queried Wendell.

"That should be an easy riddle," she answered.

"Alice, Alice," he returned, "none of your riddles are easy! You mean, do you not, that I should lose the child's

life when a dearer life becomes one with mine; that I was comparing the two loves, which are both so sweet and so unlike?"

"I did not say so."

"But you meant it, and yet you must know what you are to me. Oh, no, you cannot know how you fill my life with a sense of calm and content! You cannot know that you alone rise to the level of understanding my ambitions, and believe that under happier circumstances I may come to be worthy, at least in achievement, even of you. A brook flowing into a dry land could not more surely find and fill its depths of craving thirst than you my secret longings! Why do you still keep me waiting?"

"I do not know. Cannot you, to whom I have given so much and said so much, be contented, for a while at least? I know what I am to you. I think I know what I can do to give you freedom from all that now weighs down your life, and I have said — I have said — I loved you."

"But, Alice" —

"Oh," she went on, "you men are all selfish! Do you wonder I should pause and delay? I wonder women ever do anything else. For you it is no great change; for us — for me, it is total. I give up my ways, my plans, my right to be alone or not, to go, to come, and I gain a master," she said, smiling at him. "Oh, you must not think of me as like Hester, like a young girl! I must think, — I must think."

"And I must wait."

"Yes. But you know how it will end. You must know, and when you have me, and I have said that one fatal word, perhaps you will not find me quite all that you choose to dream in your poet heart."

"I have no fear," said Wendell, taking her hand. How cool and soft it was! He kissed it, once, twice. "Oh, I love you, little hand, and I should like well to keep you a close prisoner."

"And do jailers kiss their prisoners?" she said, smiling. "Let them go," she added, for now he had both hands. "Let them go, and I will do something very nice for you."

"What will you do? Will you say yes?"

"No," she replied, with set lips and an air of the tenderest mutiny, "not yet! But I will do what I have never done — I — I — will once — or twice — only once or twice — I will call you — Ezra — I think I like it — Ezra!"

It was a strange shock to Wendell. He disliked his homely name, and was ashamed that he disliked it. At first, for a moment, he really thought she was using it with a humorous sense of its oddness; but he saw this was not so, and then was pleased that she had conquered this difficulty, which he felt must be, for her as for him, an enormous one.

"Thank you," he said, releasing her hands. "Don't you think it an odd name?"

"I never thought about it at all," she returned. "But now you must go. I expect Miss Clemson here, and Mrs. Morton. It is well that walls tell no tales, sir. Don't come here to-morrow, — don't come for a week, please!"

"And how am I to stand that?" said he. "A week? Not a whole week?"

"Yes, that, — all of that."

"And shall I have my answer then?"

"I do not know. I think not. I do wish you would go!"

"Good-by, then."

"And you will see me in a week? I shall expect you."

"And at what hour?"

"Oh, you must take your chance! Now do go!"

Mrs. Grace's letter to Colonel Fox bore fruit in due season. It found him at midday on the march. He read it, and as he crumpled it into his pocket, ejaculated one or two brief words not

known to the language of Friends. Then he rode along, musing, sitting tall in the saddle, a fresh-colored man, with a straight, large nose, of a good leathery tint just now, curly-haired and clean-shaven, — a face apt enough to be stern, but with eyes that seemed ready with gentle apologies for his graver features; altogether the fair figure of a cavalier. Until his father's time all of his race, since Penn sold them lands in Merion, had been Friends of the strictest sect, unto whom Thomas Hicks was an abomination; but of late, although they still held with the meeting and used the Quaker language, they had ceased to affect a rigid plainness of attire. After a rather unruly boyhood, George Fox had taken, when quite young, the small capital his father had left him, and had gone to live on some iron lands he owned in Allegheny County, and there had so prospered that when the war broke out it found him a rich and independent man. To the annoyance of his family he at once entered the army, and there brought to bear the energy, sagacity, and power over men which he had shown in his business, as well as a cool and ready courage, for which in his previous life there had been but small chance of use.

Three weeks went by amidst the shock of armies in their final grapple, and at last he had found himself free again for a few days. There had been little time to think calmly, but now he reflected, and before long reached a conclusion altogether characteristic of the man. He obtained a week's leave of absence, and came home. What he there heard casually made his purpose more firm, and with his usual decisiveness he at once wrote to Mrs. Westerley: —

"Dear Mrs. Westerley, I want to see you, and to be sure to find you alone that I may talk with you a few minutes. You need not fear that it will be about myself; but there is something not very pleasant which I feel I must say to you,

and which I would be glad — honestly glad — not to have to say.”

Then he added that her reply would reach him at the city headquarters.

Mrs. Westerley was made rather uneasy and intensely curious by this note, and hastened to answer that she would be at home to him at one, the next day.

A few minutes before the hour set for his call, Mrs. Westerley went into her drawing-rooms and began to walk about, not at all as the male being does when in thought or annoyed, but hither and thither, from table to table, with what would have seemed to the man-minded immeasurably small purposes, in the way of moving a book, or setting back a chair, or turning a vase around. Then deciding that it was cool for May to be so close at hand, she ordered the fire to be lighted; and as the yellow flames of the hickory shot up, she appeared at last to be satisfied, and sat down for a moment, only to rise again in order to move from her fireside table a book of antique look which Wendell had sent her the day before, that she might look at certain passages which he had marked. What subtle woman's instinct caused her to lay the volume away out of sight on top of the cottage piano she herself might have been puzzled to state. For indeed the motives which induce these petty actions are often so faintly registered that we may fail to discover them at all, and the doing of a thing may leave us with nothing but a slight surprise at what we have done.

As almost automatically she obeyed her woman's instinct, she suddenly seemed to perceive herself as an uninterested observer might have done, and, smiling, colored faintly as she moved away; when catching sight of herself in the mirror as she paused before it she adjusted a rebel lock, turned her head aside, and with one critical glance sat down by the fire, and resolving to puzzle herself no further took up a paper.

She had hardly read a paragraph when the servant opened the door, and saying, “Colonel Fox, ma'am,” left them alone.

It is given to few women to be unmoved when for the first time after saying No to a man whom they profoundly respect and admire they see him again. Mrs. Westerley rose and shook hands with Fox kindly and even warmly. It was remote from her nature to hurt without being hurt herself, and she somehow recognized the depth of the wound she had given. She felt it even more now, as she noted his evident embarrassment, which lessened as he talked, but which she, of course, and very naturally, attributed to his memory of their last meeting.

“I am very glad to see you,” she said. “Sit down by the fire. How cold it is still! And the war is over at last. I know you must be deeply glad.”

“Yes, I am of all men most thankful to be done with it, and to get back to my mines and my mountain home and my books. I went out to help to do a certain needful duty, and we have done it and done it well, I think. I wish I thought the legislation which must follow it would be as temperate as we who fought would wish to have it, but we shall have no share in the making of it.”

“Oh, that is what Mr. Wilmington says,” she returned; “and I find all the soldiers I see are most merciful in their talk about what ought to be done. Arty says that the editors and the newspaper people are like the boys who held the school-books when what he calls ‘the fellows’ had a fight, and were always more ferocious than those who fought. However, I may be keeping you needlessly, but one must have a little war talk. I am dying to know why you wanted to see me. I hope,” she added, kindly, “that it is for something a friend can do for you.”

“No,” he replied sadly, “there is nothing you can do for me, — nothing;

and in justice to myself, let me tell you beforehand that what I have come here to say, will put an impassable barrier between you and me. I know this so well that I have hesitated — hesitated as I have never before hesitated in all my life — but” —

“Then why,” she asked quickly, and feeling a gathering sense of anxiety, “why do you say it?”

“Because it is my duty, clearly my duty, as I see it.”

“And — what is it?” she returned faintly.

“I will tell you in a moment,” he replied; “but first let me ask you a question or two. Do you believe that I love you, Mrs. Westerley?”

“I wish I did not. I should be happier if I did not. I am afraid that I know you do,” she continued, greatly disturbed.

“I am glad of that, because then you can understand that it must be bitter for me coldly to ruin that remnant of hope which every man who loves such a woman as you must have, do as he will, reason as he may.”

“I think I understand,” she said, looking in the fire; “at least I can try to put myself in your place. But what is it? What do you mean?”

“Be patient with me just a moment more, as with a man about to die. One question more, and do not be angry with me!”

“No; I can promise that. Go on.”

“Are you going to marry Dr. Wendell?”

Alice was certainly amazed.

“And if,” she said, proudly, “I decline to answer, — if I do not choose to answer?”

“Then,” he said, now having himself well in hand, — “then I should say what I have come to say, merely to explain my visit; and if it be untrue that you mean so to honor him, what I should say would be of no moment, and I should ask you to consider my words as for you

alone. But if, my friend, — I may call you that, may I not? — if you mean to marry Dr. Wendell, then what I have to say will have its force for you, more or less as may be.”

She reflected a moment, and then answered him gravely, “I spoke like a foolish girl. Yes, I mean to marry him. I have not positively said I would, but I shall. And now that I have spoken frankly as, on this matter, to no one else, may I ask you in mercy to do the same? You must know now that you keep me in most painful suspense.”

“When a man is signing the death-warrant of hope, he may be pardoned delay, but I will be brief. Early in the war, Mrs. Westerley, I was in West Virginia, and heard a good deal of Dr. Wendell. What I heard of him I liked well enough, and there is much to like in him.”

“Oh, go on,” she exclaimed impatiently.

“We had a fight on the Kenawha, and in falling back three of our surgeons were left at a country church, with a number of badly wounded men. They soon came under a pretty heavy fire. Dr. Wendell was in charge. I believe he had not been in action before. One of the assistant surgeons was wounded, but Dr. Wendell very soon showed signs of uneasiness, and at last left his post and followed our retreat. He was permitted to leave the army quietly, and in fact the matter was forgotten in the tumult of war; but it came to me both officially and in another way. I felt sorry for him then, and even now I wonder over it; but how, knowing this, could I let a high-minded woman, whom I love, marry in ignorance a man who is a” — He meant to say a coward, but looking at the woman who was so dear to him he hesitated, while Alice rose to her feet, overcome by a rush of emotions and broken reasonings, too hurried and too wild for analysis or easy expression.

"Stop," she said, — "stop! You have said enough, — you have said too much! I do not believe it, and I am amazed that you, of all men, should have dared to tell me such a tale! I do not believe it! It is but one more of the endless stories of this kind which have been blown about in regard to every one."

"No, it is true."

"True! How dare you tell me it is true! And is there no cowardice in repeating such a story to a woman?"

"Cowardice!" cried Fox, amazed. "And you do not credit me, then?"

"No, it is incredible!"

"And yet," he said, feeling that she was adding horribly to the bitterness of his distasteful task, — "and yet it is true, and officially on record. Happily, it is known to few, I am sure. He is not aware that I know it. Try to feel, as you are noble enough to feel, what I must have gone through in deciding to bring to you this miserable story. If I could have told you of some noble action of the man's, of some deed of courage, on my honor, Alice, I should rather have done it! I should have been glad to do it. I have given myself pain which if I could have gauged it beforehand would have made me falter even more."

Then they remained silent and in thought. It was impossible not to believe him, — it was impossible to doubt a man like Fox; but after this — what? A man might fail once, and never again; and why must this one defect be allowed to mar a life, and follow a man with unending punishment? But then the shame of such dishonor rose up before her proud conscience, and the scene itself came blindingly into her visual sphere: men wounded, dying; a duty abandoned in terror of mere death! How petty death seemed to her! And if it should ever be widely known, what would men say, and above all Mr. Wilmington, with his old-fashioned sense of honor, and cynical Morton, and the boys? She sat slowly twisting her handkerchief. She

felt like a mariner on some wild shore, surf-bruised, helpless, the sport of rock and wave, — now ashore, now in deep water. Then at last she looked up from the fire, and saw a great tenderness of sorrow in the face of the man who looked at her.

"Pity me!" she cried, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Pity!" he repeated. "Ah, if I could but take the pain for you! Had I thought it would hurt you this way, I — I — would never have spoken."

"But why, why did you? I was so happy, and now you must speak to me — you must say more. I — I — can't think. Perhaps it was just once? He might have been ill, who knows? God alone can judge such things! Do you think I should let it break up and destroy all the rest of a good and useful life?" She spoke, as it were, fragments of thought. "Who needs to be — to be — so brave in our every-day life!"

Fox was appalled. He hesitated. How should he talk to this woman whom he loved, — how say to her that courage is the backbone of character, the life of every virtue; that in Wendell's case the lack of it made the true fulfillment of duty impossible; that the want of it had left wounded men to die who otherwise might have lived? It seemed to him a thing so simply shameful that to emphasize it with comment was absurd. But it was plain that he must answer her.

"I have said what I thought right to say. I must leave it to you now. If it be a small thing to you, I shall mistrust my judgment of a woman I honor. If you choose to condone it, that is your business, not mine; but as you love truth, I pray of you this only: to believe that no base jealousy has driven me to speak. That man is no more to me in life than the fly on your window-pane, and I end as I began, by saying that to be able to come to you and try to save a noble life from — no, I will not hurt

you more — I have paid a great price to enable me to help you, if it may be: for now I know that if you decide one way it will still be impossible for me to even dream of presuming on your freedom by a word, or ever to make use of the freedom I have given you; and if — if you decide another way, and my words remain as useless as words unsaid, even then our friendship must cease to exist, or at least to have any active being, — for surely you will never care to look upon my face again, Alice.” She felt that this was true.

She was now sitting, wan and aghast, a little sideways on a low chair, her chin in her palm.

“It is so, but don’t go yet. I ought to be angry, and — I was angry. I am not so now. Sit down. I am so dazed I cannot reason, and I am sure when you are gone, I shall want to have said something more.”

They were silent again a moment. Then a wild pang of thought struck through her brain.

“Does he know of this visit, of your purpose?”

“Not yet, but of course he must know. I intended to tell him first.”

“But you did not, you did not?” she said, realizing swiftly the pain it would be to Wendell to know that she had heard it all.

“No, I did not, but I shall. I have a letter in my pocket now, which I shall leave at his house.”

“Give it to me!” she cried, sharply, rising and coming towards him.

Fox stood up. He felt powerless to resist her. “There it is,” he said.

She tore it passionately, and threw it into the fire. “And you will not speak of this to him? You will not write another letter? Promise me. I insist. I have a right to insist. It is all you can do for me. You have been, ah, so bitterly cruel to me! Yes, yes, I know; duty, of course. Oh, my God! my God!”

“What!” cried Fox. “Say this of a man to a woman he loves, and — be silent to him? Possibly ruin his chances of a happy life, and hide — Oh, I cannot do that, not even for you. Then truly you might reproach me with cowardice.”

“But,” she returned, firmly, “if you knew it would not mar his happiness, — I mean what you have said, — then there would have been no harm done.”

Fox moved back a step or two, like one recoiling from terror.

“Oh, my God,” he exclaimed, “is this possible! And — and really — It is all as nothing to you? I will not tell him, — make yourself easy on that matter;” and so saying he turned and went quickly out of the room, without more words, while Alice, pale and stern, looked after him, speechless.

She had saved Wendell, — of that she was sure; but she had saved him at bitter cost to herself, and she would have given a year of life to forget the look of scorn, wonder, and disbelief which took quick possession of the soldier’s face as he turned to go.

“I shall never see him again,” she said, “and — he does not understand. How can he understand?”

Then the near memory of the troubled hour melted into a certain tenderness of thought about the man she loved. She loved him, — that she knew full well; and she had saved him from what would have been for both one long misery. Beyond this she could not yet go. To reason on it all was impossible, and she was shocked when, days afterwards, she saw Wendell to find that she was more undecided than before. Sometimes remembrance pleads better than any presence, and the statue which love carves has graces the model never knew. But despite her doubts she knew that she should marry Wendell, for in natures like hers the maturity of a love once born is as certain as the growth of morning.

Colonel Fox went away sick at heart, and for a time disgusted. Never before had he so laid bare his soul, never fought so stern a fight for self-subdual. He had failed, he felt, — failed alike in his purpose and in command over himself; for in a crisis of passionate anguish like this the individualities of men, repressed by decorous usage, break loose as they did in the early days of the Renaissance, and the true natures of men and

women clash like sword blades in the fury of unchecked realities.

He went home and wrote briefly to Mrs. Westerley, "Pray God to forgive me, dear friend. I knew not what I did;" and then he returned to camp, and hid his trouble in the active work of breaking up his regiment, and in trying to take some thought of those of his men who needed help or lacked immediate employment.

S. Weir Mitchell.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN PUNISHMENT.

A STRIKING and significant indication of the remarkable change that has come over the spirit of legislation, and more especially of criminal jurisprudence, in comparatively recent times, is the fact that whereas, a few generations ago, lawgivers and courts of justice still continued to treat brutes as men responsible for their misdeeds, and to punish them capitally as malefactors, the tendency nowadays is to regard men as brutes, acting automatically or under an insane and irresistible impulse to evil, and to plead this proclivity, in prosecutions for murder, as an extenuating circumstance, and even as a ground of acquittal.

Mediæval jurists and judges did not stop to solve intricate problems of psychiatry. The puzzling knots which we seek painfully to untie, and often succeed only in hopelessly tangling, they boldly cut with the executioner's sword. They dealt directly with overt acts and meted justice with a rude and retaliative hand, more accustomed and better adapted to clinch a fist and strike a blow than to weigh motives nicely in a balance, to measure gradations of culpability, or to detect delicate differences in the psychical texture and spiritual quality of deeds. They put implicit

faith in Jack Cade's prescription of "hempen caudle" and "pap of hatchet" as radical remedies for all forms and degrees of criminal alienation and murderous aberration of mind. Phlebotomania was epidemic; blood-letting was regarded as the infallible cure for all the ills that afflicted the human and social body. Doctors of physic and of law vied with one another in applying this panacea. The red-streaked pole of the barber-surgeon and the reeking scaffold, symbols of venesection, were the appropriate signs of medicine and jurisprudence. Hygeia and Justitia, instead of being represented by graceful females feeding the emblematic serpent of recuperation or holding the well-adjusted scales, would have been fitly typified by two enormous and insatiable leeches gorged with blood.

The overt act alone was assumed to constitute the crime, so that the mental condition of the criminal was never taken into account. It is remarkable how long this crude and superficial conception prevailed, and how very recently even the first attempts were made to establish penal codes on a philosophical basis. The punishableness of an offense is now generally recognized as depending solely upon the sanity of the

offender. Crime, morally and legally considered, presupposes perfect freedom of will on the part of the agent. Where this element is wanting there is no culpability, whatever may have been the consequences of the act. Modern criminal law looks primarily to the psychical origin of a deed, and only secondarily to its physical effects; mediæval criminal law ignored the origin altogether, and regarded exclusively the effects, which it dealt with on the homœopenal principle of *similia similibus puniuntur*, for the most part blindly and brutally applied.

Mancini, Zuppetta, and other Italian jurists have devoted themselves with especial zeal and acuteness to the study of obscure and perplexing problems of psycho-pathological jurisprudence, and have drawn nice distinctions in determining degrees of personal responsibility. Judicial procedure no longer stops with testimony establishing the bald facts in the case, but admits also the evidence of the expert alienist, in order to ascertain to what extent the will of the accused was free and functionally normal in its operation. It is not merely a question of raving madness or driveling idiocy, perceivable by the coarsest understanding and the crassest ignorance; but the slightest morbid disturbance, impairing the full and healthy exercise of the mental faculties, must be examined and estimated. If "privation of mind" and "irresistible force," says Zuppetta, are exculpatory, then "partial vitiation of mind" and "semi-irresistible force" are entitled to the same consideration. There are states of being which are mutually contradictory and exclusive, and cannot coexist, such as life and death. A partial state of life and death is impossible; such expressions as half alive and half dead are purely rhetorical; taken literally, they are simply absurd. It is not so, however, with states of mind. The intellect, the first condition of accountability, may be perfectly

clear, manifesting itself in its native fullness and power, or it may be partially obscured. So, too, the will, the second condition of accountability, may assert itself with complete freedom and untrammelled force, or it may act under stress and with imperfect volition. Physical violence and mental pressure are not the less real because they may not be wholly irresistible. For this reason, it involves no contradiction in terms and is not absurd to call an action half conscious, half voluntary, or half constrained. "Partial vitiation of mind" is a state well recognized in psychiatric science. In like manner, there is no essential incongruity in affirming that an impulse may be the result of a "semi-irresistible force." But these mental conditions and forces do not manifest themselves with equal distinctness and intensity in all cases: sometimes they are scarcely perceptible; again, they verge upon "privation of mind" and "irresistible force;" and it is the duty of the judge to adjust the penalty to these gradations of guilt.

The same process of reasoning would lead to the admission of quasi-vitiations of mind and quasi-irresistible forces as grounds of exculpation. Thus one might go on analyzing and refining away human responsibility, and reducing all crimes to symptoms and resultants of mental derangement, until every malefactor would come to be looked upon, not as a culprit, to be delivered over to the sharp stroke of the headsman or the safe custody of the jailer, but as an unfortunate victim of morbid states and incitements, to be consigned to the sympathetic care of the psychiatrist.

Italian jurisprudents have been foremost and have gone farthest in this reaction from mediæval conceptions of crime and its proper punishment. This recoil from extreme cruelty to excessive commiseration is due, in a great measure, to the Italian temperament; to a peculiar gentleness and impressionableness of character, which, combined with an in-

instinctive aversion to whatever shocks the senses or mars the pleasure of the moment, are apt to degenerate into shallow sentimentality and sickly sensibility, thereby enfeebling and perverting the moral consciousness and the strict sense of justice. To minds thus constituted the cool and deliberate condemnation of a human being to the gallows is an atrocity, in comparison with which mere killing in the heat of passion or under strong provocation seems a venial transgression. This popular sympathy with the guilty living man, who is about to suffer, to the entire forgetfulness of the innocent dead man, the victim of his anger or cupidity, pervades all classes of society, and has stimulated the ingenuity of lawyers and legislators to discover mitigating moments and extenuating circumstances, and other means of loosening and enlarging the meshes of the penal code, and has finally provided in psycho-pathology a scientific basis for this pitying and palliating feeling to plant itself upon.

But although the Italians have been pioneers in this movement, it has not been confined to them; it extends to all civilized nations, and expresses a general tendency of the age. Even the Germans, those leaders in theory and laggards in practice, whose researches and speculations have illustrated all forms and phases of judicial procedure, but who adhere so conservatively to ancient methods and resist so stubbornly the tides of reform in their own courts, have yielded on this point. They no longer regard insanity and idiocy as the only grounds of exemption from punishment, but include in the same category all "morbid disturbances of mental activity," and "all states of mind in which the free determination of the will is not indeed wholly destroyed, but only partially impaired." In order to realize the radical changes that have taken place in this direction within a comparatively recent period, one need merely

compare the present criminal code of the German empire with the Austrian code of 1803, the Bavarian code of 1813, and the Prussian code of 1851; and these changes have been effected in spite of the preponderance of Prussia, which has always exerted her influence in favor of severe penalties, and shown slight consideration for individual frailties and criminal idiosyncrasies.

The chief difficulty encountered by framers and administrators of penal laws in this respect arises from the fact that no one has ever yet been able to give an exact and adequate definition of insanity. However easy it may be to recognize the grosser varieties of mental disorder, it is often impossible to detect it in its subtler forms, or to draw a hard and fast line between sanity and insanity. An eminent alienist affirms that very few of the persons whom we meet in the counting-room or on the street, or with whom we enjoy pleasant intercourse at their firesides, are of perfectly sound mind. Nearly every one is a little touched; some molecule of the brain has turned into a maggot; there is some topic which cannot be introduced without making the portals of the mind grate on their golden hinges, — some point at which we are forced to say, —

"O, that way madness lies; let me shun that."

It is possible, however, that this very opinion may be a fixed idea or symptomatic eccentricity of the alienist himself. The theory that all men are monomaniacs may be merely his monomania.

A madman, says Coleridge, is one who "mistakes his thoughts for persons and things." But here the frenzies of the lunatic intrench on the functions of the poet, who, "of imagination all compact," takes his fantasies for realities,

"Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Coleridge's definition includes also the mythopœic faculty, — the power of projecting creations of the mind, and endowing them with objective and inde-

pendent existence, which in the infancy of the race peopled heaven and earth with phantoms, and still croons over our cradles and babbles of brownie and fairy in our nurseries and chimney-corners. No progress of science can wholly eradicate this tendency to mythologize. In the absence of better materials, it seizes upon the most prosaic of practical improvements, and clothes them with poetry and legend. The imaginative child of New York or Boston converts the modern gas-pipe into the abode of a dragon, which puts forth its fiery tongue when the knob is turned. The Suabian peasant still regards the railroad as a device of the devil, and believes that his satanic majesty is by contract entitled to a tollage of one passenger on every train. As the church has uniformly consigned great inventors to the infernal regions, the prince of darkness could have had no lack of ingenious wits to advise him in such matters.

Another consideration, which did not disturb the minds of mediæval jurists, nor stay the hand of strictly retributive justice, is in the fact, now generally admitted, that crimes, like all other human actions, are subject to certain fixed laws, which seem to some extent to remove them from the province of free will and the power of individual determination. Professor Morselli has shown conclusively that suicide, which we are wont to consider a wholly voluntary act, is really dependent upon a great variety of circumstances over which man has no control: climate, season, months, days, state of crops; domestic, social, political, financial, economical, geographical, and meteorological influences; sun, moon, and stars, all work together, impelling the individual to self-destruction. Suicide increases when the earth is in aphelion, and decreases when it is in perihelion. Race and religion are also important factors in aggravating or mitigating the suicidal tendency, Germans and Protestants being most prone to it. Suicide,

in fact, is the resultant of a vast number of complicated and far-reaching forces, which we can neither trace nor measure. To a very considerable degree, it is a question of environment in the broadest sense of this term; "an effect," says Morselli, "of the struggle for existence and of human selection, working according to the laws of evolution among civilized peoples." The same is true of crime.

The recent growth of sociology and especially the scientific study of the laws of heredity also tend, by exciting an intelligent and philosophic interest in such questions, to render men less positive and peremptory in their judicial decisions. The intellectual horizon is so greatly enlarged, and so many possibilities are suggested, that it is difficult for conscientious persons, affected by these speculations and honestly endeavoring to make an ethical or penal application of them, to come to a prompt and practical conclusion in any given case:

"And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

If it be true, as Mr. Galton affirms, that legal ability is transmitted from father to son, criminal proclivity may be equally hereditary, and the judge and the culprit may have reached their relative positions through a long line of ancestral influences, working according to immutable and ineluctable laws of descent.

Schopenhauer maintained the theory of "responsibility for character," and not for actions, which are simply the outgrowth and expression of character. The same act may be good or bad according to the motives from which it springs. This distinction is made both in ethics and in jurisprudence, and determines our moral judgments and judicial decisions. Yet the chief elements which enter into the formation of a person's character lie beyond his control, or even his consciousness, and in many cases have done their work before his birth. Besides, evil propensi-

ties and criminal designs are punishable only when embodied in overt acts. The law cannot deprive a man of life or liberty merely because he is known to be vicious and depraved. There are also instances on record in which it is impossible to trace the culpable act to any marked corruption of character.

The recent death of an inmate of a Genevan prison calls to mind a trial which took place about sixteen years ago, and which deservedly ranks high among the *causes célèbres* of the present century, both as a legal question and a problem of psycho-pathology.¹ Marie Jeanneret, a Swiss nurse, took advantage of her professional position to give doses of poison to the sick persons confided to her care, from the effects of which seven of them died. In the commission of this monotonous series of diabolical crimes the culprit does not seem to have been animated either by animosity or cupidity. On the contrary, she always showed the warmest affection towards her victims, and nursed them with tender care and untiring devotion, as she watched the distressful workings of the fatal draught; nor did she derive the slightest material benefit from her course of conduct, but rather suffered pecuniary loss by the death of her patients. The testimony of physicians and alienists furnished no evidence of insanity. Monomaniacs usually act fitfully and impulsively; but Marie Jeanneret always manifested the coolest premeditation and self-possession, never exhibiting the least hesitation or confusion, or the faintest trace of hallucination, but answering with the greatest clearness and presence of mind every question put by the president of the court. Even M. Turrettini, the prosecuting attorney, in presenting the case to the jury, was unable to discover any rational principle on which to explain the conduct and urge the conviction of the ac-

cused; and after exhausting the common category of hypotheses, and showing the inadequacy of each, he was driven by sheer stress of inexplicability to seek a motive in *l'espèce de volupté qu'elle éprouverait à commettre un crime*, or what, in less elegant but more vigorous Western vernacular, would be called "pure cussedness." Not only was such an explanation merely a circumlocutory confession of ignorance, but it was also wholly inconsistent with the general character of the indicted.

Indeed, the persistent and pitiless perpetration of this one sort of crime by Marie Jeanneret, under circumstances which should have excited compassion in the hardest human heart, seems more like the working of some baneful and irrepressible force in nature, or the relentless operation of a destructive machine, than like the voluntary action of a free and responsible agent. M. Zur Linden, the counsel for the defendant, dwelt with emphasis upon this mysterious phase of the subject, and thus saved his client from the scaffold. The jury, after five hours' deliberation, rendered a verdict of "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances;" as the result of which Marie Jeanneret was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor.

After fifteen years' imprisonment the convict died. During this whole period she showed not only great intelligence and integrity, but also remarkable kindness and helpfulness towards all with whom she came in contact. She instructed her fellow-convicts in needlework and fine embroidery, loved to attend them in sickness, and by her general influence raised very perceptibly the tone of morals in the workhouse. If it be true, as asserted by Mynheer Heymanns, one of the latest expounders of Schopenhauer's ethics, that "a man is responsible for his actions so far as his character finds expression in them,

¹ At the time when this trial occurred, I directed attention to the peculiar and perplexing fea-

tures of the case in *The Nation* for January 7, 1869.

and is to be judged solely by his character," what shall be done in cases like the aforementioned, in which the particular crime, so far from being symptomatic of the general character, stands out as an isolated and ugly excrescence, an appalling abnormality?

There hardly can be a doubt that the Swiss nurse was a toxicomaniac, and that she had thus become infatuated with poisons partly by watching their effects on her own system, and partly by reading about them in medical and botanical works, to the study of which she was passionately devoted. Did not Mithridates, if we may believe the statements of Galen, experiment with poisons on living persons? Why should she not follow such an illustrious example, especially as she never hesitated to take herself the potions she administered to others; the only difference being that habit had made her, like the famous King of Pontus, proof against their venom? She often attempted analyses of these substances, and in one instance was severely burned by the bursting of a crucible, in which she was endeavoring to obtain atropine from *atropa belladonna*. It was especially this terrible poison of which she appears to have had an insane desire to test the virtues. She had read and heard of devoted scientists and illustrious physicians who had experimented on themselves and on their disciples, and become the benefactors of mankind; why should she not adopt the same method in the pursuit of truth? However preposterous such reasoning on her part may appear, it offers the only theory adequate to explain all the facts, and to account for the almost incredible union of contradictory qualities in her character. The enthusiasm of the experimenter overbore in her the natural sympathy of the woman. She observed the writhings of her poisoned victims with as "much delight" as Professor Mantegazza studies the physiology of pain in the animal "shrieking and

groaning" on his *tormentatore*. "The physiologist," says Claude Bernard, "is no ordinary man. He is a savant, seized and possessed by a scientific idea. He does not hear the cries of suffering wrung from creatures, nor see the blood which flows. He has nothing before his eyes but his idea and the organisms which are hiding the secrets he means to discover." Marie Jeanneret was a fanatic of this kind. She, too, was a woman possessed with ideas as witches were once supposed to be possessed with devils. Had she prudently confined her experiments to the torture of helpless animals, she might have taken rank in the scientific world with Brachet and Magendie, and been admitted with honor to the Academy, instead of being thrust ignominiously into prison.

The assertion as regards any supposed case of madness, that "there's method in it," is popularly assumed to be equivalent to a denial of the existence of the madness altogether. But psycho-pathology affords no warrant for such an assumption. The man who commits murder under the impulse of morbid jealousy, or any other form of monomania, is not the less the victim of a mind diseased because he shows rational forethought in planning and executing the deed. His mental faculties may be perfectly healthy and normal in their operation up to the point of derangement from which the fatal act directly proceeds. No chain is stronger than its weakest link; and this is as true of psychical as of physical concatenations. Under such circumstances the sane powers of the mind are all at the mercy of the one fault, and are made to minister to this single infirmity.

It is no easy task for penal legislation to adjust itself to the wide range and nice distinctions of modern psycho-pathology; nor is it really necessary to do so. *Salus socialis suprema lex esto*. Society is bound to protect itself against every criminal assault, no matter what

its source or character may be. If it could be conclusively proved, or even rendered highly probable, that the capital punishment of an ox which had gored a man to death deterred other oxen from pushing with their horns, it would be the unquestionable right and imperative duty of our legislatures and tribunals to reenact and execute the old Mosaic law on this subject. In like manner, if it can be satisfactorily shown that the hanging of an admittedly insane person who has committed murder prevents other insane persons from perpetrating the same crime, or tends to diminish the number of those who go insane in the same direction, it is clearly the duty of society to hang such persons. Nor is this a merely hypothetical case. It is a well-established fact that the partially insane, especially those affected with "moral insanity," so-called "cranks," have their intelligence intact, and are capable of exercising their reasoning powers freely and fully in laying their plans and in carrying out their designs. Indeed, criminals of this class are sometimes known to have enter-

tained the thought that they would be acquitted on the ground of insanity, and have thereby been emboldened to do the deed; and it is by no means impossible that a belief in the certainty of punishment would have acted as an effective deterrent.

The hemp cure is always a harsh cure, especially where there is any doubt as to the offender's mental condition; but in view of the increasing frequency with which atrocious and willful crime shelters itself under the plea of insanity, and becomes an object of sympathy to maudlin sentimentalists, the adoption of this rigorous measure were perhaps an experiment well worth trying. Meanwhile, let the psychiatrist continue his researches, and after we have passed the present confused and perilous period of transition from gross and brutal mediæval conceptions of justice to refined and humanitarian modern conceptions of justice we may, in due time, succeed in establishing our penal code and criminal procedure upon foundations that shall be both philosophically sound and practically safe.

E. P. Evans.

SILENCE.

O GOLDEN Silence, bid our souls be still,
 And on the foolish fretting of our care
 Lay thy soft touch of healing unaware!
 Once, for a half hour, even in heaven the thrill
 Of the clear harpings ceased the air to fill
 With soft reverberations. Thou wert there,
 And all the shining seraphs owned thee fair,—
 A white, hushed Presence on the heavenly hill.
 Bring us thy peace, O Silence! Song is sweet;
 Tuneful is baby laughter, and the low
 Murmur of dying winds among the trees,
 And dear the music of Love's hurrying feet;
 Yet only he who knows thee learns to know
 The secret soul of loftiest harmonies.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

OLD SALEM SHOPS.

I WONDER how many people have memories as vivid as mine of the quaint shops which a score of years ago stood placidly along the quiet streets of Salem. In the Salem of to-day there are few innovations. Not many modern buildings have replaced the time-honored landmarks; yet twenty years ago Salem, in certain aspects, was far more like an old colonial town than it is now. When the proprietor of an old shop died it was seldom that a new master entered. Nobody new ever came to Salem, and everybody then living there had already his legitimate occupation. The old shops, lacking tenants, went to sleep. Their green shutters were closed, and they were laid up in ordinary without comment from any one.

I remember one shop of the variety known in Salem as "button stores." It was kept by two quaint old sisters, whose family name I never knew. We always called them Miss Martha and Miss Sibyl. Miss Martha was the older, and sported a magnificent turban, of wonderful construction. Miss Sibyl wore caps and little wintry curls. Both had short-waisted gowns, much shirred toward the belts, and odd little housewives of green leather, which hung from their apron-bindings by green ribbons.

Their wares were few and faded. They had a sparse collection of crewels, old-fashioned laces, little crimped cakes of white wax, and emery balls in futile imitation of strawberries. They sold handkerchiefs, antiquated gauze, and brocaded ribbons, and did embroidery stamping for ladies with much care and deliberation. I remember being once sent to take to these ladies an article which was to be stamped with a single letter. Miss Martha consulted at some length with her sister, and then, with an air of gentle importance, said to me,

"Tell your mother, dear, that sister Sibyl will have it ready in one week, certainly."

On another occasion Miss Sibyl had chanced to give me a penny too much in change; discovering which before I was well away, I returned to the shop and told her of the mistake. Miss Sibyl dropped the penny into the little till, — so slender were the means of these old gentlewomen that I believe even a penny was of importance to them, — and in her gentle voice, she asked, "What is your name, dear?" and when I told her she replied, approvingly, "Well, you are an honest child, and you may go home and tell your mother that Miss Sibyl said so." To this commendation she added the gift of a bit of pink gauze ribbon, brocaded with little yellow and lavender leaves, and I returned to my family in a condition of such conscious virtue that I am convinced that I must have been quite insufferable for some days following.

The only article in which these ladies dealt which specially concerned us children was a sort of gay-colored beads, such as were used in making bags and reticules — that fine old bead embroidery which some people show nowadays as the work of their great-grandmothers. These beads were highly valued by Salem children, and were sold for a penny a thimbleful. They were measured out in a small mustard-spoon of yellow wood, and it took three ladlefuls to fill the thimble. I cannot forget the air of placid and judicial gravity with which dear Miss Martha measured out a cent's worth of beads.

One winter day Miss Sibyl died. The green shutters of the shop were bowed with black ribbons, and a bit of rusty black crape fluttered from the knob of the half-glass door, inside of which the

curtains were drawn as for a Sunday. For a whole week the shop was decorously closed. When it was reopened, only Miss Martha, a little older and grayer and more gently serious, stood behind the scantily filled show-case. My mother went in with me that day and bought some laces. Miss Martha folded each piece about a card and secured the ends with pins, after her usual careful fashion, and made out the quaint little receipted bill which she always insisted on furnishing customers. As she handed the parcel across the counter she answered a look in my mother's eyes. "I did not think she would go first," she said, simply. "Sibyl was very young to die."

In the following autumn came Miss Martha's turn to go. Then the shutters were closed forever. Nobody took the store. The winter snows drifted unchecked into the narrow doorway, and the bit of black crape, affixed to the latch by friendly hands, waved forlornly in the chilly winds and shivered in the air, — a thing to affect a child weirdly, and to be hastened past with a "creepy" sensation in the uncertain grayness of a winter twilight.

Another well-remembered Salem shop was the little establishment of a certain Mrs. Birmingham. This store was really a more joyous and favorite resort for children than the aristocratic precincts of Miss Martha and Miss Sibyl. One reason for this was that, while two gentler souls never lived, these ladies belonged to a generation when children were kept in their places, and were to be seen and not heard. This fact flavored their kindly treatment of young people, and we felt it. Then, too, save for the beads, their wares were not attractive to little folk; and, lastly, there was a constraint in the prim neatness, the mystic, half-perceived odor of some old Indian perfume, and the general air of decayed gentility that hung about the shop of the two old gentlewomen, which

pertained not at all to the thoroughly vulgar but alluring domain of Mrs. Birmingham.

This shop was not on Essex Street, the street of shops, but upon a quiet by-way, devoted to respectable dwelling-houses, and for this reason we were free to visit Mrs. Birmingham's whenever we chose. It was a tiny house, and I believe it had beside it a very shabby and seedy garden. There were two windows with green wooden shutters, and a green door with the upper half of glass. This was once the fashionable manner of stores in Salem. Inside the door was a step, down which one always fell incontinently; for even if one remembered its existence, it was so narrow and the door closed on its spring so suddenly behind one that there was no choice but to fall. The very name of Birmingham brings up the curious odor of that shop. There was, above all, a close and musty and attic-like perfume. Mingling with this was a perception of cellar mould, a hint of cheese, a dash of tobacco and cabbage; a scent of camphor, a suspicion of snuff, and a strong undercurrent of warm black gown scorched by being too near an airtight stove. Mrs. Birmingham's stock equaled Buttercup's in variety. Along the floor in front of the left-hand counter was always a row of lusty green cabbages and a basket of apples. A small glass show-case held bread and buns and brick-shaped sheets of livid gingerbread. If one came to buy milk, Mrs. Birmingham dipped it from a never empty pan on the right-hand counter, wherein sundry hapless flies went, like Ophelia, to a moist death. Then there were ribbons, and cotton laces; needles, pins, perfumed soaps, and pomatums. There were a few jars of red-and-white peppermint and cinnamon sticks, a box of pink corncake, — which Mrs. Birmingham conscientiously refused to sell to children, for fear the coloring matter might be poisonous, — and in season

and out, on a line above the right-hand counter, hung a row of those dismal creations, the valentines known as "comic." All these articles, though shabby and shop-worn enough, probably, possessed for us children a species of fascination. There was a glamour in the very smell before referred to, and the height of our worldly ambition was to have a shop "just like Mrs. Birmingham's."

The things for which we sought Mrs. Birmingham's were, however, chiefly of two sorts. The first was a kind of small jointed wooden doll, about three inches high. In the face they generally looked like Mrs. Birmingham, and they had little red boots painted on their stubby feet. These ugly little puppets cost a cent apiece, and were much prized as servant dolls, nurses particularly, because their arms would crook, and they could be made to hold baby dolls in a rigid but highly satisfactory manner. This flexibility of limb had also, by the bye, its unpleasant side; for my brother Tom had a vicious habit, if ever the baby-house were left unguarded, of bending the doll's joints, and leaving the poor little manikins in all manner of ungainly and indecorous attitudes. Another thing which could be bought for one cent — the limit of our purses when we went shopping, and it required six or seven of us to spend this sum — was a string of curious little beads made of red sealing-wax. They were somehow moulded on the string while warm, and could not be slipped off. We really did not like them very well, yet we were always buying them and despite our experience trying to slip them from the string.

There was a bell fastened to the top of Mrs. Birmingham's shop door, which jangled as one precipitately entered, and summoned Mrs. Birmingham from an inner room. Mrs. Birmingham was a stout Irishwoman, with black eyes, fat hands, and a remarkably fiery nose. She

wore a rusty black gown — the same, probably, which, when not in use, was always scorching before the stove in the back room — and a false front dark as the raven's wing. I believe she must have worn some sort of cap, because, without recalling just where she had them, I never think of her without a distinct impression of dark purple ribbons. She was by no means an amiable woman, and in serving us she had a way of casting our pennies contemptuously into the till which was humiliating in the extreme. She had likewise a habit of never believing that we had a commission right, and persisted in sending us home to make sure that we were sent for a ten and not a five cent loaf, or for one and not two dozen of eggs. This was painful and crushing to our pride, but the bravest never rebelled against Mrs. Birmingham. My brother used, indeed, to lurk around the corner a few minutes, and then return to the shop without having gone home; but I always feared Mrs. Birmingham's sharp black eyes, and felt that a *dies iræ* would certainly come for Tom, when all would be discovered.

In addition to the shop Mrs. Birmingham conducted an intelligence office in the back room. I never saw one of the girls, nor knew of any person's going to Mrs. Birmingham to seek intelligence; but sometimes we heard laughter, and very often Mrs. Birmingham's deep bass voice exclaimed, "Mike, be off wid yer jokin' now! Let alone tellin' stories til the gurrels!"

"Mike" was Mr. Birmingham, a one-legged man, whom I never saw. We knew that he was one-legged because Tom had seen him, and we secretly believed this to be the reason of Mrs. Birmingham's dressing in mourning. We children had asked and been told the nature and purpose of an intelligence office, and yet there was ever a sort of uncanny mystery about that back room, where unseen girls laughed, and Mr.

Birmingham was always being told to "be off wid his jokin'."

But *tempora mutantur*. Alas for Mike! he is off with all joking now for good. Alas, too, for Mrs. Birmingham! I cannot believe that she died, she was so invincible; but she is gone. The rusty black gown, the purple ribbons, and the ruddy nose have passed somewhere into the shadows of oblivion.

One more shop there was in which, at a certain season, the souls of the children rejoiced. It was not much of a shop at ordinary times; indeed, it was but a small and unnoticeable building just around a corner of Essex Street. It was only at holiday time that it blossomed out of insignificance. It was before the days of any extent of holiday decoration, and very little in the way of Christmas trimming was done by Salem tradesmen. The season was celebrated with decorous merriment in our homes, but almost no church adornment was seen, and most of the shops relaxed not from their customary Salem air of eminent and grave respectability. No poulterer sent home a spray of holly with the goose, and no Christmas cards dropped, as now, from the packages of baker or candlestick maker. It was therefore the more delightful to witness the annual transformation of the little shop around the Essex Street corner. The very heart and soul of Christmas-tide must have dwelt in the plump body of the man who kept that shop. His wooden awning was converted into a perfect arbor, under which the front of his little store showed as an enchanted cavern of untold beauty. A bower of lusty greenery, aglow at night with the starry brilliance of many candles, gay with the scarlet berries of holly, set off by the mystic mistletoe, and rich with Aladdin treasures of sugary birds and beasts, ropes of snowy popped corn, bewildering braids, twists and baskets of pink-and-white sugar, golden oranges, — a rarer fruit then than now, — white

grapes in luscious clusters, and bunches of those lovely cherries of clear red barley candy with yellow broom corn for stems. After all, though, it was not so much that the wares were more delightful than those kept by other folk. Probably the very same things could have been bought at any fruit store. It was simply that this tiny shop and its plump, red-cheeked owner were overflowing with the subtle and joyous spirit of keeping holiday. We children used always to call his place "the Christmas shop;" and I well remember the thrill of joy which ran over me when, returning from school one afternoon, I saw my own parents entering the jovial precincts. I sped home on winged feet to tell the other children that "mother and father were in the Christmas shop;" and we all sat about the fire in the twilight and "guessed" what they were buying, and reveled in the dear delights which were to result from a visit to the "enchanted bazar."

Where is he now, that child-like man who loved the holidays? The merry wight was twenty years before his time, but it warms one's heart to think of him to-day. Alas, a visit to Salem last year found his wooden awning torn away, and in his dismantled bower a dry and wizened stationer among law books and school-room furnishings. What a direful change from the halcyon days of old! I wonder that the chubby ghost of the former owner does not walk o' nights to bemoan the times that are no more.

The shop of Miss Martha and Miss Sibyl, too, seemed to be entirely done away with, and Mrs. Birmingham's, although still standing, was but a wreck. I would gladly have bought there, for old times' sake, a jointed doll or a string of sealing-wax beads; but the green wooden shutters were closed, the green door sunken sadly on its hinges, its glass half grossly boarded. The grass grew high before the doorstone. The mossy

roof was concave. The chimney was almost tottering. The little shop was drawing itself together and dying; asking no sympathy of the beholder, but

meeting its appointed fate with that gray and silent resignation which alone is considered the proper thing in Salem society.

Eleanor Putnam.

THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

OUR path through Shakespeare's works and life has brought us near at least to the question of his own view of the value and functions of the former, and his intentions with regard to them. Most of his critics have expressed surprise at his neglect of his plays, and many of them, including recently one of the ablest and best informed, have avowed the belief that it was his intention to prepare them for publication after his retirement to New Place at Stratford. With these opinions I cannot agree; nor, indeed, for them can I see any ground. Pope did not always tell the truth when he wrote an epigram, — few epigrammatists do tell or care to tell it; but writing half a century before the Shakespeare *cultus* was well established, he did write truly and well when he wrote that Shakespeare

"For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

Here in the word "roving" we have an epithet at once picturesque and finely critical; and if rhyme led the verse-writing wit to the word "despite," we have in it one of the not rare examples of the compensating results of that artificial and distracting device.

Shakespeare's exuberance of fancy is remarkable for the robust stem of common sense from which it bourgeons, — that common sense which seems, with a somewhat inexorable hardness, to have ruled his life. Of this life-wisdom there is no stronger negative proof than his

absolute indifference to the allurements of that *ignis fatuus*, posthumous fame. For this he seems to have cared nothing; of it he seems not to have thought. There is no evidence, even of an indirect sort, that it entered at all into his calculations as a part of the reward of his labor. And why should it have tempted him to give one day more to work, or one hour less to pleasure? Fame is sweet; but fame *post mortem*! — what is it? More shadowy than Falstaff's honor. I would not sacrifice one year of happy life, one substantial benefit to those I love, to leave behind me even the fame of Shakespeare. *To be Shakespeare*, to see what he saw, think what he thought, and feel what he felt, might have been in itself a life of highest happiness — and it might not; but be he in heaven or in hell, or be he simply nowhere, his posthumous fame, supreme and deathless although it is, is no reward to him for any grief he suffered or any joy he lost by being Shakespeare. Wherever his soul may be, whatever may have become of it, what is this fame now to him? What knows he of it? A fame which gilds the lives and lifts the hearts of a man's children is payment for much labor and sorrow; but beyond that fame is naught, — simply naught. Shakespeare saw that in these cases as well as in those to which Macbeth refers "we still have judgment here." A man's earthly reward for his work is what he gets, and what he can give to his children; what lies beyond that is not his.

Shakespeare's indifference to the fate of his plays was partly due to this view of posthumous fame, and partly to his desire as a "gentleman" not to give prominence or endurance to his theatrical reputation. As to his work itself, my own individual opinion, slowly formed through some years of study, is that, if he had been sitting with King Lear, Hamlet, and Othello before him in manuscript, unacted, and unread but by him, and Southampton had offered him one hundred pounds each¹ to destroy them and never rewrite them, the tragedies would have flitted into the fire, and the money have been gleefully locked up in the poet's strong-box. He seems to have given up early in his career even the desire of contemporary fame in literature. *Lucrece*, written in 1593, when he was twenty-nine years old, was his second and last public effort in pure literature. His sonnets were private performances, for the gathering and publication of which the world owes a heavy debt of gratitude to a mysterious Mr. W. H., — letters the shadow of a dead man's name. In Shakespeare's time plays were not regarded as literature; the praise that he received, living, was almost wholly for his *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece*. Had he, after writing *Lucrece*, been ambitious of higher literary fame, he could have as easily published another poem and a greater as have written those wonderful sonnets merely for his private friends; but he seems to have been content, and to have bid adieu to literature as a profession before he was thirty years old, to give himself up to the business of play-writing and money-saving. Hence, in a great measure, that heedlessness of style, that readiness to torture words and twist constructions, that we find in his plays, and in his plays only, and chiefly in the later. Anything to get his work into actable shape. As to the thoughts and the beauties that he wrought into it, they cost

¹ Nearly fifteen thousand dollars now.

him neither time nor trouble; they came by nature. His razors were made to sell: they happened to be bright and keen because he had nothing but steel of which to make them.

A fact has just been mentioned which is well known to all thoughtful students of Shakespeare's dramas, but which must be here repeated and considered, — that certain conspicuous faults in his style appear chiefly in his later plays. They are found mostly in those plays, and only in his blank verse; never in prose dialogue. We have in Shakespeare the striking phenomenon — isolated, I believe, in the history of literature and art — of a loss of the command of the methods and the material of art accompanying practice and maturing years. This was no consequence of the enfeebling influence of age or of ill-health; nor could its cause have been the weariness of overwork. Shakespeare's last play was written when he was only forty-nine years old, a period of life when a man's intellect commonly unites (as his then did unite) the vigor of maturity with the vivacity of youth; and he had then been working as a playwright only twenty-three years. Yet his later plays are, as literary work, far inferior to his earlier. This we have to say of him who was not only the mightiest intellect — intellect strongest, freshest, most original, most elastic, and most resourceful — known to the world, but also the greatest and completest master of all the mystery of the poet's art. It is as if Raphael and Titian had lost their mastery of form and color as their faculties matured; as if their technical skill had diminished with practice. Shakespeare's thought became grander, higher reaching, as he grew in years, and his conceptions, his imagination, rose with his thought. Of this he could not but give evidence; he could not be other than himself. But his writing, as literary work, fell often into slovenliness and confusion; his verse lost much of its nobil-

ity and its charm ; and his muse, which once had the grandeur and the grace of a goddess, showing her divinity by her step, began to hobble and to shuffle like a worn-out jade, — this, too, when she was bearing thoughts upon her brow that might have been spoken upon Parnassus.

Need it be said that William Shakespeare at forty-five could have written blank verse with at least as much clearness and vigor and beauty as at any earlier age? It need not be said ; and that he could do so we know ; for he did it when he could do it with no trouble, or with little. But when his quick, thought-laden brain overdrove and over-weighted even his large capacity of expression, he sometimes huddled his words into halting verses that had but a grotesque semblance of his splendid meaning.

Here I may fitly justify an assertion made in the earlier pages of this investigation, — that the character of Shakespeare's genius, the secret of his style, and the charm and suggestiveness of his writing were understood as well as they are now in his own day, since when Shakespearean criticism has spread, but has neither mounted nor penetrated. The secret of his style is told with complete knowledge and apprehension by Ben Jonson. The passage of Jonson's *Discoveries* in which he did this has been often quoted, but, as I venture with some confidence to think, without a just appreciation of its meaning and its importance. Jonson, a scholar, a good critic, a poet, although not a great one ; a playwright, like the man he tells us that he loved, and to whom he was indebted for the production of his first play, says this : —

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted.

He¹ . . . had an excellent phantsie, brave notions and gentle expressions : wherein he showed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd : *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power ; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things that could not escape laughter. As when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He reply'd, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause ;' and such like ; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

The blunder here attributed to Shakespeare is not found in the play as it appears in the folio of 1623, our only text. But it is notably characteristic of him in his heedless moments ; and it is at least probable that the passage, as we have it, is corrected, because of such criticism as Jonson's. It now stands thus : —

"If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without
cause
Will he be satisfied."

(Act III. Sc. 1, l. 45.)

It will be observed that the speech ends with an imperfect verse. The next speech, instead of completing this, begins with a full and perfect verse. It is quite possible, and not at all improbable, that originally, when Cæsar said, "I spurn thee," Metellus Cimber replied, in the speech which Jonson gives, but which is not found in our text, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," and that the Dictator then said, "Know, Cæsar doth not wrong but with just cause." To remedy this, Cimber's speech was cut out, and Cæsar's speech was modified. But in consequence Cæsar's defense of his wrong as it stands is without provocation ; and he is left in the position of one who, excusing himself, accuses himself. This, however, is only probability.

Jonson's criticism reveals the secret of Shakespeare's style ; its constant richness and its often splendor, and also its frequent faults. That secret is an open

¹ Here I omit Jonson's personal eulogy, which has been already given and considered.

one. It is Shakespeare's affluence of thoughts and of words, and the headlong heedlessness with which he often wrote. His facility of thought and of expression was so great that he had to be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*; that is, it was necessary, in an expressive vernacular phrase, to "put on the brakes." But this characterization of Haterius by Augustus, which Jonson applies to Shakespeare, occurs in a passage the whole of which Jonson plainly had in mind, and which is so pertinent to Shakespeare and so explanatory of Jonson's criticism that it will be well to consider it in full:—

"So divus Augustus well said: Our Haterius needed to be checked. For indeed he seemed not to run, but to rush headlong. Nor had he only an affluence of words, but of facts and thoughts."¹

There could hardly be a more exact and complete description of Shakespeare's style than this criticism by Augustus of the almost unknown Haterius, who was an advocate and rhetorician of the post-Ciceronian period. The flood of utterance, the haste of words which becomes hurry, the pressure of knowledge and of thought; all this (but not the repetition of one thing) is Shakespeare to the life. This criticism might be beaten out thin, until it covered pages; it might be fine drawn, until it would serve Shakespeare's tricky spirit to put about the earth, but that would not add a grain to its weight, or increase by a carat its value. Jonson, by the help of him who could not add a word to the Latin language, has perfectly characterized and described Shakespeare's way of writing. He had an incomparable copiousness of thought and of language, and he used both with a facility which resulted mostly in an affluence of splendor, but sometimes, and too often, in brilliant confusion.

¹ "Itaque divus Augustus optime dixit: Haterius noster sufflaminandus est. Adeo non currere sed decurrere videbatur; nec verborum tantum illi copia, sed etiam rerum erat." Excerpta Contro-

Jonson considers the form and the substance of Shakespeare's poetry: we do not know who it was who revealed to his contemporaries its spirit, and told them why it was that this man's plays attracted and charmed them, both in the acting and the reading, as no other's did. In the year 1609, when Shakespeare was forty-five years old, a very new play of his was published, one that had never been acted,—a singular fortune, for Shakespeare's plays were written only for the stage, and in every other instance had become well known through the theatre before they were printed. How an authentic copy of this play was obtained, we have no means of knowing. This first edition of it was preceded by an address entitled "A Never Writer to an Ever Reader. Newes," and its first sentences are these:—

"Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the Stage, never clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a book of your braine² that never undertook anything communicall vainely: and were but the vaine names of Commedies changle for the titles of commodities, or of Playes for Pleas, you should see all those grand censors that now stile them such vanities flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this author's Commedies that are so grained to the life that they serve for the most common Commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte that the most displeased with Playes are pleased with his Commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the witte of a Commedie, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there that they never founde in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came; feeling an edge of witte set upon them more then ever they dream'd they had braine to ground it on."

I do not hesitate at saying, that in this passage is told compactly, but comprehensively, the whole secret of Shakespeare's hold upon the world. Like Jonson's criticism of his form and substance, it may by beating be spread out thinner, but it cannot be added to essentially. Remark, however, first, how perversarium, Lib. IV. Pref. My translation is purposely free and vernacular.

² That is, that brain: your brain, as in Falstaff's "your excellent sherris."

eminent was the comedy side of Shakespeare's dramatic reputation. It is not that all dramas were then called comedies, which to a certain extent at least was the case. The "tragedy" is recommended as being passing full of the palm comical; and the reader is reminded that it is the work of a brain that never undertook anything comical vainly. The word "comedies" is, however, applied to all dramas in the most important sentence of this contemporary criticism, strangely not remarked upon hitherto, as I believe. The people of London were told two hundred and seventy-five years ago that *this* author's comedies were grained to the life. That was something; and it was then said for the first time, in print at least. But this does not yet touch the very bottom, which is reached in the declaration that Shakespeare's dramas "are so grained to the life *that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives.*" It would puzzle and pose the most effusive of Shakespeare's eulogists to do more than to dilute that sentence by adding himself to it, and then to begin exclaiming, O divine Shakespeare! O exquisite Shakespeare! O wonderful! For it recognizes the universality of Shakespeare's genius, his knowledge of man's heart, his wisdom, his sympathy, his felicity of thought and expression. And this it does in no vague, general way, but in specific terms. Consider them: Shakespeare's dramas are not only to the life, but *so* grained to the life that they serve us for daily commentaries upon all the actions of our own lives. We are told that we may go, and do go, to Shakespeare to apprehend ourselves, to learn the relation that exists between us and the world without us, to understand what we do, and why we do it, and what we are. And *this* is the secret of Shakespeare's hold upon mankind. Literature has little value except as a revelation of man to himself. In true poetry that revelation

becomes oracular; in dramatic poetry of the ideal sort it attains its highest expression. Now in this highest form of this revelation of man to himself Shakespeare stands supreme. His plays serve for common commentaries upon the actions, upon all the actions, of our lives. That is his supremacy, that his sign and token of power. It has rich garnishment and splendid trappings of beauty, but that is the substance of it; and to this setting forth of it two centuries and three quarters ago nothing substantial has been added.

Yet (it would seem) that nothing should be lacking to the perfectness of the first appreciation of Shakespeare, there was added to this exposition of his quality a setting forth of the nature of the spell which he has cast upon the world. This is contained in the declaration that heavy-witted worldlings, coming to the representation or the reading of Shakespeare's dramas, "*have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came.*" Let it be remembered that wit then included both wit and wisdom, as we use the words; and could there be a more comprehensive exhibit than this of the effect of the worthy reading of Shakespeare, or of its strongest allurements to the reader? We go to Shakespeare to find in him the wit and the wisdom that we have not in ourselves; and we part, or think we part, from him wiser and wittier than we came. My acquaintance with the work of the anatomists and eulogists of William Shakespeare has revealed to me nothing that is not said or implied in Ben Jonson's criticism, and in that of this prologuer to *Troilus and Cressida*.

There can be no vainer expenditure of time and of labor than an attempt to treat the works of such a writer as Shakespeare upon a system. This is true equally of the spirit of his dramas and the form of his poetry. All efforts in this direction have resulted only in

the production of theories more or less ingenious, which, after attracting little attention, or less than little, are disregarded by the mass of Shakespeare's intelligent readers, and soon become known only as a part of the huge and heterogeneous Shakespeare bibliography. It is instructively remarkable that critics of Shakespeare who work in this way never benefit either the world or Shakespeare. Of this there could not be a more striking example than William Sydney Walker, who did not live to see the effect of his work, published some twenty or more years ago. He was without a doubt a man of learning, of critical faculty, of industry. His criticism is imposing from its volume, its coherence, its consistency, and its system, and from its consciously laborious air. Much was said of it, much expected. It was textual criticism; but what service has it done to Shakespeare's text? Examine any critical edition produced since that time, and see that its effect has been, if not nothing, inappreciable.

Such work is not difficult to men with even less scholarship and insight than Walker's. Almost any clever, educated man may set to work with his Shakespeare and half a dozen volumes of commentaries before him, and, abandoning himself to conjecture, elaborate comments and suggestions which to many readers of a certain sort—a mousing sort—shall seem pleasing, and even at times convincing. It is this facility that has flooded the world with the weak wash of Shakespeareanism. Look at Walker's long, labored work, and see that in that which is not common to him and others, his predecessors or his contemporaries, there is very little of worth or weight. The impression produced by his book at first was due to its systematic arrangement: he worked by classification; what he did had a scientific look. There is nothing more imposing upon dullness, whether popular or pedantic, than this air of system and

science. Let a man arrange common-places alphabetically, or platitudes according to a system, and he surely will be looked upon and spoken of, for a time at least, as "an authority." If the contents of a junk-shop were arranged and catalogued upon a system—characteristic or alphabetical—they would be looked upon with respect. For this there is *some* reason; because classification is the first step to scientific knowledge of any subject which includes many related particulars. But it should never be forgotten that it is only the first step. The brains of many "ripe scholars" are little better than literary junk-shops; and the value of their contents is not largely increased by classification.

I have heretofore mentioned the Shakespeare Lexicon, by the erudite Dr. Alexander Schmidt, of Königsberg. How ever learned Dr. Schmidt may be (and I believe that he is a scholar of most respectable attainments), however able (and I would willingly assume that his ability is equal to his scholarship), however painstaking (and his Lexicon shows him to be most commendable in this respect), I cannot but regard that work as absolutely worthless; and not only so, but as a conspicuous example of a kind of effort the fruits of which the world might well be spared. What it is and what is its value may be very briefly told.

Shakespeare used about fifteen thousand words.¹ All of these words (except the articles, prepositions, and conjunctions) may be found in Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance of the Plays and the late much-loved and much-lamented Mrs. Horace Howard Furness's Concordance of the Poems,—the latter of which has the great value given by the presence of all the words used, articles and what not. In both these works the words appear with brief context, and arranged alphabetically under play, act, and scene,

¹ This estimate is not mine. It seems to me excessive.

or poem. Any word used by Shakespeare can thus be found at once by the student, and its sense in one passage compared with its sense in all others. Now of Shakespeare's fifteen thousand words there are not more than two or three hundred of which the reader of general information and intelligence needs explanation because of their obsolescence, and little more than one hundred because of their use in a sense peculiar to Shakespeare. If any one of my readers is surprised at this assertion, let him consider the question briefly, and I think that he will see that, were it otherwise, Shakespeare could not be read in our day with constantly increasing delight by millions, young and old, educated, half educated, nay, truly uneducated. That the glossaries appended to Shakespeare's works contain a larger number of words than this — some twelve or fifteen hundred, usually — is not at all to the purpose. Again, a moment's reflection will make it clear to any reasonable person that if one tenth of Shakespeare's words were obsolete or esoteric his plays would be unreadable, except by scholars. The numerousness of the lists in the glossaries is easily explained. Opening that of the Globe edition casually, I find in the first of its brief columns that meets my eye the following words given and explained: *gaudy*, brilliantly festive, "Let's have another gaudy night;" *gaze*, object looked at with curious wonder, "live to be the show and gaze o' th' time;" *gear*, matter of business; *general*, common; *generations*, children; *gentility*, good manners; *german*, akin (as in cousin-german); *gifts*, talents; *gilt* = gold, money, bribes, "have for the gilt of France confirm'd conspiracy;" *glose*, to comment; *glut*, to swallow; *government*, self-restraint; *gracious*, full of grace; *grained*, engrained; *grange*, a farmhouse; *gratillity*, a Fool's ludicrous blunder for *gratuity*; *gratulate*, to congratulate; *grave*, to bury, put in a grave; *green*, immature, fresh;

greenly, foolishly; *grossly*, palpably; and *gentle* is given three times, and *gird* twice, and *gleek* twice, with essentially the same meaning. These words fill half the column in which they appear. Now I confess at once that I am not writing for those who do not see that such glosses are more than superfluous, — absurd. A reader who needs explanation of such words as those cited above has no business with a Shakespeare, — no business with any book other than a primer and a popular dictionary. Who needs the explanation of such words as those could not read a newspaper of higher class than a Police Gazette; certainly not a Penny Dreadful. Nor do such people read Shakespeare, or even any writer of the day who rises in thought or phrase above the level of the poet's corner or the humorous column. One reason of this glossarial superfluity would seem to be that tendency which I have before remarked upon, to obtrude explanation of word and phrase when it is the thought that eludes apprehension, and the founding of glossaries upon such notes of explanation; another, that disposition, also heretofore mentioned, to magnify the Shakespearian office, to set it off as an *ism*, to make the reading of Shakespeare a cult and the editing him a mystery.

Our brief chance examination of the Globe glossary showed us that not half the words included in it needed glosses for any person who could read an English newspaper of average grade. But even this conclusion overstates the truth. Not six hundred of Shakespeare's fifteen thousand words need glosses, — not more than two or three hundred, as I have said before. Now what the Shakespeare Lexicon does is to give in two thundering volumes, — a bulk four times as great as that of the Globe Shakespeare — all Shakespeare's words arranged alphabetically, with their various definitions in the order of the plays. I open casually the volume on which my hand

first falls, and find the page before me entirely filled with citations and definitions of the following words: *slave, slave-like, slaver, slavery, slavish, slay, slayer, sleave-silk, sledded, sleek, sleek-headed, sleekly, sleep*, not one of which, it will be seen, is obsolete or obsolescent, not one of which could not be found in any popular manual-dictionary, not one of which would trouble a common-school boy of average intelligence. Could anything be more superfluous, more absurd! As to the meaning of Shakespeare's words which every ordinarily intelligent reader understands, and without such an understanding of which Shakespeare's writings, and not only they but the general literature of the day, would be incomprehensible, — as to these, no one needs the ministrations of any special Shakespeare lexicographer, nor those of any lexicographer. Where help is needed is in words and phrases of the opposite class. If Dr. Schmidt's scholarship and his mastery of the English language had enabled him to throw new light upon these, or upon any considerable proportion of them, a brief glossological excursus to that effect by him would have been welcome; and I cannot but believe that it would have been performed by him in a thorough and scholarly manner. But here is exactly where he fails. Where definition and comparison of words and phrases is needless, more than superfluous, he is in most cases triumphantly clear and correct: it is chiefly in the case of obsolescence or obscurity that he fails to benefit the world by what has been called his "remarkable and invaluable work," his "combination of accuracy and acuteness."

That, for example, *slave* means "a person who is absolutely subject to the will of another;" *slay*, "to kill, to put to death;" *sleek-headed*, having the hair well combed; *sleep*, "rest taken by a suspension of the voluntary exercise of the bodily and mental powers," and so

forth, we hardly need the aid of scholarship like Dr. Schmidt's to know. Indeed, every reader of English blood or breeding is likely to know it better than the learned Dr. Schmidt of Koenigsberg does. But when he comes to the words and phrases about which English folk may doubt, although with some inkling of their meaning, he is generally — no, I cannot say generally, for I have yet cut but few leaves of his *Lexicon*, but generally on such an examination — in a sad muddle of confusion and ignorance. Would it not be somewhat unreasonable to expect otherwise? On the page now accidentally before me, in the passage in the first act of *Hamlet*, —

"Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice,"

because "Polacks" happens to be spelled phonetically in the folio *Pollax*, he will have it that we should read *pole-axe*; that *sledded* means having a sledge or heavy hammer on it; and that "smote the sledded pole-axe on the ice" means that the elder Hamlet in his anger smote the ice with his pole-axe. There could not be better evidence of Dr. Schmidt's superfluity as a Shakespearean lexicographer than this amazing, and I must be pardoned for saying ridiculous, explanation. The absurdity of it is *felt* by every English-minded reader more easily than it is explained. It is so laughably inconsistent with the tone of this scene, awful with the wraith of the majesty of buried Denmark, to picture the royal Dane smiting the ice with his pole-axe, like a testy old heavy father in a comedy! But on turning to Furness's variorum edition of this play, I discover, from the first sentence of his array of notes on this passage, that "German commentators have found more difficulty in this phrase than English." I should think so. It is not surprising. Dr. Furness, after gathering (as according to his vast plan he must needs gather)

a great deal of such lumber together in a compressed or abbreviated form, at last says, in regard to the exegesis of one of these learned German scholars, and one who does not insist upon *poleaxe*, "This comment paralyzes my power to paraphrase," and gives it in full thus:—

"I always regarded 'sleaded,' or, as the modern editors read, 'sledged,' as nonsense. What a ridiculous position it must have been to see a king in full armour smiting down a sledged man; that is, a man sitting in a sledge! It would rather not have been a king-like action. And it was of course not a remarkable, not a memorable fact that in the cold Scandinavian country in winter time people were found sitting in a sledge; nobody would have wondered at it, — perhaps more at the contrary. When the king frowned in an angry parle, he must have been provoked to it by an irritating behavior of the adversary, and Horatio, remembering the fact, will also bear in mind the cause of it; and so I suppose he used an epithet which points out the provoking manner of the Polack, and, following as much as possible the form 'sleaded,' I should like to propose the word *sturdy*, or, as it would have been written in Shakespeare's time, *sturdie*."

And the man who wrote that undertakes to explain Shakespeare, and even to write verbal criticism on his language; nay, verily, to propose emendations of his text! Do not suppose that he is ignorant, that he is even a half-scholar, or that he is dull. On the contrary, he, like Dr. Schmidt, is a scholar and a man of ability. It is simply that he does not understand the English idiom and the English way of thinking. If our good German friends would but confine themselves to admiring Shakespeare, although in a somewhat simpler and less profound manner than is their wont, and would confine their verbal and philosophical exegesis to the second part of Faust, and "sech," it would, I venture to think, tend greatly to edification.

I cannot go at all into the matter here, and indeed as to the Shakespeare Lexicon I don't profess to be fitly acquainted with it for criticism; but turning the leaves of my copy, I find among many words already checked on its mar-

gins these: *Apply* defined as "to make use of." Now a thing applied, whether it is craft, or a poultice, or medicine, is indeed used; but *apply* does not therefore mean to make use of. To *apply* is to set one thing against or to another; as when a plaster is applied, or a student applies himself, or a man applies his memory. The Lexicon very misleadingly confuses two distinct although related thoughts. *Contrive*, in Taming of the Shrew, I. 2, l. 268, "please ye we may contrive this afternoon and quaff carouses," is defined as either to spend, or to pass away, or to lay schemes; which will seem strange to any Englishwoman who is in the habit of saying, "How shall we contrive to pass the time?" Here *contrive* means, merely, manage. *Buckle*, in passages like "in single combat thou shalt buckle with me," is defined "to join in close fight;" and this sense is said to be "probably derived from the phrase to turn the buckle"! Here is a mistake of the same sort as that about *apply*. *Buckle* sometimes applies to joining in fight, but it does not mean that, nor anything like it. We buckle to our work; a studious boy buckles to his lessons; and in an old song a hesitating girl says she "can't buckle to," meaning she can't bring herself to be married. *Buckle* means, merely, bend. This meaning appears in the Latin *bucca* = a cheek, *buccula* = the curve of a helmet or the boss of a shield, the French *boucle* = a curl, and our *buckle*, an implement to hold a thong. We bend (buckle) to our work; a boy bends (buckles) to his task; a soldier buckles (that is bends, gives himself body and soul) to combat. The Lexicon, defining that which to an intelligent English reader needs no definition, misleads readers who are not English and not intelligent. *Set cock-a-hoop* certainly does not mean "pick a quarrel;" so clearly does every English reader see this, although he may not know the origin of the phrase, that

further words on it would be wasted. And how it astonishes us English-tongued folk to be told by a distinguished scholar that *lapsed* means "surprised, taken in the act;" and that when Hamlet says to his father's ghost that he is "lapsed in time and passion" he means, "I am surprised by you in a time and passion fit for," etc.! Yet verily Dr. Schmidt does so tell us. *Lapsed* means lost in, given up to, abandoned to; and Hamlet says that *he* was feebly given up to procrastination and moody feeling. The notion that "lapsed" has any reference to the action or to the presence of the fancied ghost, is surely one of the most extraordinary pieces of Shakespearean exegesis that exists in that extraordinary literature. And so when the Shakespeare Lexicon tells us that in Touchstone's "Well said; that was laid on with a trowel," we have "a proverbial phrase, probably meaning without ceremony," how we are tempted into exclamatory utterances and unseemly laughter, — we who, not being scholars, have always understood it as meaning, simply, that was laid on thick, as a bricklayer lays on mortar! Nor has *pitched* in "a pitched battle" anything to do with "the custom of planting sharp stakes in the ground against hostile horse." *Pitch* (of unknown etymology) means merely to place firmly and suddenly. A man pitches upon a site for his house; a clergyman pitches upon a text for his sermon; a singer pitches upon a note; we pitch upon anything that we choose quickly and decidedly. Tents were and are pitched; and to pitch a battle was to choose the ground for it and to array the troops. The old preterite was *pight*, which is used by Shakespeare: —

"When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him *pight* to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him."

(Lear II. 1, 64.)

Here *pight* means merely fixed, set, as it does in this line of Spenser's: —

"But in the same a little grate was *pight*."

(Faerie Queene, I. viii. 37.)

And in Mandeville "a spere that is pight into the erthe" means merely a spear that is set into the earth. *Pitch* and *pight* used in regard to tents or spears or stakes do not mean more or other than when used in regard to anything else, a site, a text, a note, or what not. Nor does *sheep-biter* mean "a morose, surly, malicious fellow," or anything like that. If Dr. Schmidt had said it meant a thief, he would have had the support of good "authority" (whatever that may be). It was indeed applied to thieves, as in this line: —

"How like a *sheep-biting* rogue, taken i' th' manner!"

(Fletcher, Rule a Wife, etc., V. 4.)

and so it was to malicious persons, as in the following line: —

"His hate like a *sheep-biter* fleering aside."

(Tusser, Description of an Envious and Naughtie Neighbour, p. 112, ed. 1610.)

But it was so applied merely because it was a general term of reproach. It means merely, mutton-eater. This I suggested in my first edition of *Twelfth Night* (1857); and afterwards I found the following reference to the phrase by Addison: —

"Mutton . . . was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason even to this day we use the word *Sheep-biter* as a term of reproach, as we do Beef-eater in a respectful, honorable sense." (Tatler, No. 148.)

Addison's testimony (and he mentions that he had consulted antiquaries — in 1709 — on the subject of his paper) leaves no doubt as to the meaning of the compound, and as to its use as a general term of reproach. But I venture a dissent from his inference in regard to delicate appetites. Mutton two and three hundred years ago was looked upon as very inferior food to venison and to beef; and "mutton-eater" coarsened into "sheep-biter" corresponded to the modern "tripe-eater." But even a glance here and there at my few casual checks upon the margins of his Lex-

icon is leading me into prolixity, and I must end it, merely remarking upon the extraordinary misapprehension which gives "one who goes abroad" as the meaning of *putter-out*, in "each putter-out of five for one;" which tells us (the word, unseen before, catches my eye just as I turn the leaves) that *point blank* means "with certain aim, so as not to miss," — *point blank* having nothing to do with aim, or hitting or missing, but meaning merely, in a direct line, on a level, without elevation or depression of the gun; and finally at the ignorance which tells us that *placket* was "probably a stomacher." Now what a placket was I don't know; and therefore I say so plainly, and with no shame for my ignorance. But this I do know: that of all the articles of feminine apparel, except a shoe and a bonnet, a stomacher was the one which most surely could not have been called a placket. Placket, if originally the name of an article of dress, was plainly not that of one which had another name.¹

How "invaluable" the Shakespeare Lexicon is, how "admirable a combination of accuracy and acuteness," we may gather from this cursory glance over its mostly uncut pages. The scholarship of its compiler (and I hint no doubt as to

its amplitude and its thoroughness) is not at all to the purpose. The book plainly needs to be examined, article by article, by some competent English scholar of average common sense, and an appreciation of it set forth, before it becomes, by reason of its imposing form, its systematic arrangement, and its seeming scientific method, an "authority." Upon my casual examination, I venture merely the opinion that its erudite compiler lacks, perhaps, only one qualification for his task, — an inbred understanding of the English of nowadays and of Shakespeare's time; that so far is he from being "accurate" that not only in words and phrases which are the proper subjects of explanation, but even as to those which need none to any average reader, he has made many mistakes; and that as to the rest his work is so far from being "invaluable" that it is utterly needless even to the least learned of my intelligent readers, — a striking and characteristic exhibition and example of the superfluity of Shakespeareanism.²

And now, as it was said when brave Moore was laid to rest in his cloak,

"But half our heavy task was done

When the clock struck the hour for retiring;"

nor, indeed, will it be unexpected if I hear from

¹ Those who care to refer to passages, few here quotable, which show that a placket could not possibly have been a stomacher may turn to "She'll swap thee into her *plackerd*," Greene's *Fr. Buncguy* and *Fr. Bacon*, p. 194; "Clarinda's *placket*," B. & F., *Lover's Progress*, IV. 3; "At all our crests (videlicet, our *plackets*)," B. & F., *Woman's Prize*, II. 4; "Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy laundress's *placket*," B. & F., *Little French Lawyer*, V. 2; "Look to your *plackard*, Madam," *World of Wonders*, 1607, p. 44; "to lend him her *placket peece*," *Idem*, p. 132. See passages which must be only referred to in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, II. 19, 20, *Ib.* III. 4, *Ib.* IV. 217, *Ib.* IV. 324; the *placket* geer, *Wit's Paraphrase*, p. 14; "quit my *placket*," *Ib.* p. 27; "from my *placket*," *Ib.* 85; "the *witches' placket*," *Ib.* p. 111. The two latter especially noteworthy. And see also passages cited in my first edition of Shakespeare on *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. 1, and *King Lear* III. 4.

² A marginal check at the word *quill* catches my eye. The exhibition is too good to be passed

over. Will it be believed? Bottom's "wren with little quill" is given as an example of the use of *quill* in the sense "the strong feather of the wing of a bird." Any intelligent English-brained school-boy could have told the erudite German professor that here *quill* means pipe, note: "little quill" = feeble note. This whole article on *quill* is wrong. So, too, I find, on the first page of vol. ii., *mad* defined as "besides one's self," — this not by misprint, as is shown by the article on *besides*; and I see that I have no less than eight checks for like blunders to these in *Much Ado*, etc. I have not looked at this Lexicon since my first hasty glance through it after its publication, nine years ago. It is a very scientific, very systematic, very elaborate performance; and, like many scientific, systematic, elaborate performances, utterly worthless because misleading. This with great respect for Dr. Schmidt's erudition and industry. The Koenigsberg scholar merely does not apprehend English idiom as if it were his mother tongue, and should therefore not have undertaken to explain Shakespeare, — of all writers!

"the distant random gun
That the foe is suddenly firing."

I have truly not touched half the points as to which I made memorandums for this brief series of articles; but I must bring it now speedily to an end, and postpone fuller exposition to a more convenient season.¹

The present result of what I cannot but feel to have been an incomplete examination of our subject seems to me to be the bringing forth, with evidence not to be gainsaid, of these truths: that most of our Shakespeare literature is a useless burden; that it is not only needless to the right understanding of Shakespeare, but largely misleading; that much of it is thus misleading because the writers wished to deliver themselves of something fine upon a great subject, and looked rather into their own "moral consciousness" than into Shakespeare himself, or to the facts and forces of which his works were the result; that the consequence of this has been a misapprehension of the character of Shakespeare's genius, although not an overestimate of its greatness; that there has been a like amiable misconception of his personal character; that he worked merely as a playwright, and not as a dramatist, with the ethnic, æsthetic aim of such men as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; that the construction of his plays was not in any great degree his own; that he rarely gave it much thought, and that more rarely does it show much skill; that the characters of his personages were generally not of his conceiving in their elemental traits, but were determined by the old tales he dramatized and the old plays he worked over, from which in this respect they differ essentially in very few instances; that his personages are not always consistent in essence or in art; that Shakespeare wrote without any ethical purpose either in general design or particular passages,

¹ When these and other papers of their kind shall be published by themselves.

and that he himself was indifferent in his feeling as to the moral character of his personages, and no less as to the decency of his ideas and the decorum of his language; that in his use of words and phrases he was heedless of correctness and consistency, and under a combine pressure of thought and haste would set at naught not only the grammar of his time, but that logic which is the grammar of all time; that he was neither in purpose nor in fact at any time of his life original as to structural form or spirit, either as a dramatist or as a poet.

What, then, was Shakespeare? What is it that makes Time his preserver rather than his destroyer; that causes his reputation to harden into adamant under the pressure of centuries which crumbles others into the impalpable powder of oblivion; which sets him above — yes, I shall not hesitate to say far above — even Homer and Dante, not to mention Æschylus and Euripides, and hardly to think of Goethe, — what is it? Any man may shrink, as I know that I shrink, with doubt of his ability to answer this question. But I venture to think that I do know the answer, although to give it here, at the end of an article, with any fullness or with satisfaction to myself would be impossible. Shakespeare's great and peculiar genius was not the genius of observation, of study, of cogitation, of labor: it was an intuitive, inborn knowledge of men and things in their elemental, eternal nature, and of their consequent relations, combined with an inborn faculty of expressing that knowledge such as has never been manifested in speech or writing by any other man known to history. And chiefly his genius lay in this power of expression. It is probable that many have approached him in his insight of man and of nature; those who enjoy him and understand him must approach him in this respect more or less remotely, or they would neither understand nor enjoy. But to know is one thing, and to

tell with convincing effect quite another. A man may have a stable full of horses, and not be able to drive four-in-hand.

If by power of expression I meant merely the ability to write with clearness, force, and beauty — with whatever clearness, whatever force, whatever beauty — that which is both wise and interesting, I should be saying, indeed, what is true, but I should not present any new view of Shakespeare's genius. His peculiar power in this regard was that of uniting poetical beauty, the charm of fancy and of language, with the utterance of that intuitive knowledge which, in the words of his contemporary critic, makes his writings "serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives." I can here give by examples but hints and suggestions of what I mean:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

"Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor —
Both thanks and use."

"But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

"What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly piled
For truth to overpeer."

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall leave behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

And see that speech in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. Sc. 3, beginning, "Time hath my lord a wallet," etc., which in its union of wisdom, beauty, and richness of thought and utterance

is unsurpassed by any other from Shakespeare's pen. These passages are mere chance-remembered examples of a multitude like the pebbles "on the unnumbered beach" which constitute, in my judgment, their writer's peculiar claim upon the attention of the world, his peculiar charm to the world's ear. Leave him his truth and strength of characterization, his vividness of dramatic speech and action, his imagination, his pathos, his humor, his power in the tender and his power in the terrible, in all of which qualities he is unsurpassed, and in most of which he is unequaled; but take from him his specialty of using language in such a way as to make poetry a comment upon all the actions of our lives, and us conscious of wit and wisdom in his presence, — do this, and the Shakespeare supreme, the unapproachable, is gone.

Shakespeare's mind surely had in it something of the quality which, having no other name for it, we call divine; for it seems to have been an exhaustless source of knowledge, of wisdom, and of beauty. Yet something it had very human, too, and sometimes very weak and poor; mortal error and mere human dross. But let us scorn the affectation that would say, Were it not so he would be too good and great for sympathy and love. Nothing is too good and great for man to love and worship, although, like the greatest intellect the world has seen, he may sometimes weakly or wickedly fall away from what he knows that he should love and worship.

Shakespeare in his supremacy stands far above the deterioration of his weaknesses and the contamination of his faults. The high-heaved peak of his lonely genius cleaves the cool serene, no less dazzling pure, no less golden-touched with light of heaven, because of fens and marshes at its base. Around it his great thoughts sweep on mighty wings, none the less majestic because there are foul and venomous creatures creeping below. To him our eyes turn

when we need such counsel, such comfort, such delight, as surpasses that which seems mere counsel, mere comfort, mere delight, — such as transcends all other moral good and mental pleasure. The more we know him, the more we find him not quite all knowable. He is the only writer who can be to us in one brief half hour our jester, our singer, our friend, our consoler, our prophet (but never our priest), our sage, — ourselves. There is no mood of our lives that was not a mood of his mind; no sorrow or joy of our hearts that was not a sorrow or a joy of his brain. His intellect was the abstract of humanity. His is the only fame enrolled upon the ages which is not only without a rival, but which

no one would hope to rival. The chosen people had only three kings, each of whom was preëminent for certain qualities. Shakespeare in his intellectual royalty suggests them all. The Saul of literature, he stands head and shoulders above even the brothers of his kingly blood; like David, he is the poet of a race and yet of all races, and moreover one who, seeking the means of content, found the crown of immortality; like Solomon, he is wise with a wisdom which has enlightened the whole world. Like each and all of these who must be united to be his prototype, he is not without faults that would condemn him to death, were he not so great that he is above either punishment or pardon.

Richard Grant White.

UNDER THE MAPLES.

THERE is a lively interest among students of history and society in the uncovering of rubbish heaps, and the reconstruction of village communities out of institutional hints. I have found my pleasure in unearthing the villages and farms and pasture-lands and battle-fields which lie under my maple-trees. Every year the busy life goes on there, whether I watch it or not; it is a microcosm of that world which my daily newspaper reports; for here among the ants are the builders of cities, the governors and leaders, the masters of slaves, the harvesters, the herdsmen, and the mechanics. No emancipation proclamation has yet been issued, but there are wars and rumors of wars.

Failing to discover the official records of these busy creatures — too busy, may be, to trouble themselves about history — I have kept a journal of my observations. I have had, moreover, the opportunity of comparing the observations which I have made under my Northern

maple trees with what I have seen at the South, and I record with pleasure the fact that there is more common ground of pursuit between the two sections than some would have us believe. Naturalists have given us the impression that no harvesting ants are to be found at the North. They are mistaken. Familiar as I am with those of the South, I have never found a more interesting species than one at the North, *Pheidole pennsylvanica*, a large colony, whose subterranean city is beneath the spreading branches of a maple in near proximity to my house, affording an excellent opportunity to observe its habits.

The colony is composed of males and females and two sets of neuters, consisting of soldiers and workers, each set widely differing from the other in looks and occupation. The soldiers are at once recognized by their superior size and large heads, and they take no part in the ordinary work of the community. The workers are much smaller than the

soldiers, and as their name indicates they are the architects, food providers, and nurses of the community. They gather various grains and seeds, which they store in underground rooms, usually below the frost line, which indicates that the grain is housed mostly for winter use; this idea is further confirmed by the fact of the great quantity of shells and chaff of seeds which they bring out when their city is undergoing its first thorough spring cleaning.

In what way the seeds are prepared so that they may be made into available food is something of a mystery, as the ants take all nourishment in a liquid form. I have noticed that they are partial to those which yield an abundance of mucilage, such as plantain (*Plantago lanceolata*); but whether these seeds are gathered for the mucilage which they contain, or for the albumen, which is also abundant, is a question, for the ants are not confined to mucilaginous seeds, by any means, but harvest those of *Oxalis stricta*, *Spergula arvensis*, and grass-seed, which are destitute of mucilage but abound in albumen. As the embryo swells it acts upon the albumen, dissolving and chemically changing its substance into a large quantity of sugar, which seems to point to the way in which they are used for food.

But the ants also gather a great many seeds of a cruciferous plant (*Lepidium virginicum*), which contains no albumen. So instead of devoting my time to finding out the properties of the various seeds which they collected, and speculating upon how and in what way they use them, I have closely observed their habits from early spring until late autumn.

In the first warm days of April, sometimes in the latter part of March, several gates of the city are opened, and the busy inhabitants are engaged in bringing out the refuse of grain and other rubbish which has accumulated during the winter, and which they deposit in a

heap outside of the city limits. The laborers work continuously during pleasant weather, and are attended by sentinels, or perhaps street commissioners, who seem to be watching and directing their movements. When the spring cleaning is completed, all the gates are permanently closed except one, and this is shut and barricaded at all times save when the ants are actively engaged at harvest or other work.

Upon excavating a formicary in July, I found several nearly empty chambers; some near the surface of the ground, others scattered irregularly about to the depth of three feet, where I came to several small rooms or granaries stored with seed. I noticed one chamber much larger than the rest, which from all appearances was the dining-room, as it contained some partly consumed insects. The ants were in great consternation over the loss of their city, running in every direction and carrying the larvæ and pupæ, while many of them were buried beneath the ruins. It appears heartless and cruel to destroy one of these neatly built cities, doubtless the work of years and representing the labor of many thousand individuals. And in fact very little can be learned of the interior of such a formicary, even with the most careful handling, owing to the nature of the soil in which it is built. The most satisfactory way of obtaining knowledge of the interior of a formicary is to cut into one of some species that builds in wood, and take out sections that can be carried home; and at the same time secure a colony of the ants, together with the larvæ and pupæ. This I accomplished with a species of *Aphaenogaster*, nearly related to the harvesting ants. The blocks were cut through several chambers, but fitted together perfectly. The ants were soon domiciled, and came out and walked timidly about among their new surroundings. I now placed dry crumbs of cake and small lumps of dry, hard sugar near the blocks,

which they soon found and carried within. Three days afterward I carefully separated the blocks, and found the dining-room, where the cake and sugar had been taken. The blocks were dry and placed where no moisture could reach them except what the ants might convey, and yet the cake and sugar were dissolved into a pulpy mass. The larvæ were in dry chambers, not far removed from the food. This indicates that the harvesting ants bring their stored seeds from the granaries to another room, as needed, and have some process unknown to us whereby they make the seed into available food.

When some reconnoitering member of the community has found an abundant harvest, the news is soon imparted, and the workers form in line and march to the spot. Here the line is broken, and the numerous individuals scatter about and collect the seeds, when they again form in line and return over the same road. Day after day this road is traversed, until the grain is exhausted, or until some enterprising member has found better harvesting-grounds, when the old field is forsaken for the new. I have never seen the soldiers in line with the laborers carrying seeds, but they are always at the front, where strength and courage are required, and they will work in case of an emergency.

In common with other ants, the harvesters are very partial to animal food, upon which, no doubt, they greatly subsist during the summer. A dead fly, several times larger than one of the ants, was placed a short distance from the gate of the city. A wandering individual from the tribe of *Lasius* discovered it at the same moment with one of the *Pheidoles*. (As our little harvester has a name and place in the scientific world, I will hereafter call it by its generic name, *Pheidole*.) The two are about equally matched in size and strength, and now a struggle ensues for the coveted prize. First one and then the other seems to

have the advantage. *Lasius* succeeds in getting it a short distance from the place of discovery in the direction of her camp, but is obliged to drop it to make sure of her bearings, when *Pheidole* hurries with it in the opposite direction, eager to place it within her gate before the other again seizes it. But *Lasius* is not to be beaten in this manner, and again struggles for the mastery, and it begins to look as if she might be successful. At this point *Pheidole* seems to be discouraged, gives up the contest, and starts for home. She enters the gate for a moment, and hastily returns, closely followed by a soldier. During this short interval *Lasius* has moved well forward in the direction of her camp. *Pheidole* reaches the spot where she left the prize only to find it gone, and now she rushes in frantic haste round and round, widening the circle as she advances, until she finds *Lasius*, and again lays hold of the fly. The soldier, meanwhile, moves more slowly, but makes the same circuit until she reaches the contending parties, and takes hold of the fly by the side of her comrade; and now the burden is easily carried, with *Lasius* clinging to the opposite side, and holding on with untiring pertinacity, occasionally preventing the rapid transit by bracing herself against some object in the path. This seems to provoke the soldier, who drops the fly, lays hold of *Lasius*, and tears her in pieces, while the smaller *Pheidole* carries the prize to the city and disappears within the gate.

I placed six freshly killed horse-flies near the city, any one of which was many times larger than one of the *Pheidoles*. Two workers soon made the discovery, and walked over and around this huge pile, as if taking its dimensions. Satisfied that it was beyond their power to do anything alone, they simultaneously started for the city, as if each were anxious to be the first to impart the news. Not a soldier was visible, but several must have been just within

the gate, for they immediately came pouring out in large numbers, and at once proceeded to this supply of food. The flies were soon carried to the city, but were too large to drag through the gate (the streets, or galleries, were much broader than the gate from which they diverged); so they were removed a short distance, and a company of laborers was employed in enlarging the gate, while the soldiers were engaged in cutting off the wings and legs from the flies. Soon one was brought back to the gate, two legs and a wing still adhering to the body. They tried to take it in head first, but it would not go; they lifted it out and turned it round, but succeeded no better until the remaining legs and wing were severed. All of the flies were managed in the same way. The legs and wings, as fast as the soldiers severed them, were borne within by the workers. Sometimes the wings were at first rejected and thrown among the *débris*, but other more provident individuals were sure to find them, and bearing them aloft like banners carried them into the city. In less than an hour all of the flies were housed, the gate closed, and not an inhabitant was to be seen.

Each tribe has its own peculiarities. *Lasius flavus* is a thieving, vagabond race, widely differing from the *Pheidoles*, who have regular settled homes, while the camps of the *Lasius* are scattered everywhere, and often changed. Sometimes several camps are near the city, and prove to be a great annoyance to the citizens; the strolling tribes hinder them in their work, and interfere with their funeral rites. Several workers are employed among the *Pheidoles* to keep the dining-room in order: they bring out the chaff of grain and shells of seeds and remains of insects after the feast, and deposit them in a heap some distance beyond the gateway. While they are thus engaged a sentinel is always patrolling around the gate to warn

them of approaching danger. The *Lasius* are the most dreaded enemy. They are sure to be on the alert when the gate of the city is open, ready to snatch prey from the returning hunters; or they rush up to the workers, to see if they are carrying out anything desirable. So the sentinel, when she meets any of this tribe, hurries to the entrance and stations herself there, and seems to whisper to each advancing worker, who hastily retreats with her burden. As long as the sentinel remains at the gate not one of the laborers passes out; but she no sooner returns to her rounds than they begin to emerge, at first slowly and cautiously, deposit their burdens, and return for more.

The *Lasius* are not only cannibals, but they will snatch the dead body of a *Pheidole* from its relatives when on the way to the place of interment. I was sitting near the closed gate of the city, and observed that the sticks and pebbles with which it was barricaded were being moved to make room for an individual to go through. The ants came out one at a time to the number of seven, and removed the stones and sticks to one side, leaving a free opening. And now one of their comrades came bearing the dead body of a young female. She had died while still clothed in the white filmy material in which the young are swathed, — a fitting shroud, through which her plump body was plainly visible. Her limbs were neatly folded across her breast. The bearer started alone to conceal the body in some distant place, while her comrades reclosed the gate and retired within the city. I followed the bearer, and saw, from the direction she was taking, that she would soon be in the midst of several camps of *Lasius*, of which she seemed to be unaware. No sooner had she reached the border of the camps than her footsteps were dogged by one of the tribe, who soon overtook her, seized the body and tried to wrest it from her; but finding

that her strength was not sufficient she let go her hold, and hastened to the nearest camp to tell of this desirable prize. Soon a dozen or more of the *Lasius* were on the track. She now became thoroughly alarmed, and impetuously rushed forward until she came to a deep pit. She did not drop the body, but clung frantically to the edge of the pit, until the little fragment of earth gave way, and she was precipitated with her burden to the bottom. The *Lasius* lingered a while, waiting for her reappearance; but she did not come, and they returned to their quarters.

The *Pheidole's* mode of defense when attacked by a large army is unlike that of any other species with which I am acquainted. A great troop of *Lasius* from surrounding camps came down upon the city, with the determination to take it. They scaled the fortified gate and hastily threw aside the barricade, but were met by a solid phalanx of large-headed soldiers which completely filled the gap. Defeated here, their next move was to mine into a street a short distance from the gate. But their labor was of no avail; here, too, was a phalanx of soldiers, and not a *Lasius* was allowed to pass within. But they had their revenge in another way. Every little while one of the workers, who had been away from home, returned, and tried to reach the entrance, but was invariably seized by the enemy, when one or two soldiers would come to the rescue, and the little worker would make her escape and promptly pass into the city, while the soldier was immediately surrounded by a horde of the invading foe. She fought valiantly, and killed many, but sometimes succumbed to the overpowering numbers; more frequently she freed herself and escaped, not back to the city, but by climbing the nearest object, — a stem of clover or grass, — where the enemy never followed. Several soldiers escaped in this manner, and remained concealed until

the defeated army returned to its quarters.

A good illustration of the care and sympathy which the members of a colony of *Pheidoles* have for each other was manifested in an artificial formicary, arranged by the Rev. Mr. Morris, and placed upon his study table. The formicary was in a glass jar, about two thirds full of earth. The outside of the jar, as far as the earth extended, was encircled with paper, to exclude the light, in order that the ants might build their galleries and rooms next to the glass.

The colony soon became reconciled to their strange home, learning to come out of the jar and pass down the legs of the table to visit any part of the study and return. The workers had no difficulty in ascending the glass, but the large-headed soldiers could not get up without assistance. They would go as far as the paper extended, and fall back with every attempt to scale the smooth glass. Their large heads were a detriment rather than a help in such a novel emergency as this. And now the little workers, who had always looked to the Amazon soldiers for help in all trying circumstances, came to the rescue, and assisted them over the slippery place. One would come to the edge of the paper and meet a soldier, and gently take hold of her antennæ, and walk backward up the glass, steadying and supporting her until they both passed into the formicary. This soon became a fixed habit. After a while the soldiers did not try to walk up the glass alone, but would wait at the top of the paper for the workers to conduct them over it.

Several other species of ants in the North occasionally collect seeds and flowers and foliage. I have observed a tiny black ant, a species of *Tetramorium*, gathering honey from flowers, after the manner of bees. I first observed this species in New Hampshire, in the month of Au-

gust, 1880, collected in great numbers on the golden-rod (*Solidago nemoralis*). They ascend the long stalks and enter the flowers, where they are almost entirely concealed, only the tips of their abdomens showing like black specks on the bright yellow florets. When they are satisfied they come slowly down, with their honey-sacks rounded out almost to bursting, and all follow the same path until they reach their subterranean fornicary.

The harvesting ants and their allies have nothing to do with aphides or other sweet-secreting insects. They seem to have some way of elaborating or obtaining sugar directly from plants. But many other species depend in a great degree upon their flocks and herds for subsistence. Notable among this latter class are the Crematogasters, — an interesting race, divided into many clans or tribes. They often keep large herds of aphides, — cows the immortal Linnæus called them, — upon which they are greatly dependent; so the prosperity of a colony may be known by its herds. The droves are jealously guarded from marauding tribes who are less fortunate in their possessions, and who frequently try to get the control of the cows of their more wealthy neighbors.

In the summer of 1881 I witnessed an exciting contest between two colonies of the same species, over a fine herd. The pasture on which the cows were feeding consisted of tender green herbage, and they were in good condition and yielded an abundance of the saccharine fluid. Around this pasture was a space of bare ground, where the troops were marshaled to keep the neighboring colony from trespassing among the drove. Tier upon tier, a solid phalanx extended around the entire pasture, making it impossible for the invaders to break through the ranks. The assaulting army was lean and hungry-looking, but fully as large and strong as the one attacked. There was no general en-

gagement, but every little while two of the opposing forces would clinch and tumble about over the ground like two dogs, but on relaxing their hold neither party seemed to be hurt. The cows were not neglected during this skirmishing. A host of kind and gentle milkers were constantly employed in obtaining the fluid, patting and stroking the cows with their antennæ until they gave down the milk. I noticed that the soldiers often changed places, those at the front going to the rear. The cause was soon apparent. All along the rear the milkers were feeding the troops. Other milkers were constantly going to and from the subterranean city, which was situated not far from the pasture-lands. They were no doubt supplying the queens and other members of the colony who were unable to be in the ranks.

After witnessing this skirmishing for several days, I established a drove of aphides near the city of the hostile colony. Some of the invaders were always on the road between the two colonies, slowly walking back and forth, like sentinels, to watch over their city, that it might not be taken by surprise while the protectors were absent. And now one of the sentinels came upon the cows, and ran around among them in an evident state of excitement, but did not stop to obtain any milk. Apparently satisfied with the fine condition of the herd, she ran with all haste to impart the good news to the army stationed around the neighboring colony. I followed her closely, never losing sight of her amid the throng. On her way she frequently met a returning comrade, whom she stopped for a moment and touched with her antennæ. The speed of the comrade after obtaining the news was greatly accelerated in the direction of home. The sentinel reached the outer ranks of the army, and communicated with every one with whom she came in contact, and somehow imparted the same excitement with which her own

body was quivering, until the whole army was aroused and on the homeward road. Very soon there was a host of eager milkers among the drove. But a large part of the army retired within the city, where they were fed by the milkers. Now that the invading force was withdrawn, the troops of the threatened colony also disappeared, only a few sentinels remaining to watch over the milkers and herd.

A tribe of *Formica* (*F. gagates*) also makes stock-raising its principal means of support, but the herds are entirely different from those of the *Crematogasters*: they do not graze in open fields, but are stabled, and feed on the roots of various plants. Underground stables are made expressly for them. The earth is removed from around the tender roots, and the dun-colored cattle are clustered in small groups around the roots upon which they are feeding. The groups are arranged so as to enable the milkers to pass easily and freely among them.

I have often carefully opened the stables, but the owners always resented it, and carried the cows away to subterranean galleries beyond my sight. When the stables were reclosed, in due time they were brought back and disposed in the same regular order.

There are two distinct races of slave-makers among these humble creatures, who capture and hold slaves to carry on their domestic affairs. *Polyergus lucidus* is the more remarkable of the two, and it would require many pages to do it justice; but I can devote only a short space to this singular species, which is wholly dependent upon its slaves for its continued existence. These ants are very powerful warriors, and are furnished with sickle-shaped, pointed mandibles, sharp as spears, with which they can impale an enemy with great facility. Their wonderful prowess and skill in war seems to be recognized by all of the various tribes of the country. They are a ruddy race, about half an inch in

length, with bright, shining coats; a nervous haste characterizes their movements. They make slaves of but one tribe of blacks (*Formica schaufussii*), whereas the other slave-makers (*F. sanguinea*) attack any and all tribes which they can overpower.¹

From the indolent habits of *Polyergus*, and from the fact that they are never seen except on the war-path, it has been supposed that they are of rare occurrence. But in New Jersey they are quite as numerous as *Sanguineas*. By carefully observing the movements of the latter I have been enabled to detect several colonies of the former of whose existence I was before unaware. If the *Sanguineas* pass a colony of blacks without attacking it, it is good evidence that the blacks are the slaves of the *Polyergus*. This can soon be ascertained by keeping watch over the colony.

The raids of *Polyergus* are made in the months of July and August, and always in the afternoon, usually between the hours of two and four. Their march is unlike that of any other tribe in this country. A dozen or more of the advance wheel and fall back in the ranks; those coming after make the same move; and so they continue, constantly changing places, until they reach the black colony, upon which they make war and rob them of their young. When they return with their plunder they march in a direct line, — no turning back in the ranks. The slaves always remain at home during these raids; but they receive the young blacks from their masters, feed and nurse them, and rear them as slaves to wait on and serve their owners. As no slaves are born in the homes of *Polyergus*, it is needful each year to renew the stock from surrounding colonies.

In order to study the character of *Polyergus* more thoroughly, I captured

¹ A detailed account of this latter species is published by the Harpers in a number of their Half-Hour Series.

several and made them prisoners. I gave them every necessary accommodation, and placed an abundance of food before them. But they seemed to scorn the idea of labor, and would not even feed themselves. I kept them in this condition three days, until I was satisfied they would all die without their

slaves, so I put a few in the prison with them. These faithful creatures manifested joy on meeting their half-famished masters. They stroked and licked them, removing all dust from their bodies, and prepared food and fed them; finally they excavated a room for them, and took them from my sight.

Mary Treat.

A LEGEND OF INVERAWE.

IN the course of a delightful autumn on the west coast of Scotland, I found a genial welcome to various most interesting old homes, where, in the heart of beautiful and romantic scenery, all the luxuries of modern civilization have been engrafted upon the original building, the ancient gray walls and towers of which tell of days when comfort, as we understand it, was a thing unknown and undreamt of, — days when chivalrous knights and fair dames occupied such wretched little dark rooms as no modern scullion would care to sleep in, and dined in halls which, in lieu of carpets, were strewn with green rushes, a soft couch for the dogs which lay under the long tables, awaiting such half-gnawed bones as it might please their masters to throw to them.

Many a thrilling old tale could such walls as these relate, might they but be endowed with power of utterance! One of those which most fascinated me, and abides most vividly in my memory, is the strange and utterly inexplicable legend of the Ghost Chamber at Inverawe, a most picturesque old castle, which, as its name implies, stands near the spot where the river Awe enters the dark, gloomy pass where it falls into the lake of the same name. In a part of the country where all is beautiful, this place stands preëminent, so lovely are the hanging birch woods which fringe the

craggy shores of blue Loch Etive, — a sea-loch in the immediate neighborhood, embosomed in shapely hills, and along whose brink herds of shaggy Highland cattle, with wide-spreading horns and large wondering eyes, find pasture to their liking among the golden sea-weeds which lend such wealth of color to the scene. So still and peaceful is all around that often shy seals swim up Loch Etive, and lie basking on tempting rocks in the little creeks and inlets.

Till very recently, one of the distinctive beauties of Inverawe was a group of most magnificent silver spruce-trees, the finest in Scotland, — trees almost worthy to have grown in Californian forests. Alas! the wild tempest which overswept the British Isles in 1880, doing such irreparable damage to the finest timber, made a clean sweep of these silver firs, a great and abiding loss to the district.

Much of the castle has been renovated in modern days, but all is happily mellowed so as to be in keeping with the ancient hall. Above all there is one room which it would be accounted sacrilegious to touch, — a gloomy room, set with dark oak panels, and furnished with a heavy oaken bedstead and old-fashioned tables and chairs. This is the Ghost Chamber, wherein an eerie warning from the spirit world was delivered to Duncan Campbell, the laird of

Inverawe, best known to his retainers by his Gaelic name, *Macdonnochie*. The story of this warning is so perfectly authenticated, and was so widely known many years before the fulfillment of what was prophesied, that it must rank as one of the most remarkable instances of the mysterious connection between the visible and the invisible world, of which, from time to time, we obtain hints wholly inexplicable by any of the ordinary methods of accounting for such matters. There are several versions of the legend now current among the people of Argyllshire; all, however, agree in the main points of the story, which, in the form that I am now about to relate, was told to my mother by Sir Thomas Dick Landen early in the present century.

About the year 1742, the young laird of Inverawe (who had already distinguished himself as a gallant officer, having raised and commanded a company of the magnificent Highland regiment known as the *Black Watch*) was sent to the district of Lorn, in Argyllshire, to carry out the hateful work of burning the houses and effects of several gentlemen known to be adherents of Prince Charles Edward. Having fulfilled this cruel task, he had occasion to cross a wild mountain pass, on his way to some further point, and in so doing missed his track, got separated from all his followers, and as the darkness fell became unpleasantly conscious that he was lost on the rocky moorland in a country where every crag might conceal a foe. There was nothing to be done but to seek a sheltered nook among the rocks, and there watch till morning. Turning towards a narrow ravine, he was startled to find himself face to face with a fine, stalwart Highlander, whose raven black locks and piercing eyes were so remarkable that once seen they could never be forgotten. Each grasped his sword, ready for action, when the stranger paused, and asked Inverawe his errand.

He replied that he had lost his way, and claimed a guide. Then a voice behind him, as of a watchful sentinel, cried, "He is alone, else we would not have suffered him to pass."

Thus reassured, the stranger turned to Inverawe, and, addressing him by name, promised his protection to one whom he knew to be a brave man, albeit engaged in such cruel work. He refused to reveal his own name, but said that he was one of those whose home had been so ruthlessly destroyed by Campbell's men. This he knew was but the fortune of war, so he bore the laird no personal enmity, and bade him now follow as he led the way to a cave, wherein smouldered a peat fire, on whose embers some slices of venison were grilling, — a welcome sight to the hungry wayfarer. Hunger being appeased, the man of Lorn offered him a share of his couch of dried brackens, and both slept the sleep of the weary.

At dawn they awoke, and the homeless man of Lorn guided the destroyer of his hearth past his sentinels, and set him on the right track. The two parted cordially, Campbell vowing never to lose a chance of requiting the hospitality so generously bestowed on him. He afterwards learned that his entertainer was one of the small lairds of his own clan who had espoused the Jacobite cause. In those days men might be near neighbors, yet never meet.

Not many years had elapsed ere, peace being restored, Campbell claimed leave of absence from his regiment, that he might remain for a while at his beautiful castle. One night, when, according to his custom, he had dismissed his retainers, and was sitting in the old hall with no companions save his trusty dogs, these commenced barking violently, and a moment later the sound of hasty footsteps was followed by a loud knocking at the gate. Rising to see who sought admission at so late an hour, he was amazed to find Stuart of Appin,

a man to whom he and his clan bore small love, but who now, greatly exhausted and with torn garments, stood before him imploring sanctuary. Rapidly he told his tale, — a tale of blood. There had been a fray (such were common enough in Scotland a hundred years ago), and he had slain a man, and dreaded pursuit and capture. He besought Campbell to give him shelter, and to swear on his dirk that he would not betray him.

On the generous impulse of the moment, Campbell swore to protect him, and forbore to press for details. Without rousing any attendant, he brought him meat and drink, and when his guest was warmed and somewhat recovered he took him to a secret hiding-place, such as exists in many old houses whose inmates were liable to sudden alarm. Scarcely was Stuart securely hidden, when a violent knocking at the door once more summoned Campbell. These new comers were men in pursuit of Stuart, carrying blazing torches to light them on their way. They told him that Donald Campbell of Lorn was crossing the rock boulders which form the stepping-stones across the ford of the Deargan (a dark, beautiful river which flows down a romantic birch-clad glen near Barcaldine Castle), when he was overtaken by Stuart of Appin, with whom he had a mortal feud. The noise of the rushing waters, covering all sound of footsteps, enabled Appin to approach unheard, and instead of calling on Campbell to halt and meet him in fair fight, as became a true Highlander, he sprang upon him, and stabbed him to the heart.

What impulse could have impelled the murderer to cast himself on the protection of the man who, of all others, was bound to bring him to justice, as the murderer of his clansman? His act is unaccountable; and difficult must have been his flight down the rugged and at that time trackless glen, amid precipitous crags and dense overhanging woods,

with tall brackens well-nigh concealing the great fallen rocks. At one point the glen becomes wholly impassable, so that he must have climbed where no goat could find footing, holding on by roots and boughs of overhanging trees. In memory of this dark deed of blood, the lovely ravine is still known to the Highlanders as Glen Saleach, "the dirty pass," and the dark brown river received the name of Deargan, "the river of the red stain." Crossing the hills, he came down to a ford at the head of Loch Etive, and then once more breasting the hill reached Inverawe, as we have seen.

Appin's pursuers knew only that he had started down the stream, and though Inverawe was deeply moved on hearing of the murder of his clansman he could not be false to his oath. So he gave no clue which could awaken their suspicions, and when they went on their way he lay down to rest in the dark oaken bed in the paneled room. Soon he sank into a deep sleep, from which he awakened with a start of horror. A pale, unearthly light shone in the room, enfolding a tall, commanding figure, one which he could never forget. It was the man of Lorn, with the dark, piercing eyes and glossy, jet-black hair, just as Macdonnochie so vividly remembered him in the mountain cave, but now all blood-stained and awful to look upon. Trembling in every limb, he lay gazing on this spectral apparition, when clearly and distinctly he heard a solemn voice say, "*Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed! Shield not the murderer!*" (In Scotland, where large districts are occupied by the various branches of one clan, all bearing the same name, such as Campbell, Gordon, Mackintosh, etc., it has always been customary to distinguish the head of each family by the name of his estate; and indeed the same general distinction was applied to all his kinsmen and retainers. Hence the title by which Donald's ghost appealed to Duncan.)

There was an intense reality about the vision, which convinced Duncan that it was no common dream, born of the fevered thoughts of waking hours; so when dawn broke he sought the hiding-place where his guest lay concealed, and told him that although, for his oath's sake, he would not betray him, he could not let him remain any longer under his roof. Nevertheless, at Stuart's entreaty, he guided him to a cave on Ben Cruachan, where he might lie concealed for a while, and there left him alone with the wild deer.

But still the memory of the vision haunted him, and, as night closed in, eerie thoughts arose, such as were not wont to trouble the bold Highlander. According to his usual custom, he sat down to read ere retiring to rest, when suddenly his favorite dog, which lay sleeping at his feet, started up, trembling and uttering low whines. Duncan raised his eyes, and distinctly saw Campbell of Lorn standing between him and the fire, with his hands outstretched in an attitude of supplication, and again he heard the warning, "*Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed; and blood must atone for blood! SHIELD NOT THE MURDERER!*" Then the spectre vanished, leaving Macdonnochie to watch through dark hours of horror.

Uncertain what course to adopt, he went out at break of day, and again climbed Ben Cruachan till he came to the cave to which he had guided the murderer. But the cave was empty, and Stuart was far away. So Duncan, relieved from further responsibility of decision, returned to his castle; and when night came, worn out with his own anxious thoughts, he lay down to rest, trusting to be spared any further spiritual visitations. But a third time he was aroused by the awful vision and by the unearthly voice; and this time its message was no cry for justice, but a dread warning of doom. "*Inverawe! Inverawe!*" it cried, "*my warnings have*

been in vain. The time is now past. Blood has been shed, and blood must flow for blood. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN AT TICONDEROGA!"

Now Ticonderoga was a name that had never then been heard in Britain, or at any rate was unknown to the people of these far western Highlands. They might have heard of beautiful Lake George and Lake Champlain, but this name conveyed nothing to their minds; so when, at last, haunted by its sound continually ringing in his ears, Duncan confided the story to various friends and kinsmen, not one of them guessed whereabouts was the mysterious trysting-place.

The story, however, got noised abroad, and it became generally known that the murdered and unavenged Campbell of Lorn had summoned his clansman to meet him at Ticonderoga. The gentlemen of that day studied their classics more earnestly than do our modern lairds, and it was only natural that some one should point out a parallel between this ghostly visitation and the apparition to Brutus of the murdered Cæsar, summoning him to a final meeting at Philippi.

A quarter of a century slipped by, and Duncan's son Donald, having grown up to be a handsome lad, had received his commission in the gallant 42d Highlanders, of which his father was now major, and well known as a brave and popular officer. The ghost story was familiar to all their brother officers, who were often called upon to relate it to their friends, though I need scarcely say it was not a topic to which allusion was ever made in the presence of either father or son.

Troubles arose in Canada, which resulted in the war between France and England; and thus it came to pass that in 1758 the Black Watch was ordered to Quebec, whence General Abercrombie led his forces down the lake, to storm the fortress which stood on the

isthmus which divides Lake Champlain from Lake George, and commanded the whole region. *The name of the fortress was Ticonderoga!*

On learning this, General Abercrombie, to whom the name at once recalled the ghost story of Inverawe, called together the other officers of the Black Watch, and agreed with them to endeavor, if possible, to conceal from the Campbells this name of ill omen. "Let us call it Fort George, or Fort Hudson," they said. But they could not avert fate.

The evening before the battle, Duncan went out to inspect the ground, and the weather being wild and stormy he wore his gray regimental overcoat. He approached the rushing river, which connects the two lakes by a series of cascades, and just as he set foot on the bridge he saw a figure coming toward him, also on the bridge. The stranger wore a great-coat like his own. He could not make out his face, but he perceived blood streaming from a ghastly wound in his breast. Duncan drew near and held out his hand, as if to help the stranger, who instantly vanished; and then Inverawe knew that it was his own image, which he had discerned by the powers of second-sight (of which so many instances are recorded in the Highlands).

He immediately went to the village to ask the people the name of the river. They replied, "Carillon" (a name bestowed on it by Samuel Champlain, in his journey of discovery in 1609. He asked if it had no other name, and well was he prepared for the answer: "*Yes, the old Indian name was Ticonderoga,*" which means the musical, chiming waters, and was hence translated Carillon.

Then Duncan knew that his hour had come. He rejoined his brother officers, told them what he had seen, and entreated them to seek for his body after the battle. After that he made his will. On the morrow the fortress was assaulted, and the terrible battle was fought, in

which every officer of the Black Watch was either killed or wounded. Young Donald was numbered with the slain, while his father was mortally wounded. He was found wrapped in his gray great-coat and with blood streaming from a wound in the breast, exactly as he had described the vision on the bridge.

Duncan sent for the general, and his last words were, "General, you have deceived me. *I have seen HIM again. We have met at Ticonderoga.*" He lingered for nine days, then yielded up his spirit, and was buried beside Lake Champlain, at the foot of the hill, where many a grassy mound still shows the graves of those who fell in that sore fight. His grave was marked by a stone bearing this inscription:—

"Here lyes the body of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, Esq., Major to the old Highland Regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wound received in the attack of the entrenchments of Ticonderoga or Carillon, 8th July, 1758."

But neither his remains nor the mossy head-stone which marked them now lie near the ruins of the old fort; for after the lapse of some years both were removed, together with the mortal remains of some other members of Clan Campbell, by a family of the name of Gilchrist, who claimed kinship with the dead, and who, on removing to the neighborhood of Fort Edward, carried with them all these precious family links, and there gave them burial anew.

One more glimpse of the spirit world is connected with this history. Macdonochie had a foster-brother (the son of his nurse), to whom he was greatly attached. In many old Highland tales the foster-brother holds a prominent place, as the most devoted retainer of the chief or the laird; but in the present instance he held office on the estate, and could not possibly follow Campbell to America. On the night of the fatal battle his young son, who slept in the

same room with him, was awakened by a sound of voices, and, looking up, he beheld a soft, clear light, and saw the figure of a Highland officer approach his father's bed, stoop down, and kiss him. The sleepy and half-frightened child drew his plaid over his head and fell asleep again, when a second time he was awakened by a similar vision. In the morning he told his father of this strange apparition, and they learned afterward that it was indeed the Laird of Inverawe who had come to tell his foster-brother that there had been a great battle in America, and that he was numbered with the slain.

Thus ends the strange legend of Inverawe and Ticonderoga, a tale of the spirit world whose first and last scenes are laid on either side of the mighty ocean, connecting the Old and New World by an eerie spirit flight. The story is as wholly inexplicable as it is incontrovertible. Its every detail was familiar to many contemporaries, men of a class not readily imposed upon, nor much inclined to superstition. I can only call it an unfathomed mystery, suggestive of the great unexplored land which lies beyond the narrow border of our bounded lives,—unfathomed, yet perchance not unfathomable.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

THE PIPING SHEPHERD.

By the river I cut a reed, and the slip
I shaped to a pipe; I puckered my lip,
And loudly I blew and clearly.
There were none to hear but the grazing flock
And a lonely cloud, and an echo to mock;
But I loved to play, most dearly.

Then I paused to rest, and, faint and clear,
Some sound as of piping reached my ear,—
The piping, the piping of Pan!
Did it come from the east, from the forest shade,
Where he played in shadow or open glade?
I threw down my pipe and ran.

In the forest I stood, and my listening ear
I bent, and breathless I waited to hear;
And the forest, too, was still,
Till a robin sang in some hidden spot,
And a dead branch cracked: but I heeded not,
For that pipe blew faint and shrill.

Was it by the river, down in the west?
I stripped the goat-skin off from my breast,
And out of the shade I ran;
Away my scrip and my cap I threw;
I tore through the long grass, wet with dew,
And followed the piping of Pan.

Whene'er I paused I heard it again ;
 It blew so sweetly it gave me pain ;
 Some words it seemed trying to say.
 It was not here, it was not there ;
 I fancied the sound was everywhere,
 But always was far away.

O Pan ! O Pan ! O piping Pan !
 Naked and breathless on I ran.
 Why did I follow him then ?
 It was but once that I heard him play,
 But never, since I listened that day,
 Have I cared to pipe again.

Katharine Pyle.

WOLFE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

THE siege of Quebec, begun in June, 1759, by General Wolfe, with an inadequate force, was protracted till August without the slightest apparent prospect of success. At the end of July, Wolfe met a terrible rebuff in a desperate attempt to scale the heights of Montmorenci; and the French, elated by their victory, flattered themselves with the hope that the enemy would soon sail homeward in despair.

Meanwhile, a deep cloud fell on the English. Since the siege began Wolfe had passed with ceaseless energy from camp to camp, animating the troops, observing everything and directing everything; but now the pale face and tall, lean form were seen no more, and the rumor spread that the general was dangerously ill. He had in fact been seized by an access of the disease that had tortured him for some time past, and fever had followed. His quarters were at a French farmhouse in the camp at Montmorenci; and here, as he lay in an upper chamber, helpless in bed, his singular and most unmilitary features haggard with disease and drawn with pain, no man could less have looked the hero. But as the needle, though quivering,

points always to the pole, so, through torment and languor and the heats of fever, the mind of Wolfe dwelt on the capture of Quebec. His illness, which began before the 20th of August, had so far subsided on the 25th that Knox wrote in his diary of that day, "His excellency General Wolfe is on the recovery, to the inconceivable joy of the whole army." On the 29th he was able to write or dictate a letter to the three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray:—

"That the public service may not suffer by the general's indisposition, he begs the brigadiers will meet and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and consider of the best method to attack the enemy."

The letter then proposes three plans, all bold to audacity. The first was to send a part of the army to ford the Montmorenci eight or nine miles above its mouth, march through the forest, and fall on the rear of the French at Beauport, while the rest landed and attacked them in front. The second was to cross the ford at the mouth of the Montmorenci and march along the strand, under the French entrenchments, till a place

could be found where the troops might climb the heights. The third was to make a general attack from boats at the Beauport flats. Wolfe had before entertained two other plans, one of which was to scale the rocks at St. Michel, about a league above Quebec; but this he had abandoned on learning that the French were there in force to receive him. The other was to storm the Lower Town; but this also he had abandoned, because the Upper Town, which commanded it, would still remain inaccessible.

The brigadiers met in consultation, rejected the three plans proposed in the letter, and advised that an attempt should be made to gain a footing on the north shore above the town, place the army between Montcalm and his base of supply, and so force him to fight or surrender. The scheme was similar to that of scaling the heights of St. Michel. It seemed desperate, but so did all the rest; and if by chance it should succeed, the gain was far greater than could follow any success below the town. Wolfe embraced it at once. Not that he saw much hope in it. He knew that every chance was against him. Disappointment in the past and gloom in the future, the pain and exhaustion of disease, toils and anxieties "too great," in the words of Burke, "to be supported by a delicate constitution, and a body unequal to the vigorous and enterprising soul that it lodged" threw him at times into deep dejection. By those intimate with him he was heard to say that he would not go back defeated, "to be exposed to the censure and reproach of an ignorant populace." In other moods, he felt that he ought not to sacrifice what was left of his diminished army in vain conflict with hopeless obstacles. But his final resolve once taken, he would not swerve from it. His fear was that he might not be able to lead his troops in person. "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me," he said to his physician, "but pray

make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days, and able to do my duty: that is all I want."

In a dispatch which Wolfe had written to Pitt, Admiral Saunders conceived that he had ascribed to the fleet more than its just share in the disaster at Montmorenci, and he sent him a letter on the subject. Major Barré kept it from the invalid till the fever had abated. Wolfe then wrote a long answer, which reveals his mixed despondency and resolve. He affirms the justice of what Saunders had said, but adds, "I shall leave out that part of my letter to Mr. Pitt which you object to. I am sensible of my own errors in the course of the campaign, see clearly wherein I have been deficient, and think a little more or less blame to a man that must necessarily be ruined of little or no consequence. I take the blame of that unlucky day entirely upon my own shoulders, and I expect to suffer for it." Then, speaking of the new project of an attack above Quebec, he says, despondingly, "My ill state of health prevents me from executing my own plan; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute." He proceeds, however, to give directions for it: "It will be necessary to run as many small craft as possible above the town, with provisions for six weeks for about five thousand, which is all I intend to take. My letters, I hope, will be ready to-morrow, and I hope I shall have strength to lead these men to wherever we can find the enemy."

On the next day, the end of August, he was able for the first time to leave the house. It was on this same day that he wrote his last letter to his mother: "My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils worse than defeats and disappointments have fallen upon me. The enemy puts nothing to risk, and I can't in conscience put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessi-

ble entrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis of Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behavior of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labor under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country."

On the 2d of September, a vessel was sent to England with his last dispatch to Pitt. It begins thus: "The obstacles we have met with in the operations of the campaign are much greater than we had reason to expect or could foresee; not so much from the number of the enemy (though superior to us) as from the natural strength of the country, which the Marquis of Montcalm seems wisely to depend upon. When I learned that succors of all kinds had been thrown into Quebec; that five battalions of regular troops, completed from the best inhabitants of the country, some of the troops of the colony, and every Canadian that was able to bear arms, besides several nations of savages, had taken the field in a very advantageous situation, I could not flatter myself that I should be able to reduce the place. I sought, however, an occasion to attack their army, knowing well that with these troops I was able to fight, and hoping that a victory might disperse them." Then, after recounting the events of the campaign with admirable clearness, he continues: "I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the general utility. They are all of opinion that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men (which is nearly the whole strength of

the army after the Points of Levi and Orleans are left in a proper state of defense), to draw the enemy from their present situation and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in the proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution." The letter ends thus: "By the list of disabled officers, many of whom are of rank, you may perceive that the army is much weakened. By the nature of the river, the most formidable part of this armament is deprived of the power of acting, yet we have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but the courage of a handful of brave troops should be exerted only when there is some hope of a favorable event. However, you may be assured that the small part of the campaign which remains shall be employed, as far as I am able, for the honor of his majesty and the interest of the nation, in which I am sure of being well seconded by the admiral and by the generals; happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of his majesty's arms in any other parts of America."

Some days later, he wrote to the Earl of Holderness: "The Marquis of Montcalm has a numerous body of armed men (I cannot call it an army) and the strongest country, perhaps, in the world. Our fleet blocks up the river above and below the town, but can give no manner of aid in an attack upon the Canadian army. We are now here [off Cap Rouge] with about thirty-six hundred men, waiting to attack them when and wherever they can best be got at. I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of doing any considerable service to the state, and without any prospect of it." He had just learned, through the letter brought

from Amherst by Ensign Hutchins, that he could expect no help from that quarter.

Perhaps he was as near despair as his undaunted nature was capable of being. In his present state of body and mind, he was a hero without the light and cheer of heroism. He flattered himself with no illusions, but saw the worst and faced it all. He seems to have been entirely without excitement. The languor of disease, the desperation of the chances, and the greatness of the stake may have wrought to tranquilize him. His energy was doubly tasked, to bear up his own sinking frame and to achieve an almost hopeless feat of arms.

Audacious as it was, his plan cannot be called rash, if we can accept the statement of two well-informed writers on the French side. They say that on the 10th of September the English naval commanders held a council on board the flagship, in which it was resolved that the lateness of the season required the fleet to leave Quebec without delay. They say farther that Wolfe then went to the admiral, told him that he had found a place where the heights could be scaled, that he would send up a hundred and fifty picked men to feel the way, and that if they gained a lodgment at the top the other troops should follow; if, on the other hand, the French were there in force to oppose them, he would not sacrifice the army in a hopeless attempt, but embark them for home, consoled by the thought that all had been done that man could do. On this, concludes the story, the admiral and his officers consented to wait the result.¹

As Wolfe had informed Pitt, his army was greatly weakened. Since the end of June, his loss in killed and wounded was more than eight hundred and fifty, including two colonels, two majors,

¹ This statement is made by the Chevalier Johnstone, and, with some variation, by the author of the valuable *Journal Tenu à l'Armée que commandoit feu M. le Marquis de Montcalm*.

nineteen captains, and thirty-four subalterns; and to these were to be added a greater number disabled by disease.

The squadron of Admiral Holmes, above Quebec, had now increased to twenty-two vessels, great and small. One of the last that went up was a diminutive schooner, armed with a few swivels, and jocosely named the *Terror of France*. She sailed by the town in broad daylight, the French, incensed at her impudence, blazing at her from all their batteries; but she passed unharmed, anchored by the admiral's ship, and saluted him triumphantly with her swivels.

Wolfe's first move towards executing his plan was the critical one of evacuating the camp at Montmorenci. This was accomplished on the 3d of September. Montcalm sent a strong force to fall on the rear of the retiring English. Monckton saw the movement from Point Levi, embarked two battalions in the boats of the fleet, and made a feint of landing at Beauport. Montcalm recalled his troops to repulse the threatened attack, and the English withdrew from Montmorenci unmolested; some to the Point of Orleans, others to Point Levi. On the night of the 4th a fleet of flatboats passed above the town with the baggage and stores. On the 5th Murray, with four battalions, marched up to the river Etechemin, and forded it under a hot fire from the French batteries at Sillery. Monckton and Townshend followed with three more battalions, and the united force of about thirty-six hundred men was embarked on board the ships of Holmes, where Wolfe joined them on the same evening.

These movements of the English filled the French commanders with mingled perplexity, anxiety, and hope. A deserter told them that Admiral Saunders was impatient to be gone. Vaudreuil grew impatient. Bigot says that, after the battle, he was told by British officers that Wolfe meant to risk only an advance party of two hundred men, and to reëmbark if they were repulsed.

confident. "The breaking up of the camp at Montmorenci," he says, "and the abandonment of the entrenchments there, the reëmbarkation on board the vessels above Quebec of the troops who had encamped on the south bank, the movements of these vessels, the removal of the heaviest pieces of artillery from the batteries of Point Levi, — these and the lateness of the season all combined to announce the speedy departure of the fleet, several vessels of which had even sailed down the river already. The prisoners and deserters who daily came in told us that this was the common report in their army." He wrote to Bourlamaque on the 1st of September, "Everything proves that the grand design of the English has failed." Yet he was ceaselessly watchful. So was Montcalm; and he too, on the night of the 2d, snatched a moment to write to Bourlamaque from his headquarters in the stone house by the river of Beauport: "The night is dark; it rains; our troops are dressed in their tents, and on the alert; I in my boots; my horses saddled. In fact, this is my usual way. I wish you were here, for I cannot be everywhere, though I multiply myself, and have not taken off my clothes since the 23d of June." On the 11th of September, he wrote his last letter to Bourlamaque, and probably the last that his pen ever traced: "I am overwhelmed with work, and should often lose temper, like you, if I did not remember that I am paid by Europe for not losing it. Nothing new since my last. I give the enemy another month, or something less, to stay here." The more sanguine Vaudreuil would hardly give them a week.

Meanwhile, no precaution was spared. The force under Bougainville, above Quebec, was raised to three thousand men. He was ordered to watch the shore as far as Jacques Cartier, and follow with his main body every movement of Holmes's squadron. There was little

fear for the heights near the town. They were thought inaccessible. Montcalm himself believed them safe, and had expressed himself to that effect some time before. "We need not suppose," he wrote to Vaudreuil, "that the enemy have wings;" and again, speaking of the very place where Wolfe afterwards landed, "I swear to you that a hundred men posted there would stop their whole army." He was right. A hundred watchful and determined men could have held the position long enough for reinforcements to come up.

The hundred men were there. Captain de Vergor, of the colony troops, commanded them; and reinforcements were within his call, for the battalion of Guienne had been ordered to encamp close at hand on the Plains of Abraham. Vergor's post, called Ance du Foulon, was a mile and a half from Quebec. A little beyond it, by the brink of the cliffs, was another post, called Samos, held by seventy men with four cannon; and beyond this, again, the heights of Sillery were guarded by a hundred and thirty men, also with cannon. These were outposts of Bougainville, whose headquarters were at Cap Rouge, six miles above Sillery, and whose troops were in continual movement along the intervening shore. Thus all was vigilance; for while the French were strong in the hope of speedy delivery, they felt that there was no safety till the tents of the invader had vanished from their shores and his ships from their river. "What we knew," says one of them, "of the character of M. Wolfe, that impetuous, bold, and intrepid warrior, prepared us for a last attack before he left us."

Wolfe had been very ill on the evening of the 4th. The troops knew it, and their spirits sank; but after a night of torment he grew better, and was soon among them again, rekindling their ardor, and imparting a cheer that he could not share. For himself he had no pity,

but when he heard of the illness of two officers in one of the ships he sent them a message of warm sympathy, advised them to return to Point Levi, and offered them his own barge and an escort. They thanked him, but replied that, come what might, they would see the enterprise to an end. Another officer remarked in his hearing that one of the invalids had a very delicate constitution. "Don't tell me of constitution," said Wolfe; "he has good spirit, and good spirit will carry a man through everything." An immense moral force bore up his own frail body and forced it to its work.

Major Robert Stobo, who five years before had been given as a hostage to the French at the capture of Fort Necessity, arrived about this time in a vessel from Halifax. He had long been a prisoner at Quebec, not always in close custody, and had used his opportunities to acquaint himself with the neighborhood. In the spring of this year, he and an officer of rangers named Stevens had made their escape with extraordinary skill and daring, and he now returned to give his countrymen the benefit of his local knowledge. His biographer says that it was he who directed Wolfe in the choice of a landing place. Be this as it may, Wolfe in person examined the river and the shores as far as Point aux Trembles; till at length, landing on the south side a little above Quebec, and looking across the water with a telescope, he descried a path that ran with a long slope up the face of the woody precipice, and saw at the top a cluster of tents. They were those of Vergor's guard at the Ance du Foulon, now called Wolfe's Cove. As he could see but ten or twelve of them, he thought that the guard could not be numerous, and might be overpowered. His hope would have been stronger if he had known that Vergor had once been tried for misconduct and cowardice in the surrender of Beauséjour, and saved from

merited disgrace by the friendship of Bigot and the protection of Vandrenuil.

The morning of the 7th was fair and warm, and the vessels of Holmes, their crowded decks gay with scarlet uniforms, sailed up the river to Cap Rouge. A lively scene awaited them, for here were the headquarters of Bougainville, and here lay his principal force, while the rest watched the banks above and below. The cove into which the little river runs was guarded by floating batteries; the surrounding shore was defended by breastworks; and a large body of regulars, militia, and mounted Canadians in blue uniforms moved to and fro, with restless activity, on the hills behind. When the vessels came to anchor, the horsemen dismounted and formed in line with the infantry; then, with loud shouts, the whole rushed down the heights to man their works at the shore. That true Briton, Captain Knox, looked on with a critical eye from the gangway of his ship, and wrote that night in his diary that they had made a ridiculous noise. "How different," he exclaims, "how nobly awful and expressive of true valor, is the customary silence of the British troops!"

In the afternoon the ships opened fire, while the troops entered the boats and rowed up and down, as if looking for a landing place. It was but a feint of Wolfe to deceive Bougainville as to his real design. A heavy easterly rain set in on the next morning, and lasted two days without respite. All operations were suspended, and the men suffered greatly in the crowded transports. Half of them were therefore landed on the south shore, where they made their quarters in the village of St. Nicolas, refreshed themselves, and dried their wet clothing, knapsacks, and blankets.

For several successive days the squadron of Holmes was allowed to drift up the river with the flood tide and down with the ebb, thus passing and repass-

ing incessantly between the neighborhood of Quebec on one hand and a point high above Cap Rouge on the other; while Bougainville, perplexed and always expecting an attack, followed the ships to and fro along the shore by day and by night, till his men were exhausted with ceaseless forced marches.

At last the time for action came. On Wednesday, the 12th, the troops at St. Nicolas were embarked again, and all were told to hold themselves in readiness. Wolfe, from the flagship *Sutherland*, issued his last general orders: "The enemy's force is now divided; great scarcity of provisions in their camp, and universal discontent among the Canadians. Our troops below are in readiness to join us, all the light artillery and tools are embarked at the Point of Levi, and the troops will land where the French seem least to expect it. The first body that gets on shore is to march directly to the enemy, and drive them from any little post they may occupy; the officers must be careful that the succeeding bodies do not by any mistake fire on those who go before them. The battalions must form on the upper ground with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself. When the artillery and troops are landed, a corps will be left to secure the landing place, while the rest march on and endeavor to bring the Canadians and French to a battle. The officers and men will remember what their country expects from them, and what a determined body of soldiers inured to war is capable of doing against five weak French battalions mingled with a disorderly peasantry."

The spirit of the army answered to that of its chief. The troops loved and admired their general, trusted their officers, and were ready for any attempt.

¹ Including Bougainville's command. An escaped prisoner told Wolfe, a few days before, that Montcalm still had fourteen thousand men. (*Journal of an Expedition on the River St. Lawrence.*) This meant only those in the town and the camps

"Nay, how could it be otherwise," quaintly asks honest Sergeant John Johnson, of the 58th regiment, "being at the heels of gentlemen whose whole thirst, equal with their general, was for glory? We had seen them tried, and always found them sterling. We knew that they would stand by us to the last extremity."

Wolfe had thirty-six hundred men and officers with him on board the vessels of *Holmes*, and he now sent orders to Colonel Burton at Point Levi to lead to his aid all who could be spared from that place and the Point of Orleans. They were to march along the south bank after nightfall, and wait farther orders at a designated spot convenient for embarkation. Their number was about twelve hundred, so that the entire force destined for the enterprise was at the utmost forty-eight hundred. With these, Wolfe meant to climb the heights of Abraham in the teeth of an enemy who, though much reduced, were still twice as numerous as their assailants.¹

Admiral Saunders lay with the main fleet in the Basin of Quebec. This excellent officer, whatever may have been his views as to the necessity of a speedy departure, aided Wolfe to the last with unfailing energy and zeal. It was agreed between them that while the general made the real attack the admiral should engage Montcalm's attention by a pretended one. As night approached the fleet ranged itself along the Beauport shore; the boats were lowered, and filled with sailors, marines, and the few troops that had been left behind; while ship signaled to ship, cannon flashed and thundered, and shot ploughed the beach, as if to clear a way for assailants to land. In the gloom of the evening the effect was imposing. Montcalm, who of Beauport. "I don't believe their whole army amounts to that number," wrote Wolfe to Colonel Burton, on the 10th. He knew, however, that if Montcalm could bring all his troops together he must fight him more than two to one.

thought that the movements of the English above the town were only a feint, that their main force was still below it, and that their real attack would be made there, was completely deceived, and massed his troops in front of Beauport to repel the expected landing. But while in the fleet of Saunders all was uproar and ostentatious menace, the danger was ten miles away, where the squadron of Holmes lay tranquil and silent at its anchorage off Cap Rouge.

It was less tranquil than it seemed. All on board knew that a blow would be struck that night, though only a few high officers knew where. Colonel Howe, of the light infantry, called for volunteers to lead the unknown and desperate venture, promising, in the words of one of them, "that if any of us survived we might depend on being recommended to the general." As many as were wanted, twenty-four in all, soon came forward. Thirty large *bateaux* and some boats belonging to the squadron lay moored alongside the vessels, and late in the evening the troops were ordered into them, the twenty-four volunteers taking their place in the foremost. They held in all about seventeen hundred men. The rest remained on board the ships.

Bougainville could discern the movement, and like Montcalm thought it was he who was to be attacked. The tide was still flowing, and, the better to deceive him, the vessels and boats were allowed to drift upward with it for a little distance, as if to land above Cap Rouge.

The day had been fortunate for Wolfe. Two deserters came from the camp of Bougainville, with information that, at ebb tide on the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montcalm. The necessities of the camp at Beauport and the difficulties of transportation by land had before compelled the French to resort to this perilous means of conveying supplies; and

their boats, drifting in darkness under the shadows of the northern shore, had commonly passed in safety. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence of the deserters to good account.

He was still on board the *Sutherland*. Every preparation was made and every order given; it only remained to wait the turning of the tide. Seated with him in the cabin was the commander of the sloop of war *Porcupine*, his former schoolfellow, John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. Wolfe told him that he expected to die in the battle of the next day; and taking from his bosom a miniature of Miss Lowther, his betrothed, he gave it to him, with a request that he would return it to her if the presentiment should prove true.

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised into the maintop shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the appointed signal. The boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light infantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

To look for a moment at the chances on which this bold adventure hung: first, the deserters told Wolfe that provision boats were ordered to go down to Quebec that night; secondly, Bougainville countermanded them; thirdly, the sentries posted along the heights were told of the order, but not of the countermand; fourthly, Vergor, at the *Ance du Foulon*, had permitted most of his men, chiefly Canadians from Lorette, to go home for a time and work at their harvesting, on condition, it is said, that they should afterwards work in a neighboring field of his own; fifthly, he kept careless watch and went quietly to bed; sixthly, the battalion of Guienne, ordered to take post on the Plains of Abraham, had, for reasons unexplained, remained

encamped by the St. Charles ; and lastly, when Bougainville saw Holmes's vessels drift down the stream, he did not tax his weary troops to follow them, thinking that they would return as usual with the flood tide. But for these conspiring circumstances New France might have lived a little longer, and the fruitless heroism of Wolfe would have passed with countless other heroisms into oblivion.

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robison, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, probably to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts, repeated Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* to the officers about him, and among the rest, the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate : —

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. Suddenly the challenge of a French sentry rang out of the gloom : —

"Qui vive ?"

"France," answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"À quel régiment ?"

"De la Reine," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions,

was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol shot. In answer to his questions the same officer replied in French, "Provision boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop of war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream, not far off. Again the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the lofty headland above the *Ance du Foulon*. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents not far off, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to escape, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine, choked with forest trees; and in its depths ran a little brook called *Ruisseau St. Denis*, which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties, as they mounted the steepes at some little distance from where he sat listening. At length, from the top came a sound of musket shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were

masters of the position. The word was given ; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place near the mouth of the ravine where the foremost reached the top. Wolfe said to an officer near him, " You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow, slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abatis ; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Before many of them had reached the top, cannon were heard close on the left. It was the battery at Samos firing on the boats in the rear and the vessels descending from Cap Rouge. A party was sent to silence it, which was soon effected ; and the more distant battery at Sillery was next attacked and taken. As fast as the boats were emptied they returned for the troops left on board the vessels, and for those waiting on the southern shore, under Colonel Burton.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. The British battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing place, whence they were quickly driven back. Wolfe had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise ; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin ; for, if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know, but it would be safe to say

that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

He went to reconnoitre the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham ; so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot, known as Maitre Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts patched here and there with corn-fields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south, it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence ; on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battle-field the plateau was less than a mile wide.

Thither the troops advanced, marched by files till they reached the ground, and then wheeled to form their line of battle, which stretched across the plateau and faced the city. It consisted of six battalions and the detached grenadiers from Louisbourg, all drawn up in ranks three deep. Its right wing was near the brink of the heights along the St. Lawrence ; but the left could not reach those along the St. Charles. Here a wide space was perforce left open, and there was danger of being outflanked. To prevent this, Brigadier Townshend was stationed here with two battalions, drawn up at right angles with the rest, and fronting the St. Charles. The battalion of Webb's regiment under Colonel Burton formed the reserve ; the third battalion of Royal Americans was left to guard the landing, and Howe's light infantry occupied a wood far in the rear. Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, commanded the front line, on which the heavy fighting was to fall, and which, when all the troops had arrived, counted less than thirty-five hundred men.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but they could not see it ; for a ridge of

broken ground intervened, called Buttes à Neveu, about six hundred paces off. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms. It was the battalion of Guienne, arrived at the eleventh hour from its camp by the St. Charles. Some time after, there was hot firing in the rear. It came from a detachment of Bougainville's command, attacking a house where some of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were repulsed, and the firing ceased. Light showers fell at intervals, besprinkling the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the entrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At day-break, he heard the sound of cannon above the town, where the battery at Samos was firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen; but no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight, till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, more than a mile away, the red coats of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said, and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubt-

less by the governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and galloped over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the northern rampart of Quebec, entered at the Palace Gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint, narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians, whose all was at stake, — faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of Old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets, La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Béarn, victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans and bagpipes screaming defiance. Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they had done so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He

sent to Ramsay, its commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the Palace battery. Ramsay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defense. There were orders and counter-orders, misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport. But he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced, which was impossible; and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were ready for the fray, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," a Canadian, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age. "He rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves,

which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramsay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs, and, on recovering consciousness, he saw the general standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock, when, from a hillock on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had gathered themselves into three bodies; regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces which had been dragged up the height fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, formed to receive

them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were farther confused by a number of Canadians, who had been interspersed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces, the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire, that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, joined with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up; chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it, and kept on.

Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run! See how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man: "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace;" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls, a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man. "Don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("Ce n'est rien, c'est rien. Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.")

Francis Parkman.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

I.

THEY lie in the lap of the mountains like jewels dropped from the sky, and Nature has lavished her love and man his labor on the setting. By political geography they belong in part to Switzerland; but if there be any force in the theory of natural boundaries, the Alps bar her claim with tremendous emphasis, and in climate, scenery, religion, custom, and speech they are Italian. No sooner does the traveler by the St. Gothard railway reach Locarno, the first station on Lago Maggiore, than he finds another heaven and another earth from those which vanished when he entered the great tunnel, a few hours earlier. The mountain peaks are sharper and more serrate, the curves and indentations of the shore more delicate, the outlines of the landscape more finished and perfect; the light is at once softer and more splendid, the sky has a deeper and more tender blue, the verdure is richer and darker; the very weeds give the wayside the grace of a garden run wild. Already there are terraced vineyards to be seen, and vines trained over a sort of trellised arbor called *pergola*, the supports of which are stone,—one of the most ancient modes of growing grapes in Italy,—and orange walks, hanging gardens, arcades of shrubbery, walls of evergreen, stone stairways and balustrades, pillars, vases and fountains among the flower beds, a different cultivation, a different style of gardening, which adorns the humblest plot. The gleaming towns upon the water's edge have irregular tiers of red-tiled roofs, broken by arched porticoes in the attic story, by slender Lombard bell-towers, cupolas, long, blank palace-fronts,—a different architecture. All this can be seen from Locarno, which is yet but a

poor place compared with the towns lower down the lake. It is worth while to stop there, though, to wash off the dust of the long journey in great white marble bath-tubs, of antique form, filled with cool, diamond-clear water, and to rest and attune the spirit to a softer key. There is a new hotel, a remarkably fine building, with a lofty hall of entrance, from each end of which a marble staircase leads to galleries with balusters, colonnades rising one above the other, and intersecting long perspectives, like the backgrounds of Paul Veronese's banquet pictures;—a Palladian interior, every corridor ending in an arch draped with muslin embroidered in Oriental patterns, through which a mellow picture of lake and mountain is visible.

At Locarno, moreover, there is the first glimpse of the art of Lombardy, in which some of the towns on the smaller lakes are so rich, and which has adorned the entire region with countless churches and palaces. The front of the Chiesa Nuova is by Tommaso Rodari, the foremost of three brothers who have left their mark on the architecture and sculpture of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries throughout Northern Italy. In the pilgrimage church of the Madonna del Sasso (Our Lady of the Rock), half an hour's walk above the town, the mild Luini's influence is seen in an altar-piece by one of his followers. I trudged up to this sanctuary one afternoon, to be rewarded by the expedition itself beyond my expectations, which were not great. Two deep gorges bring down two noisy, demonstrative brooks by so precipitous a path that the water is ready to leap into cascades at every step, until they unite and seek the lake together. Up the strip of wooded rock between them, which rises higher and higher, broadening until it

joins the mountain, winds the way to the church. It is very steep and laid in *cordonate*, a pavement of cobble-stones crossed by a curb at every few feet, much like a railway track, ballast and sleepers, without rails, raised to an angle of seventy degrees from the level; the curbs are about as far apart as cross-ties, and it is as hard to walk either upon or between them. The pilgrimage to the Madonna del Sasso should be made by all but penitents only after the sun has sunk behind the western mountains. It is a pretty walk, although disfigured by the stations of the cross at short intervals; the wayfarer passes out of the village under a long, vine-wreathed pergola, then over a bridge, then up the narrow hillside, between the ravines, to the foot of the foundation-walls of the building, and by a few more sharp twists to the solitary little stone *piazza* from which he enters the church. It dates from a miraculous appearance of the Virgin four hundred years ago, but has few signs of its age: within it is as freshly gilded, painted, and frescoed as a hotel dining-room, and is in so far a surprise after the lonely scramble beside the bed of the torrent. I reached it at the hour of the Ave Maria. The church was empty save for a woman and two children, who were kneeling together telling their beads. There was a murmur of prayers and responses uttered by two invisible ministrants; the voices seemed to come from behind the high altar, but priest or acolyte there was none to be seen. The effect was so mysterious at that sunset hour that the renovated church grew venerable to the quickened sense of awe. After the last amen, while looking for the Luini scholar's painting, I came upon a picture of the Entombment, a work of considerable beauty and religious feeling, by a Signor Cerusi, of Florence, as my fellow-worshiper told me. A modern picture from our Saviour's history, painted with talent and skill, yet reverently, and hidden in

a side-chapel of this inaccessible and unvisited little church, was a strange thing and worth coming to find. The view of the lake from the steps is fine, and still better from a little pillared side-porch, which looks as if it were the oldest part of the building, and overhangs the landscape like the parapet of a castle. The scene was very lovely: the peaks were pale rose-color, and a bluish moisture, like the dew on dark grapes, rested upon the surface of the lake.

There is an older and more interesting church on the outskirts of the town, near the railway station, bearing an indelible stamp of long-past times, notwithstanding many restorations. Set into the side of its rough square tower is a fine equestrian statue of St. Victor in *alto-rilievo* of the *quattro cento*, a stiff but striking figure, distinguished by the unsophisticated genius of that age, which lost its simplicity so rapidly in the following century. On each side of the principal doorway there is an inscription of startling import. One is in memory of Margherita Paganetti, "sweet, loyal, tender, an angel of consolation to the poor, the delight of her husband, the dearest hope of her children, who in the forty-second year of her age fell a victim to the most detestable treachery; her last articulate accents being, 'Pardon.'" The other is to Giovanni Battista Giacometti, "a patrician of *Æschina*, *disideratissimo per pietà e schiettezza*, a true master of arts and learning, who died a violent death. . . . The prayers of his widow and sons are offered for his undaunted soul" (*pro anima sua intemerata*). As the church is in a sequestered situation, although the haunts of men are not far off, and from the spot where the traveler reads these ominous tablets he can see only high walls shutting in lonely roads, it gives him a shudder to learn from the last lines of the inscriptions that the victims met their fate little more than thirty years ago, which is not reassuring

as to modern manners in the neighborhood ; if he is a man of imagination he goes away a little faster than he came.

Yet this is only Locarno, the threshold of the Italian lake region, and few people will be tempted to stop there more than a night. The little steamboats, which make the round of the lake three times a day, lose half the usual vulgarity of their species by the leisurely way in which they move from point to point ; crossing and recrossing, touching at every small town, or pausing a little out from shore while a clumsy boat, with a white awning on hoops, like a Conestoga wagon, pulls off from the wharf to exchange passengers. The motley crowd on deck is not vulgar, either, until September brings the full tide of travel. At one place three peasant women, two of them handsome, clamber on board from the row-boat : one wears a bright flowered headkerchief, another a black lace veil ; the third is bare-headed, and her thick coil of plats is stuck about close with big, flat, round-headed silver skewers, forming an obscure halo to her Madonna-like face. The next passengers may be a party of tourists, not unpicturesque, with sun-hats wrapped in muslin pugarees, Chinese silk coats and umbrellas, alpenstocks, and bunches of wild flowers. Then a couple of black-robed, broad-brimmed priests come aboard.

At the little quays many Italian humors are to be studied : men and women meet and embrace fondly, or part kissing and weeping without constraint, although the journey one of them is to take is no further than to the opposite shore. At one landing I saw a lean, haggard old man, of shabby-genteel aspect, with a white handkerchief in his hand, lean over the rail, looking intently at the steamboat ; the white handkerchief was an unusual refinement, colored cotton ones being universally used by the poorer middle class. He seemed to be counting the passengers, for as his eyes moved along the deck he nodded

and his lips moved incessantly. Suddenly, as we cast off, he caught sight of somebody, for whom perhaps he had been looking, and in an instant his face and person expressed the maddest hatred. He hissed, spat, shook his fingers, stuck them into his mouth, made the sign against the evil eye, while his poor withered features and limbs writhed and quivered with rage. As we receded he turned from the pier and tottered towards the town, shaking his head and burying his face in the conspicuous handkerchief. The necessity of Italians for expressing the emotion of the moment and their unconcern about lookers-on give every-day life among them a dramatic interest for us of a colder-blooded and more reticent race. One never knows what tragedy or comedy may be enacted before one's eyes at any minute.

An hour after leaving Locarno the lake is in view in the utmost length and breadth that can be seen from any point. It is majestic among its grand, encompassing mountains, which crowd closer as we advance ; the nearer ones dark green, the further ones purple. As we traverse the water from shore to shore snow-peaks rise into sight, hiding themselves behind intervening crests when the boat draws near land. I am writing of a day near the end of August, almost the only time I felt excessive heat in this part of Italy. The sky blazed like a burnished reflector, the lake glowed like molten silver and the shore like a furnace, but the cool breath of the invisible ice-mountains tempered the atmosphere. Amidst the incandescence we passed a grassy islet covered with small trees, called *Isola dei Conigli* (Coney Island !), showing some prosaic ruins above the verdure, but uninhabited now even by the feeble folk from whom it takes its name. On the neighboring heights there are ruined castles, always strong adjuncts to scenery ; one of them, as well as the hill it stands upon, claims

the archangel Michael for sponsor. War-like Italians in the Middle Ages swore by the sword of St. Michael, and these waters and marges must often have echoed the oath; for they have a long, bloody history, beginning with the Gauls and not ending with Garibaldi. One cares little for dates and facts in Italy; the enjoyment of the moment asks and gains nothing directly from association; there, as everywhere else in Central Europe, natural beauty is enhanced by the mere consciousness of a great past. It is worth recalling, however, that Frederick Barbarossa abode in more than one of those crumbling piles, and that two hundred years before his day the small town of Maccagno was known as *Corte Imperiale*, in honor of the great emperor Otho, who sojourned there during a campaign against the Lombard King Berenger II. Maccagno is extremely picturesque, fit to be put upon the sketching block as it stands: a gray tower overtopping a yellow Renaissance church, built on a table rock rising from the lake, with a front broken by two irregular, ivied arches, its southern side bristling with aloes. Before this picture had grown dim on my mind another came into sight. Standing out against the dark green, thickly wooded slopes above Cannero, the ruins of two castles emerge from the water close together: one is formidable even in dilapidation; the other and the stone on which it stands are so small that they look like a fragment of the original rock and fort, which have been cut off from it by a rise in the lake. They were always two, however, and were built in the very beginning of the fifteenth century by five brothers named Mazzarda, sons of a butcher. They called their stronghold *Malpaga*, *Ill-Toll*, and held the shores in terror, waging a piratical warfare against the inhabitants and everybody who ventured upon the waters. They kept their sway for ten years, every attempt to dislodge them failing, until the unhappy

villagers appealed to Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan, who came to the rescue with a flotilla and four hundred men-at-arms. Even then the robbers' kennel was not carried by assault, but was starved out after a two years' siege. The place was impregnable, in fact, for one of the later Visconti was besieged there in 1523, and after some months the assailants were forced to withdraw.

The contrast between these violent scenes and the theatre on which they were enacted helps to throw them into remote distance. The physiognomy of the lake grows more smiling, the vegetation more luxuriant and southern, at every landing. The cypress, that most distinctively meridional tree and strongest feature of the Italian landscape, begins to appear among the masses of foliage, standing up as solid in form and color as a tree cut in stone, but soft as fur to the eye. Light-tinted towns, each with its tall, slender church-tower, are perched along the mountain sides, from the base to the top, and many a solitary convent and shrine. The finest point of the voyage is between Intra and Baveno, where the snow range of the Mischabel Alpine group is suddenly manifest as one looks skyward to the west, and the lake divides into the two great bays of Arona and Pallanza, the latter strewn with garden isles. Behind Pallanza the mountains stand back on each hand, and reveal Monte Rosa drawing a snow mantle over his black shoulders. Baveno and Stresa are also upon this bay, and great rivalry exists between the three towns, which are the favorite halting places on Lago Maggiore. Travelers who have stayed at only one of them become violent partisans of that one. Knowing them all well, I prefer Stresa, partly because the town is smaller than either of the others, and its best hotel, the *Iles Borromées*, stands beyond the last houses in its own pretty grounds; still more because from this point of view the Borromean islands "compose" better,

as painters say, on one hand with the curve in which Pallanza stands, with its long, bright lines of houses and multitudinous red roofs, and on the other with the frowning, many-peaked Sasso di Ferro, the highest mountain on the lake.

The islands are the regalia of Lago Maggiore. There are five in the Borromean group, none of which is more than a quarter of an hour's row from the next in order. Isola San Giovanni is so near Pallanza that nothing could be easier than to join them by a bridge. It is a mere bouquet on a rock; there is just space enough for a garden and a summer-house, but it is disfigured by an ugly villa, which Count Borromeo has built within a few years,—to spoil the prospect from the Grand Hôtel, it is said, in revenge for the proprietor's adding a story to his house, and so shutting out the mountains from the count's pretty casino on the island. Isola dei Pescatori (Fishermen's Island) is about fifteen minutes by row-boat from Baveno, and is entirely covered by a fishing village. It is a delightful object: an irregular cluster of houses, of cheerful yet subdued tints,—dark red, pale yellow, gray-white,—festooned with vines and creepers, low upon the blue water, with a background of grave-toned mountains. At one end there is a quay, with a little beach, where the fishing-boats are drawn up in line as the sun goes down; at the other, a little green with half a dozen trees, beneath which the population, from three to four hundred souls, dry their nets and take the evening air; they must take it turn about, as there is not room for half of them. Despite the nearness of the village to the main-land, it has so truly isolated an aspect,—cooped within walls, moreover, as if the limits of the rock were not narrow enough,—that I was surprised to see two or three houses of rather elegant appearance, although not large, with embroidered muslin window-curtains and balconies full

of flowers. My boatman told me that they belong to men of the island who, having made fortunes elsewhere (one of them in Manchester, England, as a picture dealer), have come back to spend the rest of their days upon their native pebble, and have built themselves "palaces," as he termed their dwellings. The picture dealer has kept a precious Poussin for himself, the joy of his old age, and hoards it in his palace. Nothing, not even the stories of the Greenlanders' mortal home-sickness, is a more singular and touching proof of the strength of that passion which we call love of country than the return of these wealthy people to imprison themselves in an unsavory hamlet which they might almost cover with a fishing-net.

A furlong from Isola dei Pescatori there is a heap of stones, whereon two or three slim willows wave their branches above a tuft of forget-me-nots; nobody has troubled himself to name it, but it is an excellent place to set up an easel. It lies midway between Isola dei Pescatori and the famous Isola Bella, the most overrated and berated island on the globe except Albion.

Isola Bella looks scarce ten acres in extent, but gains room by its height above the water, being terraced and every inch of its surface turned to account. On near approach by steamboat from Pallanza, the north end is seen first; and it is ugly, for nothing is visible except a palace front divided by a four-story bow, unfinished yet ruinous, and two big, square wings which might belong to a shabby hotel. Next appears a mean seventeenth-century church and a huddle of dirty little houses, most of them drinking-shops, directly at the entrance of the palace, and sticking like limpets to the base of the hanging-gardens. The Borromei have their private landing and a magnificent flight of granite steps, by which they avoid actually passing through the squalor; but everybody else must do so as the public landing-place is

in the midst of it. The fishermen who inhabit the purlieu have ancient rights of tenure, which they maintained against their noble landlord some years ago, when he tried to dislodge them. They had settled there before modern notions had taught the cleaner classes to consider such neighbors as a nuisance; they were there, in fact, before the palace, and they have the right to stay. The latter is a monstrous barrack, tasteless and comfortless, containing fine halls and galleries and some sparse magnificence, no doubt; it is placarded inside and out with the coronet of the family and the motto *Humilitas*, a bequest from San Carlo, Cardinal Borromæus and Archbishop of Milan. There is quite a collection of pictures, few of them good; a Luini, a Gaudenzio Ferrari, and two or three of the Venetian school, which one guesses to be fine, are too ill hung and lighted to be really seen. The unwilling attendant, who takes your money but shows you that he looks upon you as an intruder, and has neither time nor information to bestow upon you, cannot tell you the painters' names, and the ink of the catalogues which lie on the tables is so faded that they are often illegible. The views from the windows are the best pictures in the place. On the ground-floor there is a suite of six or seven low rooms, exactly alike, in imitation of grottoes, with false rock-work, false shell-work, false stalactites, and false coral, a fantastic piece of bad taste. They open on a series of arcades, loftier but in the same style, which are redeemed by an unexpected, enchanting glimpse of gardens at the end of a long vista. The grounds are older than the palace, as the plan of the first Borromeo who owned the island was to make a pleasure with merely a pavilion. Although they are formal and artificial to the last degree, the statues, staircases, and terraces lend them a grand air, while the luxuriance and rareness of the bloom and foliage and the exqui-

site outlook on every side bewilder the senses. On the side towards Pallanza there is a noble group of pines. The deep seriousness of their shade heightens the joyous expression of the sunny lake the distant, smiling town, and the rich-colored mountains seen between the great columnar trunks. On the opposite side the same grade is occupied by a grove of fifty large magnolia-trees. Glimmering reflections from the water play among their dark, glossy, russet-lined umbrage, filling the place with lambent lights, and flicker upon ivory, cup-shaped blossoms, which linger here and there even at the end of summer. The huge, cavernous arches which support the lowermost terrace are divided from each other by gigantic intertwined wisterias and Virginia creepers, and are curtained by masses of ivy hanging from the vaults; each recess forms a shelter for a clump of tall palms and other tropical plants. The boughs of orange and lemon trees lean over from the upper grades, golden with fruit. The shape of this big ten-terraced pyramid, rising in the centre of the gardens and filling two thirds of the area, is softened by the growth which mantles its lines and angles, and by lights and shadows which tremble over it in a constant caress. As one rows round the southern end of the island its beauty cannot be denied, but at a little distance its likeness to a wedding-cake — a comparison which has been applied to both the cathedral of Milan and *Isola Bella* — is also undeniable; it looks still more like the altar of a modern Roman Catholic church, with tiers of flower-vases and images.

The queen of the group is *Isola Madre*, lying in the middle of the bay of Pallanza, half an hour's pull from either shore; larger, higher, and more irregular in outline than the others, yet keeping the dimensions of a fairy kingdom. The steep sides are thickly wooded, but the woods are opened in every direction by winding foot-paths or broad gravel-

walks, leading through myrtle shrubbery, to sudden views of the lake and mountains ; by green glades starred with wild flowers ; by stately balustraded stone stairways without steps, sloping from the villa and gardens down through dark, shining walls of laurel to a grand gateway on the water, surmounted by aloes and fern palms. This entrance is at the principal landing, and is not open to strangers, who come ashore at a flat rock and climb to a postern-gate, by which they gain access to the terraces. These are unusually broad, and bordered by orange and lemon trees on one hand, and on the other by wonderful oleanders, great bushy trees bending under a load of rose-colored, almond-scented blossoms. Several stages like this lead up to a little plateau brilliant with flower-beds, like a jeweler's showcase, on which stands a small palace, turning towards the lake a long, flat, pale yellow façade, with rows of square windows. It opens on the garden by a beautiful two-story *loggia*, or portico, three arches supported on pillars of elegant proportions ; a high recess on each side the door being used as a fernery. The lovely sites on this little domain are inexhaustible ; in many long visits I always discovered new ones. The owners never occupy the casino, and the grounds are a nursery garden for exotic trees, some of them extremely rare and fine. One of the most charming resting-places is a light iron balcony inclosing a square of gravel as large as an ordinary drawing-room, furnished with garden tables and chairs, roofed by the branches of a superb Australian fir, and overhanging thickets of rhododendrons, with an outlook across the water to Pallanza, which at a distance is the prettiest town on the lake. Another is a stone balcony projecting over the water, with stone table and seats of such classic models that they are worthy of an ancient temple ; two great magnolia-trees form a canopy, and frame a view of the dark

Sasso di Ferro, hollowed out by primeval volcano-throes into the shape of a rude crown. More beautiful than either of these is an ivy arbor, centuries old, of gnarled, knotted stems and leafage impervious to rain or sunshine. It stands at the head of a steep, narrow flight of steps, walled in by glossy evergreens, and lightly tunneled over by trumpet-creeper, wisteria, and white roses, ending in a dazzle of water and a glimpse of distant steepes, partly wooded, partly covered by a rosy-lilac growth which overspreads them in August. The combination of orange-colored bignonias and the lavender bunches of the glycine with cascades of white roses is a favorite device of the gardeners in this region. Although the prime of the wisterias and magnolias is in the spring, they flower profusely in August and September. From the moment the season opens until winter sets its seal on the plants again they seem to feel the joy of existence, and bloom and bloom as if for the mere pleasure of it.

This luxuriance belongs to the lake shore as well as to the islands, and the former has beauties of its own. For more than twenty miles it is skirted on one hand by a fine cornice road, with villas, or wooded slopes, or cliffs tufted with herbage and wild flowers, whence trickle cool rills, and on the other by a low parapet and granite telegraph shafts, ashes of roses in color, from the quarries near Baveno, which cut the prospect into a series of pictures. The climate is delightful for a person who likes warm weather : the sun is very hot, but there is a perpetual cool, light breeze, pure and refreshing, which one tastes as if it were spring water, in walking and driving, even in the heat of the day. In a boat the refraction is oppressive from noon till an hour before sunset, but the lake road is shaded after midday by high banks and rocks to landward. I have been out on foot for hours between breakfast and five o'clock

in the afternoon without wishing the temperature a degree lower, and becoming more convinced at every step that it is a mistake to come to Italy in autumn and winter rather than when it is in the flower and fervor of summer.

It does not often rain on the lakes in August and September, according to my experience: and this is fortunate, for sunlight is essential to bring out the marvelous colors of the landscape and water, which are seen at their best under a perfectly clear sky; then the upper portion of Lago Maggiore is sea-green, and the lower and larger expanse sea-blue. But every change of weather gives it a new character. There are days when large white clouds are floating high in the air, and the lake rolls white and cerulean in alternate, undefined sheets. Under the lowering masses of cloud which sometimes gather towards sunset the expression of the scenery alters entirely: every soft feature disappears; harsh cliffs, unnoticed before, start into sight; the bays and headlands sternly wait for the burst of wrath from that realm of awful summits, abysses, and eternal snow beyond the nearer mountains; the latter take a wild, changed, confused mien, as if uncertain of the part they are to play in the coming strife. When this begins after twilight it is tremendous indeed, with blinding flashes and darkness to which the intervening darkness of night is like dawn; the thunder sounds as if it were rolling down from the mountains upon the villages, with crashes and reverberations, echoing and reëchoing, until the endless repetitions are lost in a new detonation, while torrents of rain threaten to make the lake overflow. After this uproar, the next day sometimes comes in splendid and fleckless; but sometimes it is overcast, and the clouds, having lost their fierceness, hang low and lazy upon the hillsides, while the lake is a soft, even gray, on which the islands lie as clear as painting on porcelain. Then

the fishing-boats come out in shoals, — clumsy, picturesque barks, with hoops for awnings, which are never up, but leave the frame bare, like the ribs of a wrecked craft inverted. Now and then a larger vessel passes, bearing a big tan-colored sail and an ungainly oar-shaped rudder in a swivel, as long as a mast, bound on a merchant cruise to distant towns.

The bay of Arona is the least beautiful and striking limb of Lago Maggiore. As one approaches the foot of the lake the mountains recede, the hills are lower and rounder, the shore is tamer in outline. Near Meina, a lovely, slim white waterfall slips down through a gorge, but in very dry weather it disappears. Further down there is a bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo, about a hundred and twenty feet high, including the pedestal, — a preposterous production of the latter part of the seventeenth century. It stands on a hillock on the mountain side, and is ridiculous from every point of view: there is one from which the saint looks as if he were peering down the chimney of the convent at his feet. The ruined castle of Arona, wrapped in ivy, and the mediæval fortifications of Angera, on the opposite headland, lend some character to the end of the voyage, but its charm is gone.

Making my headquarters at Stresa, I lounged about the neighborhood on foot, or in a pony carriage, — a lucky find, — for a week or more in two successive years, making acquaintance with new scenes daily, and meeting with various little incidents on my walks and drives. The record of these wanderings made at the time probably has more of the first freshness of my impressions than a carefully prepared account of them would preserve.

“August 11, 1882. Walked in the afternoon to Belgirate, a town four or five miles from Stresa, towards the lower end of the lake. Turned off the dusty, white road into the beautiful Villa Palla-

vicini, full of great masses of shade and deep, grotto-like shrubbery walks; on one lawn there was an acre of hydrangeas, so closely covered with azure flowers that through intervening trees it looked like a glimpse of sky or water. Along the road the dark laurel hedges of the villas are overtopped by oleanders stooping under the weight of their Canton-crape blossoms, roseate, white, and pale pink, which are seen from below against the velvet-blue sky. The trumpet-creeper flames up the white walls with a *violence* of flowering and color inconceivable even in our country, where it blooms so abundantly. Things have a joy of life in this land. Rested at a wayside stone terrace above the lake, with stone seats under a thick awning of clipped locust-trees, — a halting-place for pedestrians. A peasant and his wife were passing, and I called them to sit by me. They did not complain of the sufferings of their class, although they said that work is scarce, that wages are scanty, the necessities of life too high, the taxes too heavy, and that bad years produce great misery. There have now been two such years running, and the harvest, which promised plenty, is being destroyed by the drought. But they told me that the government tax on the grist which went to the mill had been taken off, causing great relief. . . . Took a boat from Belgirate back to Stresa, an hour's row. My boatman was an ex-soldier, and a person of many resources, I suspect. He had been over the Monte Motterone the day before as guide to a Milanese gentleman, an eighteen hours' tramp there and back. He said that the work which pays best is on the railways, two *lire* (less than half a dollar) a day, from six A. M. to six P. M., with two hours' rest; for agricultural labor the wages are one *lira* a day, — about twenty-two cents; a soldier's pay is less than half a *lira* and no rations. People can't live on that, he said: it is barely enough for a man

alone; if he be married, impossible. But he added that it was no worse than it had always been in his recollection; that everybody got meat on holidays (I do not know whether this included Sundays), and wine once a week, at least. He then unblushingly asked four *lire* for rowing me to Stresa — and got it. . . . The King of Italy was at Stresa to-day to see the Marchese Rapallo, second husband of his aunt, the Duchess of Genoa, whose villa gardens adjoin those of this hotel. He went and came very quietly in a special steamboat, which had nothing to distinguish it except that it carried a handsome flag and a crew dressed in white. A small crowd assembled at the landing to see him come and go, but there was not a single cheer."

"August 14th. Gray day, close but not oppressive, with random gleams of sunshine. Set out at half past nine in the morning for the lake of Orta, driving myself in a basket phaeton, with the courier in the rumble. The road follows the lake for some miles, past the base of Monte Motterone with its chestnut woods and the rose-colored granite quarries of Baveno. At the small town of Gravello, where a milestone announces that the Simplon route begins, I turned westward and struck into a narrow green vale, shut in by craggy mountains. The way was lonely for about half an hour; then I passed several villages drawn out on each side of the road, and picturesque in spite of themselves. There were several consequential-looking little houses, with gateposts surmounted by grotesque, dwarfish stone figures of men and women, unlike anything else I have seen in this or any other country. They are conceptions of a clumsy humor, like the offspring of Dutch or German genius, and I cannot help referring their origin to Teutonic invasion and occupation, of which many traces remain in this region. I recognize it, grudgingly, in the appearance

of the peasantry. Most of the young women I met to-day had a peculiar softness in the oval of the face and outline of the features, with a fair complexion, clear, gentle eyes, and brown hair, like Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola. The children were ruddier than the mothers, of the same soft, fair type, and beautiful as little angels. After leaving the villages the road loiters up a very long but not steep hill, into a wide valley of hay-fields, studded with fine walnut and chestnut trees, through which rushes a brimming brook side by side with a glassy mill-race, and soon I came in sight of the lovely little lake of Orta.

"The drive had taken an hour and a half. Left the phaeton at the principal inn of Omegna, the first (and I think only) town at the hither end of the lake, with explicit and emphatic orders that it should be at the door by four o'clock in the afternoon, and walked through the narrow, crooked streets and dull, sleepy market-place to the water's edge. I never saw a municipality, or any human community, which gave me in five minutes so distinct an impression of indifference to the rest of the world. Hired a small boat, and a man to row; the courier took an oar, and they pulled me to Orta, near the lower end of the lake, in a little over an hour. The great charm of this irregular bit of water is its seclusion and apparent remoteness from the noisy, dusty, beaten tracks. We met no boat, heard no sound except the thin voice of a chapel bell from a distant mountain ledge, and, as far as I recollect, saw no village or building, except isolated convents high up on the hillsides.

"Orta is the prettiest, most picturesque waterside townlet, smothered in flowers; its amphibiousness gives it a gay, whimsical resemblance to Venice, such as a kitten has to a lion. Lunched at the inn, a rough but clean and friendly place; and while the meal was being got ready I climbed by the terraces of

a delightful villa garden — a strange spot in a locality so out of the way — to the foot of a Monte Sacro, behind the town. It is a place of pilgrimage, and as I toiled up the steep, straight approach, an inclined plane paved with cobblestones and bordered with shock-headed locust-trees, which cast no shadow in the noon, the sight of the cool, blue lake below aggravating my sufferings, it seemed a pity that I lacked the faith by which the sweat of my brow would wash away some of my sins. The hot ascent leads to a grassy, breezy summit, broken into knolls shaded by great branching trees and rustling laurel groves, and dotted with shrines containing terra cotta groups of incidents from the life of St. Francis Assisi. Some of them struck me as having spirit and merit, but I was too much absorbed by the beauty of the site to examine them. The hill projects into the lake, so that one sees water between the tree trunks in every direction. It was pervaded by a happy tranquillity; the solitude gave me no sense of loneliness; its laurel-trees and little temples recalled the sacred places of classic heathendom. There was nobody to disturb its quiet except myself and a peasant, who was looking at the prospect with dreamy eyes. He said he had come from another *paese* (which I translate township), about twelve miles off, to see the Sacro Monte, which he had never visited before. He was not on a pilgrimage; he had never even heard of St. Francis Assisi, although his schoolmaster had been a priest. He had heard of America, however; but to him, as to most of the rustics in Northern Italy, it means Mexico or Montevideo, whither many of them go to work on railroads. They send home money for a few months, and then die of fever.

"Opposite Orta, in the middle of the lake, is Isola San Giulio, a cone covered with white, arcaded, red-roofed houses, terraces and garden bits rising in irregular stages to a square white convent

amid tufts of dark foliage, with a waving palm on the tip-top, and reflected line for line in the water. The tiny place is very old, and has its own share of history, so I rowed over to get a nearer look at it. Found a Lombard church of great antiquity, well whitewashed, and muffled besides in shabby red damask for some *festa* or *funzione*. The capitals of the pillars are richly though rudely sculptured with Runic knots and archaic beasts; the stone pulpit, black with age, is very curious, and in the style of that at San Ambrogio at Milan. There are a number of frescoes, nearly effaced, but very interesting. They seem to be of widely different epochs: some look almost Byzantine, but the saints have wider eyes; others recall the early Flemish masters; and there is a chapel painted, I should think, by the oldest of the Lombard school, with faces of great purity, sweetness, and repose of expression. Wedged in among the stucco walls of more modern houses are fragments of military masonry; the remains, probably, of the stronghold of Queen Willa, the wife of Berenger, in which she was besieged for months by Otho the Great.

"My visit to the island was cut short by a sudden change in the weather. The sky grew dark, and the lake rough. The boatman, who was surly and slippery, was prevented from starting for Omegna, and leaving me in the lurch, only by the courier's sitting in the boat the whole time I was out of it. Rowing back we had flaws of wind and spurts of rain; the thunder growled and roared in the gorges, and the men were white and scared. We reached Omegna safely, however, but instead of finding the horse harnessed nothing had been done, and the household of the inn, master and mistress, man and maid, and their entire acquaintance, who were arriving in groups and troops, were so engrossed in laughing at a basket of live shrimps that it was only by adjurations and ex-

tra fees that I could get anybody to attend to me. The rain began just as we set out, and increased steadily, the storm bursting as we reached Baveno. At the last bend before the Ponte Napoleone I came upon an old woman, with white hair and a brown, wrinkled face, grinding a wheeled hand-organ before a poor little inn to a score of ragged boys and girls between the ages of six and sixteen, who were waltzing barefoot on the stony road in the pelting rain, with the utmost glee. At the sight of a stranger pulling out a purse they paused and ran up, shouting, 'Money! We're to have some money!' 'No,' I said, for mendicancy is strictly forbidden by law; 'but I will pay for your ball, so that you can dance as long as you like.' There was an explosion like small fireworks of pretty words and thanks, — 'Grazie,' 'Favorisca,' 'Reverisca,' — and clapping their hands they rushed to seize each other by the waist, that no time might be lost, and I left them twirling again under the falling torrents. N. B. Have seen but one beggar in the neighborhood, and he was an old cripple."

"September 3d. Divine day. Rowed to Isola Bella, but it was so cockney that I went on to Isola Madre, where I spent the morning in reading and sketching, unmolested by aught except a turkey-hen, who brought her brood into the shrubbery where I was sitting, and after circling round me a number of times, nearer and nearer at every round, gobbling to raise her own choler, at length assaulted me. I had sat so quiet during her circumlocutions that I believe she thought me inanimate, and when I beat her off with my sun-umbrella it was a rout. Mother and children fled, leaving me in peace to listen to the ring-doves calling to each other among the pines, until in the cooler hours of the afternoon parties of Germans overran the island, and I fled like the turkeys. Ten years ago, if one

wished to see this great people one went to Germany; if one wished to eschew them one kept out of it, for they stayed at home. At that time there were many well-to-do Berlin burghers, whose only notion of a journey was going to Potsdam for the day; they did that once in a lifetime, and called it traveling. Now Central Europe swarms with them in summer, and Christendom does not produce a more obnoxious, offensive race. I am convinced that the prejudice against Jews, which has been gaining ground in America, arises from the fact that those who come to our country are for the most part of a low class of Germans. But the true Teuton, to be seen in full odiousness, must be met in Switzerland or Italy. The coarseness of his habits, the loudness of his voice, the aggressiveness of his demeanor, his rudeness and churlishness, make him the most undesirable of fellow-travelers. Americans may take some comfort under the infliction in reflecting that the English tourists who used to complain bitterly of our invasion of the Continent are now outnumbered by a race who speak louder, smoke and spit more, and wash less, than the commonest class of 'Yankee,' and are neither liberal nor good-natured, which we were admitted to be. At times better specimens are seen, to whom the deportment of their country-folk must be a keen mortification, if they have a grain of our sensitiveness on that point. The superior sort are indefatigable sight-seers, and very effusive. In every party there is an *achzendes* woman, who sentimentalizes over everything from a church to a weed, and an intelligent man, who explains the beauties of nature and art to his companions. This afternoon Isola Madre rang with their musical exclamations: 'Ach! wie ist es hier so wunderschön!' 'Sehen Sie den Lorbeerbaum an!' 'Sieht es nicht ganz bezaubernd aus!' Ach! why don't they stay at home and go to Potsdam twice in their lives instead of once?"

"September 20, 1883. The lake season has begun. The hotel is full, the shores and waters are gay with tourists, one hears nothing but English. . . . Last night six or seven guitars and violins and several male voices made really good music under the windows. To-night there came a man and woman with a guitar: he sang remarkably well, with a trained voice, — some unsuccessful opera singer, no doubt, poor devil; she was not so good, but they gave popular melodies charmingly, both as solos and duets; there was a particularly pretty one with a *refrain* of 'Niccoli Niccoló.' It was trying to have some poorer devil come by afterwards and drone out the same airs very badly, to a zither."

"September 23d. Paid a visit to the wife of one of the Omarini brothers, the proprietors of the hotel, in her pretty little house behind the garden. It is a kindly, courteous family. One brother acts as steward, another as book-keeper, a third as clerk; the wife of one of them superintends the laundry, another is housekeeper: and thus the establishment is efficiently managed by respectful, self-respecting people, not above their business, with whom one's dealings are never unpleasant. Signora Omarini's 'best parlor' is decorated with glass cases full of gold and silver cups and medals, dozens of them, some extremely handsome and valuable, which her brother, who is a Swiss, has won at federal and international shooting-matches. He was presented to me, a stout, rubicund, quiet, middle-aged citizen, with nothing remarkable about him except a singularly steady, penetrating gaze, like our typical Western man's. He used to be a famous chamois hunter, but says he has grown too old for that.

"Took a long, steep walk up the mountain behind the village. The path was cruelly rough, but led through a wood of magnificent portly chestnut-

trees, with here and there a slender white-stemmed birch waving her drooping tresses; there was a bank of ferns on each side, and a tantalizing sound of water running and falling, now right now left, seldom visible, and still more seldom to be tasted. At every turn in the road there was a beautiful view of the lake and the islands, each with its picture in the water. Looked over a low vineyard wall, and gave a woman good-day and half a franc to her children. Presently one of the little girls came panting after me to beg me to come back and have some of their grapes. I declined, saying that I had not time. By and by she overtook me

again, breathless, with her apron full of fine bunches. On the way down I turned into a pasture where some little girls were driving a cow, and asked for a cup of fresh milk. They ran to a hut and brought a clean bowl, which they washed in a spring; then they milked the cow, and gave me a warm and foaming draught with the sweetest smiles and words of welcome. . . .

"A great hotel is building on the Monte Motterone, which will have a view of six or seven lakes and a magnificent Alpine horizon, and serve as a half-way house for travelers who cross the ridge to Orta instead of driving by the valleys."

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THE magazine, which to-day forms so important a part of periodical English literature, is a little more than a century and a half old. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of Cave may be said to represent its infancy, the *Monthly Magazine* of Sir Richard Phillips its youth, Blackwood's, Fraser's, and Bentley's *Miscellany* its manhood, and the *Cornhill* and *Macmillan's* its maturer age. In the various stages of its growth, the parent stem has produced many promising offshoots, healthy enough in the bud, but destined to wither away in the leaf, leaving no trace of their existence but a name and an entry in the chronicles of the bibliographer. Cave, the well-known printer of the Johnson era, was the author of the magazine whence all other English magazines are sprung, the *Gentleman's*. The project of such a publication had been in his mind for some years before 1731, the date of its first appearance. After in vain endeavoring to secure the coöperation of the London booksellers, he found himself in that year able to

commence such a work on his own account, the duties of editor being at first performed by himself. The first number appeared in the form of an unpretending octavo pamphlet of forty-five pages, at the price of sixpence, under the title of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Trader's Monthly Intelligencer*; as if to imply that the tastes and interests of both the aristocratic and mercantile classes, of both town and country, would be attended to. Herein Mr. Cave showed himself to be a very shrewd and discerning publisher, considerably in advance of his fellows of that day. The bulk of the work consisted of abridgments of the best articles in the political and literary journals of shorter periods, a list of which he gives in the first number of his magazine in the page following the title: *The Craftsman*, *London Journal*, *Free Briton*, etc., and last, though not the least interesting of all, our old friend *The Grubstreet Journal*. The nominal authors of the extracts used are appended, as if to indicate that

the editor is desirous of acknowledging his indebtedness to all from whom he borrows. These, as regards the last named publication, are sufficiently suggestive: Mr. Bavius, Mr. Mavius, Mr. Spondee, Mr. Dactyl, and Messrs. Conundrum, Quidnunc, Orthodoxo, and Qibus. Following "an impartial view of the various weekly Essays, controversial, humorous, and political, religious, moral, and sentimental," comes the *Monthly Intelligencer*, containing foreign and domestic occurrences, and a register of births, marriages, and deaths. Observations on gardening and a list of new publications complete the table of contents. A short advertisement or two helps to fill up the last page. The whole is edited by Sylvanus Urban of Aldermanbury, Gent., the place of publication being the far-famed gate of St. John, Clerkenwell.

Unlike so many of his successors in the hazardous business of publishing, Mr. Cave had not miscalculated the literary needs of the public. His magazine did, in fact, meet a want which was unsatisfied. It enjoyed immediate and, what is more, permanent success, inasmuch that a second edition of the first number was issued with the third, and reprints of the first five numbers with the eighth; and the circulation showed a steady increase. Upon the cover of the eighth number was imprinted for the first time the quaint little wood-cut of St. John's Gate, which for so long a period distinguished the older magazine, and still serves to denote the parentage of its remote descendant, the *Gentleman's Magazine* of to-day. Cave's original publication lasted in unbroken sequence from January, 1731, to June, 1783, a period of fifty-two years, and twenty-nine after its author's death. A new series was begun in the following month of July, and continued to June, 1784, when the magazine was relinquished for a time, but it was subsequently revived in various forms; and it

has since been issued monthly under the time-honored title down to the very date of this present article.

The earlier history of the *Gentleman's Magazine* may be traced in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. That eminent man was almost from the beginning one of its few paid contributors; and there is some evidence to show that, for a time at least, he occupied the more honorable but not more lucrative post of editor. He comes upon the scene in the usual fashion, as a suppliant for the consideration of "Mr. Sylvanus Urban" in respect of a packet of "copy." "Having observed," he writes in his first letter to Cave, submitting his first contribution, — "having observed in your paper very uncommon offers of encouragement to men of letters," — this in allusion to Cave's offer of a prize of fifty pounds for the best set of verses on a religious subject, — "I do not doubt you will look at this poem which I send, and reward it in a different manner from a mercenary bookseller, who counts the lines he purchases and considers nothing but the bulk." Admirable, bold-spirited Dr. Johnson! Was there ever, before or since, a petitioner for an editor's goodwill who, at the very starting-point of a literary career, wrote in such strain?

Whether Cave acted upon the hint, and judged the lines by their merit, and not according to the number of their syllables, is not disclosed. But the poem was accepted, and doubtless the remuneration was satisfactory, for Johnson at once became a regular paid contributor and the chief literary adviser of the editor. For several years the *Gentleman's Magazine* was his principal source of employment and support, and it was largely indebted to his pen for the early success it attained and for its long career of later prosperity. He introduced new features which at once enhanced its popularity. The most important of these were the substitution of some pages of original prose for the uninteresting ex-

tracts hitherto taken from the public journals, and the publication of a monthly epitome of the debates in Parliament under the title of *The Senate of Lilliput*. *The Life of Savage* was perhaps the ablest contribution from Johnson's pen to the pages of Cave's periodical, and for this he received payment at the rate of two guineas a sheet. Curious as it may seem to the voluntary contributors to the monthly magazines of our own day, — to which, by the way, some of the American magazines in this respect furnish an exception, — Dr. Johnson was paid for his copy when it had been accepted. Under his skillful guidance, then, the *Gentleman's Magazine* prospered more and more, and ultimately attained a monthly circulation of ten thousand. If we compare this with the average issue of more modern magazines, such a circulation, taking into account the lack of postal and other facilities for the distribution of books in Johnson's time, must be allowed to be very considerable. Cave kept a good lookout forward, and watched his chances very narrowly. His ears were always open to the gossip of the trade, and when he heard — as not unnaturally he sometimes would — that a customer had talked of discontinuing his subscription, off he would go to Johnson and give a note of warning thus: "Let us have something good this month, for I am told Mr. So and So talks of withdrawing his subscription." With a man of such excellent business ability as publisher, and an honest, striving worker like Johnson for his chief literary adviser, it is no wonder that the *Gentleman's Magazine* proved one of the most successful literary ventures of the last century.

The success of Cave's scheme brought many competitors into the field, the most vigorous of which were the *London Magazine* and the *Monthly Review*. The former of these ran its elder contemporary pretty close, oftentimes excelling it in the priority and accuracy

of its parliamentary intelligence, which was then held to be of special interest; for until Johnson started the idea, no one had thought of systematically describing the proceedings of Parliament. The *Monthly Review* became so prosperous that it reached the advanced age of ninety-six years, having been born eighteen years later than the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and only ended its long career of usefulness in 1845. The *European Magazine*, and the *Literary Magazine* or *Universal Review*, were earlier and no less sturdy rivals, though not so long-lived. But by far the ablest of the English magazines born in the last century was the *Monthly Magazine*, or *British Register*, founded by Richard Phillips. It was begun in 1796, and lasted in unbroken sequence till 1825, when a new series was begun. It was the same size as its monthly contemporaries, namely octavo; consisted of from eighty to one hundred pages of reading matter, printed in double columns; and was sold originally at one shilling, subsequently raised to eighteen pence, and afterwards to two shillings, a number. "When it was first planned, two leading ideas," says the Preface to the first volume, "occupied the minds of those who undertook to conduct it. The first was that of laying before the public various objects of information and discussion, both amusing and instructive; the second was that of lending aid to the propagation of those liberal principles respecting some of the most important concerns of mankind which have been either deserted or virulently opposed by other periodical miscellanies, but upon the manly and rational support of which the fame and fate of the age must depend." It would be no inaccurate comparison to say that, in respect of the enterprise it showed and the broadly liberal views it expressed, the *Monthly Magazine* of eighty years ago bore some resemblance to the *London Daily News* of to-day. For that

early period, the foreign intelligence which the magazine published was exceptionally interesting. Its correspondents contributed letters on a variety of topics from almost all parts of the globe. Its home news was instructive and entertaining, and, if necessarily of older date than that which appeared in the daily and weekly journals, was for the most part more trustworthy and exact. Its editorial comments, though brief and somewhat scattered, — for the magazine did not profess to deal editorially with any question, — were generally to the point, outspoken, fearless, and sincere. It never wavered in its championship of every good cause, and in its condemnation of anything that savored of oppression, intolerance, and fraud. It opened its pages to the discussion of any matter calculated to serve the interests of humanity, and vigorously asserted the rights of the many against the pretensions and aggressiveness of the few. In short, it was an honest, enterprising, high-toned, and extremely well-edited magazine, which not only well deserved all the prestige it acquired in its day, but an honorable place in the literary annals of our own, as having furnished the plan for at least one prominent London periodical. The *Athenæum* is more indebted, for its chief characteristics as a literary journal, to the *Monthly Magazine* of the early part of the century than to any other of its forerunners or contemporaries.

In the number for December, 1811, appears an advertisement which fairly sets forth the scope of the magazine. Communications (to be sent to 5 Buckingham Gate) are invited on all subjects, “practical and speculative.” “In the order of their insertion,” says the editor — who appears from the beginning to have been none other than the publisher, Richard Phillips himself; if this were so, he was an uncommonly energetic and highly-talented man, — “in the order of their insertion preference is, however,

always given to Notices of Improvements in the Arts of Life; to economical Subjects in general; to original facts in Natural History, and in the various Sciences; to accounts of Tours and Voyages; to topographical Descriptions, particularly of Distant Countries; to accounts of curious objects of remote Antiquity; to original Biography, Anecdotes, and Letters of eminent or remarkable persons; to observations on the state of Society and Manners in various countries and places; to Copies or Extracts of scarce and interesting Tracts; to illustrations of Classical Authors; to fugitive pieces of original Poetry; and to letters of Literary persons on points of inquiry connected with the objects of their pursuits.” In addition to such matter there was published each month a variety of other useful information: a description of patents lately enrolled; a list of new publications arranged under subject headings; notices of literary works in progress, domestic and foreign; a discussion of the proceedings of learned societies; a retrospect of the Fine Arts and review of musical publications; a statement of public affairs containing extracts from official documents; reports of diseases, and of the progress in chemistry, agriculture, etc.; and a full and interesting account of occurrences arranged in the order of the counties. Occasional wood-cuts were given to elucidate the text. At the end of every six months a supplementary number was issued, under the title of a Half-Yearly Retrospect of Literature, consisting of seventy-five pages, and dealing with books published not only in Great Britain, but in France, Germany, and the United States of America.

Within a few weeks after the victory of Waterloo, when to side with Napoleon Bonaparte was to confess one’s self an enemy of England, the *Monthly Magazine* protested against the “ostracism” of “that great man,” for “the supposed crimes of being beloved by the

French, and for long successfully opposing the enemies of France." "Of what use can be the language of Truth," asks the editor, "during the ebullitions of passion and the shouts of victory? The answer which follows the question might lead us to give place to the official documents of the month without commentary; but silence at such a moment would be dereliction of duty, unworthy of the pretensions of a just cause and disrespectful to our readers. . . . We are advocates of the eternal principles of the law of nations, that all people have a right to choose and regulate their own government, and that foreigners have no right to interfere in questions between governments and their people. . . . Justice alone is power, and no adjustment of human interests can be solid, final, or permanent which is not founded on immutable principles of justice. It is a foolish or wicked endeavor to force what is not just on the acceptance of mankind that occasions all the wars and disturbances in the world; and it is therefore in the last degree absurd and useless in the authorities of the European nations to expect to calm the passions and to procure a permanent peace except by deferring in all things to truth and justice. We could tell them in a few words how happiness and peace might be restored in Europe without the aid of a single soldier and without the cost of a single pound sterling; but our means would require as a preliminary a victory over their own passions, and the adoption of a policy in many respects the very opposite of that which has been pursued. We should tell England to reëstablish the treaty of Amiens and recall the message of 1803; we should tell Prussia to maintain the empire of Frederic and respect the provinces of her neighbors; Russia to stay at home, cultivate its vast possessions, and civilize its people; Austria to enjoy its fine position and climate and to refuse foreign subsidies; and we should

exhort all to leave France to herself, and to acknowledge and live on willing terms of amity with whomsoever the French people might freely elect as their public head or heads." Such principles might lend support to the most broadly liberal "platform" of to-day; and the manner in which they are expressed would bring no discredit to the pen of the most cultivated of English writers. It is not easy to trace the authorship of the best articles in the *Monthly Magazine*, as they are mostly published with initials only, or over pseudonyms. But one of the most constant of the editor's correspondents for a number of years was a certain Mr. Capel Lofft, who used to annoy Charles Lamb by signing their common initials — as, of course, he had a right — to his very feeble sonnets. Charles Lamb spoke of him as being "the genius of absurdity;" but Mr. Lofft's worst fault seems to have been a too great fondness for the gray goose quill. He could never let it lie idle, and wrote with it on every conceivable subject, from *Capital Punishment* to the *Flight of Meteors*. The chief contributors, however, signed themselves "*Common Sense*," "*Plain Dealer*," "*Politico-Economicus*," and the like. The most uninteresting part of the magazine is that reserved to the poets, whose lines on *Beauty*, *To Clarissa*, *To a Fair Recluse*, and so on, read now as the stupidest twaddle. But poetry appears to have been almost as popular as prose in Sir Richard Phillips's day.

In 1814, when the old *Monthly* was at the zenith of its popularity, having attained a circulation of eight thousand, the *New Monthly Magazine* and *Universal Register* was started by Colburn, then of Conduit Street. Three years later Blackwood's was born, and three years later still the *London Magazine* (we are not sure if this was not a new series of the older periodical of that name), in whose pages first appeared the delightful *Essays of Elia*. Neither the

New Monthly nor Blackwood's, when they were first published, differed in any important particular — either in their general "make-up," or in the matter which appeared in their pages — from Sir Richard Phillips's magazine. The editor of Blackwood's advertised his intention to make that publication "a repository of whatever may be supposed to be most interesting to general readers." The tastes of such were best consulted, it seemed, in copying the plan of the old Monthly. He simply followed the order of that publication in regard to its contents, and published a number of original communications and select extracts; an antiquarian repertory, which department the editor promised would be of special interest to his readers, as access had been allowed him "to unpublished MSS., both in the national and family repositories;" some pieces of original poetry; a review of new publications and of articles in the periodicals; useful information on literary and scientific subjects; together with a monthly register of public events. The magazine, which first appeared in April, 1817, consisted of one hundred and twenty pages. The New Monthly Magazine, which was first issued in January, 1814, price 2s., threw down the gauntlet, and at once proclaimed itself the uncompromising political opponent of the old Monthly. It began with a long address to the public, abusive of "the demon Bonaparte" and of the editor of its rival, who, "nursed in the school of Jacobinism," had preferred the interests of France to those "of our common country." The country, nevertheless, had made a noble stand against the usurper, and it was the duty of every honest Englishman to take his stand by the country; with a great deal more to the same purpose. The New Monthly was started on political grounds chiefly, and aimed at securing the support of the Tories. Later, it took a literary turn, changed its second title from Universal Register

to Literary Journal, and began an entirely new career. It was one of the first of the purely literary magazines published in London, and was edited successively by Thomas Campbell, Theodore Hook, Tom Hood, and W. Harrison Ainsworth. But before it reached its greatest popularity and could afford, as it did, to raise its price from 2s. and 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a number, it was indebted to another periodical for many an original idea. This was the London Magazine, of the second decade of the century.

"Never was a periodical work commenced," writes Talfourd, in his *Life of Lamb*, "with happier auspices, numbering a list of contributors more original in thought, more fresh in spirit, more sportive in fancy, or directed by an editor better qualified by nature and study to preside over its fortunes than this." Taylor and Hessey were the publishers, John Scott was the editor, and Coventry Patmore his literary aid. Afterwards Tom Hood joined the staff as sub-editor. The principal contributors were Lamb, at his wisest, sagest, airiest, indiscreetest, best; Barry Cornwall, "in the first bloom of his modest and enduring fame;" John Hamilton Reynolds, "lighting up the wildest eccentricities and most striking features of many-colored life with vivid fancy;" and Hazlitt, "whose pen gave radiant expression to the results of the solitary musings of many years." Cary, the translator of Dante, De Quincey, author of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, and Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, of infamous reputation, were others of the original contributors. After the good old fashion of "the great trade," the publishers used to assemble their contributors round their hospitable table in Fleet Street, and discuss the bill for the month. The *Essays of Elia* were the chief attraction. They brought fame to the magazine and renown to their author. "I have had the honor of dining at the Mansion House," wrote Lamb to a friend, "by

special card from the Lord Mayor, who never saw my face, nor I his; and all from being a writer in a magazine." But Taylor and Hessey's venture, which went forth so merrily, did not meet with all the support it deserved. Finding their magazine go off very heavily at 2s. 6d., they raised the price to 3s. 6d., and published contributions from outsiders, members of that hard-working contingent of obscure writers who are ever willing to do the most work for the least pay. "Having more authors than they want," Lamb gently complains, as if he foresaw the inevitable result, "they increase the number of them." The end came, and the London Magazine, which was started under such promising conditions, ceased to be. It had, however, borne good fruit in its day. It succeeded in giving a fresher and brighter form to periodical literature, in providing the public with a miscellany in which fiction and well-written original essays and amusing sketches composed the principal part, to the exclusion of politics and dull disquisitions on abstruse subjects. Thereafter more than one publisher fashioned his magazine on the lines first drawn by the projectors of the London Magazine.

We may now gain an insight into that always interesting, and to many hardly less important, matter of the remuneration made to authors for articles contributed to the magazines. Johnson, as we have remarked, appears to have considered himself fairly treated in being paid at the rate of two guineas per sheet of copy. This is a little better than 2s. 6d. per page of print. Sir Richard Phillips, the reading matter of whose magazine was cut up into short paragraphs, one communication seldom extending over a page, got most of his contributions for nothing. An honorarium of one guinea was considered a proper payment for a report; and the supplementary reviews of books were done in the editor's office. In its later

years eight guineas a sheet was considered fair pay. Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, banters him upon a refusal to write for Blackwood's. "Why you should refuse twenty guineas per sheet for Blackwood's, or any other magazine," he writes, "passes my poor comprehension." This would seem to imply that in Lamb's time (1821-1831) such a rate of payment, namely, £1 6s. 3d. a page, was exceptional; though later, when Lamb himself was writing for Colburn's *New Monthly*, he received somewhat more, £1 11s. 6d. Later still (1837), the contributions of authors of acknowledged reputation were made the subject of a special agreement with the publishers; but ordinary contributors received from 15s. to 21s. per page. This arrangement would seem to hold good still. There were, and are, in fact, two scales of payment, the editor being the judge of an author's claim to be paid according to the higher or lower rate. Generally speaking, 10s. 6d. per page is the lowest limit, 21s. the highest; excepting in the case of an author whose literary reputation stands very high. He may then command almost any terms he please, always supposing that editor and publisher agree in considering it an object to secure his copy. One hundred guineas is an exceptional honorarium for an author to receive for an article, though even that handsome fee has been voluntarily given; indeed, we know of one instance, at least, where nearly twice that sum was paid for a contribution to one of the London reviews. The long-established rule has been, The greater the author's reputation, the greater the amount paid for his services; and this rule was made long previous to the time when periodical literature had grown so popular in England as to be able to command the best work of the leading men of letters of the day. It originated, of course, with the booksellers in that nursery of England's earlier literature, Fleet Street,

who offered for an author's copy what appeared to be its market value, and no more, though perhaps seldom judging it by the highest intellectual standard. But the maxim is as old as trade itself, and may be traced to those most elementary business principles which say that skilled labor is of higher value than unskilled labor, and that a superior article is worth more money than an inferior one.

In February, 1830, *Fraser's Magazine* was born. It was not of Scotch origin, as some have supposed, but first issued from 215 Regent Street, London, the place of business of Mr. James Fraser, a publisher. At the outset it produced no literary novelty, unless its prefatory confession of faith may be considered one, but closely followed the old lines of its predecessors, Blackwood's and the rest. It was an octavo of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, price 2s. 6d.; and the first article which appeared in it was one on American poetry, — a review, in fact, of "Fugitive Poetry, by N. P. Willis. Boston: Pierce & Williams. 1829." Within five years of starting, the magazine had advanced to the second place among the periodicals, of which Blackwood's was then the chief. It has been the fashion, in praising the dash and brightness which early distinguished the pages of Fraser, to speak of its contributors as if they were specially enlisted by that magazine, and served on its staff alone. As a matter of fact the "Fraserians," so called, were no more exclusively Fraserians than they were Colburnians, or Bentleyites, or supporters of any other London house which published a magazine. They were literary free-lances, willing to take up a pen in any publisher's service, so long as he was of good reputation and paid handsomely. Neither Barry Cornwall, nor Southey, Coleridge, Ainsworth, Jerdan, Father Prout, Lockhart, Gleig, Allan Cunningham, David Brewster, Thackeray, or Theodore

Hook, wrote exclusively for Fraser's. Their writings may be found in the pages of other contemporary English periodicals, if one has the leisure to search for them and space to set them down. But Fraser's was undoubtedly the first magazine that brought together such an array of talent in one publication; though Bentley's Miscellany (of which we shall have something to say presently) shows an infinitely brighter galaxy of contributors to its first numbers than did Fraser's at the starting-point of its career. In the Preface to our Second Decade, which opens the magazine for January, 1840, the editor dwells with becoming pride upon the splendid position which in so short a time Fraser's had won for itself in the literature of the day. Mention is made of the "distinct works" which had even so early been "woven" out of its pages by Mitchell, "heart-stirring biographer of Wallenstein;" Thomas Carlyle, "most original, graphic, and exciting of historians of the French Revolution;" M. J. Chapman, "the learned and the poetic;" and John Abraham Heraud, "the metaphysical and profound." "Yellowplush (Thackeray) with pen and pencil contributed to 'the harmless mirth of nations;'" Morgan Rattler (Banks) wittily rallied; O'Donoghue (Maguire?) related many a tale of Irish fun; the gallant and gallant Bombardinio (Colonel Mitchell) has narrated his experiences in love and war; the Dominie (poor Picken!) chattered over his Scotch anecdotes in the choicest *patois* of the land of cakes. Besides these masqueraders, we have been honored by the avowed contributions of Southey, Lockhart, Brewster, Gillies, Galt, Hogg, Gleig, Croker, Moir, Macnish, Lady Bulwer, Lady Mary Shepherd; with the unavowed assistance of several other persons of allowed wit, talent, and learning; with the counsel of Coleridge and the countenance of Scott. Into our pages have found their way some rare specimens of

the 'old man eloquent,' as well as of Byron and Shelley, which otherwise would, in all probability, not have seen the light."

It must be allowed that there was ample cause for congratulation here, and that Fraser's Magazine was immensely in advance of the majority of its predecessors. "'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,' from learning to sport, from prose to poetry, from metaphysic to fun, from science to mirth, the brilliant staff ranged," wrote the editor of a later series of Fraser. "In their most sober moods they tried not to be dull; in their most jocular moods they never ceased to inculcate a feeling of honor and respect for religion, and those institutions which, humanly speaking, tend most materially to secure it upon earth. This was their ideal, at least, if their vivacity sometimes verged upon offensive personality, and their exposure of formalism and hypocrisy sometimes went near to license. In the main they were on the side of good taste, refinement, and moderation; and their literary appreciation was always varied and free ranging, as with such a staff it could not fail to be." So firm and strong was the position attained by Fraser's Magazine in the favor of the reading public that for many years it held itself bravely against all comers at the very head of periodical literature. To the original brotherhood of contributors were added in after-time many who have left their impress on the wider literature of our day: among the number, Charles Kingsley, who published in it his earlier story *Yeast*, and *Hypatia*, in some respects the most elaborate and brilliant of his works; Arthur Helps, who contributed to its pages *Friends in Council*, and *Companions of my Solitude*; John Stuart Mill, who gave to it one of the most mature productions of his pen, the well-known essay on *Utilitarianism*; H. T. Buckle, who wrote for it his paper on the *Influence of Women*

on the *Progress of Knowledge*; and last, not least, James Anthony Froude, sometime its editor, and a contributor of some of the best of the shorter studies. The excess of robust animal vitality which may be said to have characterized its early years brought about the inevitable reaction which gave to its later a tinge of seriousness and gloom which the editor of its final series vainly strove to dispel. Though, even in its decline, no duller than some of its contemporaries which still survive, Fraser's Magazine, once the most vigorous and healthful, the most brilliant and witty, of all the English miscellanies, gradually fell away in circulation, and died at last of old age. It ended a long and prosperous career, extending over a period of fifty-two years, in November, 1882. Whether the present sixpenny magazine of the Messrs. Longmans is to be considered its bantling we have no means of judging. It may be reasonably hoped not, for at present it discovers all the weakness and none of the strength of its distinguished predecessor.

Fraser's was becoming famous, having succeeded in attracting to its service some of the best and brightest writers of the day, when another London magazine appeared, whose success promised to eclipse that of either of its older contemporaries. This was Bentley's *Miscellany*, first published in 1837, and incorporated with *Temple Bar* in 1859. Looking over the contents of its earlier numbers and comparing them with the average of periodical literature now, one cannot help thinking that the English magazines have greatly deteriorated in popular interest since the days when Bentley's was started. No magazine now published offers anything like the variety and freshness which its pages afforded. It seems to us that, taken altogether, it was the liveliest, the most entertaining, and the most novel of all the earlier magazines. It consisted of 104 pages, price 2s. 6d; and though its greatest monthly

sale never exceeded 9000, such a magazine, published at 1s., with a staff of contributors as brilliant as that which the *Miscellany* commanded — if that were possible — would in these days probably have a circulation ten times as great, and would be the most popular magazine of the day. The first volume of Bentley's *Miscellany* contains so much that is amusing that even at this distance of time it would almost bear reprinting, which is more than can be said of the initial numbers of the *New Monthly*, *Blackwood's*, or *Fraser's*. Boz was the first editor. Following a characteristic preface from his pen comes a song by Father Prout and a Prologue by Dr. Maguire. Among the other papers appearing in it are: *Recollections of George Colman*, by Theodore Hook; the opening chapters of *Handy Andy*, by Samuel Lover; *A Legend of Manoir Hall*, by the author of *Headlong Hall*; *Terence O'Shaughnessy*, by Gleig; the *Sabine Fathers: a serenade*, by Father Prout; some stray sketches, by Boz; the opening chapters of *Oliver Twist*, by the same; and articles by Thomas Ingoldsby (Barham), Captain Marryat, Haynes Bayly, Hamilton Reynolds, W. Jerdan, and Sheridan Knowles. "The scenery will be supplied," wrote Dickens, in the aforesaid preface, "by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank; the whole of the extensive and beautiful machinery will be under the superintendence of Mr. Samuel Bentley; . . . and Mr. Richard Bentley has kindly consented to preside over the treasury department." These were the general arrangements of the new undertaking.

It appears to have succeeded admirably. The management was from the first well supported by the company, and the public readily responded with their half-crowns. The monthly "bill," drawn up at the monthly magazine dinner, was exactly suited to the prevailing tastes of the day in matters theatrical, a thought

which appears to have been present in the mind of Charles Dickens when he penned his preface. A pleasant little farce was always on the programme "to play the house in;" something in the nature of a melodrama of the good "old Adelphi" type followed; and afterwards came a lighter piece, to send the people away satisfied and in good humor, looking forward to another "good time" when the company came that way again. Dickens, Marryat, Barham, Lover, and Sam Slick were the leading light comedians; Ainsworth, Hamilton Reynolds, Jerdan, Leigh, and Barker the "heavy" gentlemen, willing, however, at a pinch, to play a part in any piece which the management might suggest, so long as it tended to the general success of the company. When Jack Sheppard was "in the bills" as the *pièce de résistance*, the receipts advanced to something like £800 per month. When that popular romance was concluded, they dropped to about £450. These amounts are based upon a circulation of 8500 and 5000 per month respectively. With Jack Sheppard, they stood at the former, without him, at the latter figure. So that Thackeray was not far from the truth when, in his story of *Catherine*, written just about the time that Ainsworth's history was appearing in serial form, he remarked, "The public will hear now of nothing but rogues." *Oliver Twist* was the best written of the *Miscellany*; after that, Jack Sheppard.

Ainsworth succeeded Charles Dickens in the editorial chair, and was for some time supported by a company of contributors as distinguished as that which gave a lustre to the short but brilliant engagement of Boz.

With the birth of the *Cornhill*, in 1858, the English magazine enters upon the last phase of its career. The wild oats of its youth have been sown, and it now takes the form of a sedate, authoritative, and highly-cultured literary journal. We hear no more of the boister-

ous hilarity of Fraser's or the somewhat dissolute manners of Bentley's. The public has had enough of both, and wishes now for a season of repose. Moreover, the public has grown older and wiser itself, and has done, at least for the present, with adventure and extravagance. It has become virtuous and regretful, and needs a little soothing and a little talking to, and is not averse to having its vices and its errors pointed out, so that while the time remains it may mend its ways, and become a less selfish and unprincipled public. And of all men Thackeray was just the man to give the public what it needed. Ten years before, he had preached to it with admirable effect from the by-ways of Vanity Fair, and later from the more secluded parts of the city; and now it desired that he might take it, as it were, into his inner room, and talk to it there. The Roundabout Papers, first published in the Cornhill Magazine, were the pleasant little discourses he delivered on those occasions of semi-confidential intercourse with his readers. They showed their appreciation of his kindly efforts in their behalf by subscribing for the magazine which printed his essays to the unprecedented number of 100,000. These figures represent actually and *bona fide* the number of copies sold to the public. When the

Cornhill was started, the average sale of each number of the magazine in the first year was 84,427, and the smallest sale of any one number was 67,019, — nearly ten times the sale of Bentley's Miscellany in its palmiest days, and probably in the case of any English magazine never since exceeded. It would be no more than the truth to say that, without Thackeray's name as editor, the Cornhill would never have attained its immense popularity. The papers which he wrote for it were as eagerly looked for, month by month, as were the famous concluding numbers of Pickwick. And when Thackeray died, the circulation gradually fell off, and the magazine never afterwards regained its once superlative position. Indeed, the sale in Thackeray's days was quite unparalleled, as may be judged from the fact that the average monthly sale of its later contemporaries, Temple Bar, St. James's, Belgravia, and the rest, has never exceeded 15,000. The quarterly Reviews, which are not here under consideration, have without actually disappearing themselves given rise to such monthly magazines as the Contemporary, Nineteenth Century, and Fortnightly, and there are some signs that the magazine of the old school is giving way in England before the newer school of illustrated magazines.

Charles E. Pascoe.

THE DESPOTISM OF PARTY.

A GREAT variety of recent events have combined to obscure the old and correct notion of a political party, and to substitute for it something radically different and vastly more dangerous. There has been for several years a visible tendency, both in the habits of speech and in the acts of legislation, to regard parties as actual corporations,

susceptible of legal definition, endowed for certain purposes with what lawyers call a juridical personality; not indeed exactly capable of suing and being sued, but stopping only just short of that, and in many other respects entitled to claim the same protection from the laws, and to enforce the same obedience from the minority to the major-

ity, as is enforced in the case of all legally organized joint-stock companies. A slight variation from this theory is the one which prefers to compare a party to a church, and to exact of every person who at any time acts with it a rigid subscription to certain articles of faith. But the difference between these two theories is less than at first appears; for since the ecclesiastical view of party adopts also the modern spirit of religious liberality, political creeds are generally made broad or vague enough to offer an asylum to nearly every class of believers. It is therefore chiefly in enforcing support of nominations, or obedience to duly constituted party authorities, that the iron rigor of the new system becomes most obnoxious.

There are many objections to this system, and they will appear in the course of the present article. As a preliminary text, it may be said at the outset that it places parties above the state, or at least above the community; and, in doing this, renders them also less efficient for the fulfillment of their true mission.

The definition of party by the lexicographers is of very little benefit to the discussion. With slight variation of language, they agree substantially in defining a party as a part or portion of a community, less than the whole, united in the support of some principle or in the pursuit of some end common to all the members. This is true, though not exclusively so, of political parties. In order to find the authoritative definition of a political party, it is necessary to search the declarations of eminent men who have been party leaders.

Edmund Burke is perhaps the man who has announced in his writings and illustrated in his life the most correct notions of the nature of party and of party obligations. It could less fairly be said of him than of many of his contemporaries that he gave up to party what was meant for mankind. But it

is also not true that he utterly ignored the advantage, and within certain limits the sanctity, of party ties, and was a mere freebooter in the field of politics. "Party," he says, in the *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, which Mr. John Morley calls the pamphlet where he exhibited for the first time, on a conspicuous scale, the strongest qualities of his understanding, — "party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced to practice. . . . Therefore every honorable connection will avow it is their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution with all the power and authority of the state." The agreement on certain principles or policies thus precedes the formation of the party which is to apply them in legislation. Nothing could have been more repulsive to Burke's political philosophy than the theory that a party is above its own doctrines, or even needs no doctrines; or that, being already organized, it can lay in a stock of principles, as a merchant does his wares. The further assumption that a man can be enrolled in a party as in a regiment, and be forced to obey without question all the orders issued by its established authorities, is one which he would have been quite unable even to comprehend.

Daniel Webster is another statesman who, like Burke, adhered, through the best years of his life, to the party with which he began his career. What is called his final apostasy was, indeed, in a merely partisan aspect, less offensive than that of Burke; for he simply foresaw the disruption of the Whig party,

owing to the differences of opinion among the members in regard to the question of slavery, and prepared to follow one section rather than the other. It cannot, therefore, be said that he deserted the Whig party, for at the time there practically was no Whig party. Yet no man in the long list of American statesmen has left on record stronger protests against the dangers of excessive party spirit. In the Declaration of Whig Principles and Purposes, drafted by Mr. Webster, and put forth in 1840, it is affirmed that "party spirit, . . . when it gains such an ascendancy in men's minds as leads them to substitute party for country, to seek no ends but party ends, no approbation but party approbation, and to fear no reproach or contumely so that there be no party dissatisfaction, not only alloys the true enjoyment of our institutions, but weakens, every day, the foundations on which they stand." Again, in a speech before a Whig convention at Valley Forge, in 1844, Mr. Webster said, "When party spirit carries men so far that they will not inquire into men and measures that are placed before them for their sanction and support, but will only inquire to what party the men belong, or what party recommends the measures, that is a state of things which is dangerous to the stability of a free government." These declarations are significant, not less on account of the man who made them, than of the occasions on which they were made. They were not ingenious sophisms, by which a traitor to a party sought to excuse his treachery, but were statements of the just limitations of party authority, made by a recognized party leader before conventions of a party; and one of them was even embodied in the party's address to the country.

If now the great Whig leader could safely announce such doctrines before members of his own organization, and even cause their adoption by a repre-

sentative meeting of the party, it follows, of course, that he would permit himself at least equal freedom on occasions of a less formal character, and in mere academical discourses. It will be found that this was the case. In the Eulogy of Washington Mr. Webster refers with approval to the grave admonitions of the Farewell Address, and mentions the danger that through the excess of party spirit "the government itself may become nothing but organized party."

Nothing but organized party! These words, which were apparently thrown out only as a patriotic warning against the evils of excessive partisanship, have been transformed by the course of events almost into an inspired prophecy. The danger that organized party will, in authority at least, and in that public deference, which is so large an influence in political affairs, eventually supersede organized government has been steadily increasing for many years, and has now assumed proportions at which the thoughtful citizen may well be appalled.

The need of parties, as human nature is now constituted, and as political affairs are conducted in every free government, is conceded by nearly all writers and observers. By none is the admission made more frankly than by the two illustrious statesmen whom I have just quoted. It is also evident that some form of organization is essential to every party; and that, other things being equal, the party which has the best organization has also the best chances of success. But there are many methods of effecting this object, and the method adopted in a particular case, though it may be from one point of view singularly calculated to insure success, is not necessarily evidence that success is deserved. The very perfection of the organization may, on the contrary, show that the triumph of the party has been placed before the triumph of the principles, which it represents, or

that a want of confidence in those principles, or the absence of any principles whatever, has made the party dependent for victory upon the rigor and vigilance of its discipline, and upon the skill with which it can hold together the voters who on other occasions have given it their support.

Party organization has taken many forms in the course of ages, and still has different forms in existing states. In England, the country which has the longest and most brilliant record of government by parties, this organization has always been and still is extremely loose. It is true that strenuous efforts are now making to repair this supposed defect. Mr. Chamberlain is an ardent advocate of the introduction of the American caucus system into English politics; and from the opposite side Lord Randolph Churchill is trying to knit the conservatives into a close corporation, which he or some other leader shall control by the mere force of numbers. But these efforts have not as yet met with resplendent success. Any sympathetic American would counsel against them, and the end at which they aim is opposed to all the instincts and traditions of English political life. To Englishmen a party stands simply for a policy or a set of measures supported by a cabinet and a majority of the House of Commons, or by another group of leaders and a minority of the House of Commons opposed to that policy or to those measures. It is indeed the voters who make the majority or the minority, the government or the opposition. But after a general election has been held the scene of party divisions is transferred to Parliament; and while her majesty's opposition has clearly defined constitutional duties, like those of her majesty's government, it is as responsible members of Parliament, and not as representatives of a party.

The usage on the Continent is somewhat different, and is a species of com-

promise between the English and the American systems. In France and Germany the term party is rarely extended to the voters at the polls. It means a group of representatives within the legislature, who are united with nearly the firmness and formality of a club. To be a member of such a party, it is not enough that a deputy act with it usually, or even always; he must solemnly announce his adhesion, and inscribe himself, as the French say, on the roll. The attitude of such groups toward pending measures is determined by formal conferences, which are strictly legislative caucuses, and the decision of the majority is enforced with a degree of stringency unknown even in America. These groups make their own platforms, issue addresses to the voters, point with pride to their achievements, and arraign the records of their opponents. They are a conspicuous part of the parliamentary machine, and are regularly announced in the official manuals. But outside the legislative halls they have hardly any recognized existence. A dissolution puts an end to them; and when, after a general election, a new Parliament meets, and the members again crystallize into groups, different combinations, and perhaps even strange names, may appear.

It is evident now that neither of these systems, neither the English nor the Continental, at all resembles our own exquisitely organized machine. To our professional politicians they must look crude, clumsy, inefficient; worthy only of a people still in the infancy of self-government, and fatally defective in their neglect of the people. Yet an almost equal looseness of organization characterized American parties in what were at least not the worst days of the republic. In the time of Adams and Hamilton and Jefferson, a party meant the supporters of a distinct set of principles, formulated, represented, and advocated by a few statesmen, who for the most part were in public office, and were

instinctively accepted as leaders ; while it was only by gradual steps, by a really striking process of evolution, that we reached the system under which the great parties now conduct their affairs. The mechanical perfection of that system must be admitted. The parts are adjusted with the greatest nicety, and work, from the primary up to the national convention, with a precision, an ease, a docility, which would fill the soul of Archimedes with admiration. As a piece of political mechanism it is unsurpassed. But it is also unsurpassed as a device for stifling discussion, for fostering intrigue, for depressing talent and elevating mediocrity, for crushing all spontaneity out of political life, and reducing what ought to be the vigorous, healthy, buoyant action of a free people to a base procession of mathematical factors.

From such laborious efforts to perfect the mere mechanical organization of party must result, as a natural consequence, a grossly exaggerated view of the sacredness of party itself. The party becomes a species of *imperium in imperio*. Its forms, its agents, its organs, are closely patterned after those of the state ; it exercises the three great functions of government ; it has its hierarchy of officials, acting within the circumscriptions, and ranging through all the grades which obtain in our political system. These officials feel the responsibility of their positions, which they compare to places of trust in civil administration. The struggles for place within the party are scarcely less keen than the struggles of political life ; the same arts of intrigue and persuasion are used ; the same acquiescence in the result of a contest is always expected, and rarely withheld. Thus the force of imagination alone, excited by the constant spectacle of this vast machine, completely equipped and manned and always in movement, leads people to regard it as a permanent institution, having a corporate existence

in the state, and therefore entitled to be treated as an end in itself, and not as means to the attainment of an end.

It is not, however, by the imagination alone that this illusion is maintained. This of itself would make the error dangerous ; but it has, besides that, led to the announcement of certain audacious propositions, and even to measures of actual legislation, which grossly confuse the distinction between a political party and a political commonwealth, and disclose a fatal tendency toward the very evil against which Mr. Webster so solemnly warned his countrymen.

The most obnoxious of the new doctrines which are thrusting themselves upon public recognition concerns what may be called the discipline of a party, the seat of authority within it, and the duty of members toward it. The doctrine flows easily from the fiction which compares a party to a state. In a state with democratic institutions the majority rules ; and the minority must obey the officers whom it chooses, and respect the laws which it enacts. Any other system is absurd in thought, and would lead to chaos. But this principle of democratic fairness is capable of a wide application. It is recognized in the most varied concerns of human society ; wherever, in fact, a body of men meet to deliberate upon common interests, and to express their views in some authoritative and binding form. Everywhere the majority prevails, and the minority acquiesces. This, it is said, should also be the case with a party. In the management of its affairs, in the attitude which it is to take toward pending public measures, in the choice of its leaders, the decision of the majority should be final, and the minority should accept it with perfect loyalty and good faith.

Yet this proposition, which presents at first sight a cogency almost axiomatic, will be found on examination to be not only fallacious, but even absolutely irreconcilable with the true notion of party.

A party is a body of men united in support of a political principle, or set of principles, in which they all believe. This is an accepted definition, which no one will contest. It follows, then, that a body of men, in which a majority forces upon a minority adhesion to, or at least a formal acquiescence in, doctrines or policies opposed to its convictions, may be indeed legitimate and useful within its sphere, but is not a party. Nor is it necessary to my point that the definition above given be taken in a rigid and inflexible sense. It may be freely conceded that when a party is united upon some one great political principle, or some general view of governmental policy, much freedom of opinion upon minor points of political belief may be allowed, without robbing the association of the main quality which determines its character. But the character is lost as soon as this liberality becomes an utter indifference to any political convictions; or, on the other hand, when, on any division of opinion, an attempt is made to coerce the minority by the majority. An illustration of this truth is offered in the history of the Whig party. So long as the party was contending mainly for protection it could properly tolerate among its members different views on the question of slavery. But when this question became the leading issue, it was impossible for the majority to force its views upon the minority, or for the party to keep up its formal organization by ignoring the real problem of the hour. The Whig party met, therefore, a natural death, because the elements which composed it had become so inharmonious that it ceased to be a party.

The case is scarcely less strong in regard to the choice of candidates and leaders. Many persons will indeed say, though without sufficient reflection, that, while the principles of a party ought to be shared by all the members of the party, the selection of the men to repre-

sent and advocate them ought to be left to the majority. But this theory overlooks the fact that men stand for principles, and that each member of a party must exercise his own judgment, if not in regard to the success with which a proposed leader is likely to support them, at least in regard to the sincerity with which he holds them. A party may indeed be formed about and be held together by the name of some great leader, instead of by a measure. Some organizations of this kind have been among the most powerful in history. But would it not be absurd to insist that the question of leadership should be submitted each year to the vote of the members, and that the minority should accept any new leader whom the majority might choose, even one of opinions radically opposed to those of the man who originally gave the party its name and character? Could the party, after such a revolution, be said still to preserve its identity?

But the sacred principle of universal suffrage is brought in to close the argument. It is asked, in a tone which suggests that there can be only a single answer, whether every member of a party has not a right to a voice in the selection of candidates, and whether, if so, the choice of the majority ought not to prevail. Is any other system compatible with popular government?

This has undeniably a very plausible and convincing look. Yet the interests of truth, of sound political thought, and of correct political methods require that it be met with an emphatic denial. The theory is as false as it is deceptive, and as mischievous as it is false. It could never even be entertained if the true conception of party were kept in view. There is no such thing as the right of the people to participate in the nomination of candidates. Under our present system they may of course exercise such a participation; but it is not a right, adds nothing whatever to the validity of

the nomination, and affects in no respect the political duty of a single citizen. The right of universal suffrage begins only at the polls, and refers to the choice between, not the choice of, candidates. Indeed, to make it begin at the stage of nominations may in practice actually impair its exercise at the polls. If the nomination of a candidate by the popular suffrage of a party has the binding validity which is claimed for it, a member of the minority, who, because he concedes this validity, or has a mistaken sense of honor, or fears some kind of persecution or proscription, supports against his conscientious convictions a candidate thus nominated, is really not a voter at the polls. He is rather under a most degrading species of coercion. Thus, in order to force the principle of universal suffrage into a sphere where it does not belong, politicians strike a deadly blow at its freedom and purity in the realm where it ought to reign supreme and be preserved immaculate.

There is, also, something disingenuous in the form which is commonly given to the argument for the democratic basis of party government. It is asked whether every man has not a right to a voice in behalf of the candidate whom he wishes to support. One answer to this is that the laws give him such a right at the polls, and protect him in the exercise of it. But a better answer is that the question does not correctly describe the right for which the advocates of the present system really contend. What they demand is, not that each member of a party shall be heard in behalf of the candidate whom he wishes to support, but that he shall, in certain contingencies, be permitted to name a candidate whom somebody else shall be obliged to support. This, stripped of all disguise, is what the proposition means, and it would not be easy to imagine anything more iniquitous.

The summit and crowning achieve-

ment of the American party system is, of course, the national convention. The party being regarded as a body politic, the convention becomes an official legislature, with officers, rules of order, and powers of coercion exactly like those of Congress itself. It is pronounced, even by the most strenuous champions of its dignity, to be a deliberative body. Yet it has nearly lost this characteristic. It is always largely composed of men whose opinions are mortgaged, or who are merely the clerical bearers of instructed votes, or who, if unpledged and uninstructed, can still be influenced by no arguments more cogent than numbers and combinations. Many of the conventions in recent years have been perfectly useless formalities. The result could have been ascertained and made known by telegraph, without any meeting of the delegates. From this fact the friends of independent politics might indeed derive a legitimate though selfish and narrow advantage, since a convention which excludes deliberation, and is controlled by mere brute force, unreflecting, intolerant, despotic, almost challenges a revolt, while men of strong though modest convictions would be more reluctant to reject the decision of a perfectly free and frank conference, conducted in a spirit of liberality and forbearance.

But the caucus ought to be considered from a higher standpoint, namely, from that of its effect as an educating agent upon American youth. Is this elaborate machinery of caucuses and conventions the one which is to produce in the future a high type of statesmen for the service of the republic? Is it fitted to broaden the faculties; to liberalize the judgment; to stimulate independence, courage, manliness, fidelity to principle; and to make an unswerving devotion to elevated, noble, chivalrous methods in political life the aspiration of all our youth? I should be appalled by the audacity of an affirmative answer

to these questions. Yet, lest one may be offered, I present in advance a single consideration, which seems to me conclusive against not only the claim for despotic power made for our conventions, but also, and more especially, against anything that may be said in behalf of the lawfulness or propriety of the position which they hold in our political system. The consideration is this: that it is distinctly unwise to familiarize young men with the idea of service in a series of elective bodies from which debate and deliberation are practically excluded. All gatherings of a free people ought to permit an exchange of views; a canvass of questions or candidates; an opportunity, in short, for those who have strong convictions to present them in the best possible light, and an equal opportunity for those who come undecided to hear the arguments on all sides, and to act after mature reflection. This is of the very essence of republican institutions. Anglo-Saxon self-government has been called government by town meeting, or government by debate; yet a demand is made for recognizing as a part of that system — and a very important part — a scheme of party administration which is peculiarly calculated to make debate and consultation impossible. Can anybody suppose that such a scheme will train a class of men fitted to conduct in the future the affairs of this great commonwealth?

From the idea of party as a legal corporation to the expression of the idea in laws and institutions the step is easy and natural. Yet a step precisely like that, an innovation so hostile to all correct notions of political society and fraught with such vast possibilities for evil, was needed to show how powerful a hold the error under discussion had taken upon the imaginations of men.

The measures to which I refer may be arranged in two groups: the one consisting of those which recognize party in

the adjustment of certain administrative organs; the other, of those which seek to regulate the action of certain functions within the parties themselves. The first class is illustrated by various executive boards or commissions, the members of which are divided in some ratio between the two parties; as the police commission of New York city, where they are shared equally, or the federal civil service commission, where the ratio is two to one. This last provision, it may be added, has been slavishly copied in the similar act of the State of New York, and in all bills on the same subject which have been presented or prepared in other States. The best example of the other class of measures is the New York act to regulate primary elections. Both classes are open to one general objection, but each has also evils peculiar to itself. Let us consider these classes in their order.

Of all devices for taking parties formally into the machinery of administration it is first to be said that they involve a logical absurdity. Their object is, of course, to secure non-partisanship in the conduct of certain charges; and yet it is the very provision for dividing the places in a board between men of different political views which makes the board partisan. It necessarily does that in form, and often in substance. Each member is appointed, not because he is independent, but because he is a partisan; and each sits in the board as the representative of a party, the interests of which, if they are in question, he is practically authorized, and very often disposed, to prefer to those of good government. At the same time the seat of responsibility is obscured, and misconduct made difficult to punish.

There is, however, a further objection to all schemes of this kind. They introduce as a legal distinction a term, *party*, which, if taken in its true sense, and the only one permitting it any usefulness, cannot be reduced to exact pre-

cision; or party must take a different sense, a stricter form, and lose all its wholesome and beneficent flexibility, in order that a vicious condition may be satisfied. The tests which the laws may require the appointing power to apply to candidates for office are of two kinds: they are tests of fact, and tests of opinion. Tests of fact are such as are judicially ascertainable, as, for instance, a candidate's height, or age, or color, or nationality. Tests of opinion, again, are those which are applied by the judgment, as a candidate's character or fitness. But it is evident that when a law says that of certain places to be filled only half shall go to members of the same political party, it imposes a test or qualification which can be ranged in neither of the two classes that I have given. Can a court determine, except by an extra-judicial process, to what party a certain person belongs, or what constitutes legal membership in a party, or even what a party is in law? The test seems, therefore, to be one of opinion and interpretation, and worth no more than a clause providing that an appointee must be a person of good moral character, or of ability, or a patriot. Yet this is not the case. The spirit and purpose of such provisions permit no other conclusion than that they are to be regarded as imperative tests of fact, as actual restrictions upon the discretion of the executive, as surrounding his freedom of choice in certain directions with concrete and tangible barriers. But the logical or metaphysical difficulties called into being by this vicious policy are after all not the gravest evil. These will be dismissed as purely speculative. The real objection is that, as the policy was suggested by a false conception of party, it was sure to lead to further measures, required as a natural development of the conception and the policy. If a person is to be appointed to an office because he is a member of a certain party, exactly as if it were be-

cause he is a citizen of a certain State, it is obviously necessary that means be found for giving parties a more clearly defined corporate existence, and their rolls of membership a species of legal authority.

A beginning in this direction has now been made in the class of measures which was illustrated by the New York statute for protecting the primaries. That act, it is well known, was intended to secure a fair expression of party opinion at the caucuses by giving the presiding officers powers analogous to those of inspectors of election, and by imposing stringent penalties upon false swearing, repeating, and other offenses against the purity of the ballot. The measure had the support of many independent and thinking men, — men who would be the first to revolt against the tyranny of the caucus. It was in fact carried as a triumph of the reformers over the politicians. Yet it seems not the less open to several strong objections.

The first of these is that the remedy is wholly inadequate to the evil. All reforms should of course aim at the original sources of the disease, and a purification of our nominating system ought therefore plainly to start with the primaries. But what is a primary? The thing is as difficult to define as the original element in matter. Like matter, indeed, the frame of our party organization is infinitely divisible, and no investigator can ever be sure that he has reached the ultimate atoms. If the primary be fortified against corruption, corruption will organize a pre-primary or an ante-primary, and thus elude the most dexterous attempt to fetter its activity. These doubts, which more than one person felt at the time the act was passed, have been singularly justified by results. The act was aimed, by those who most earnestly supported it, at one peculiarly obnoxious leader in New York city politics. But he issued tri-

umphant, as usual, from the very first trial of strength under the new system.

Since, then, the plan has apparently failed, it deserves to be condemned for that, if for no other reason. But it deserves, perhaps, even more severe condemnation because it started from false principles, and gave encouragement to an evil tendency already portentously strong.

The advice is often addressed to young men and good citizens, who deplore the vices of our present political methods, to attend the party caucuses. It is made a reproach to them that they neglect this important duty; and when they complain of bad nominations, or platforms which are but as sounding brass, the retort is that they might have secured good candidates, and platforms with some meaning, if they had not left the primaries to demagogues and blatherskites. This line of reasoning I have never been able to comprehend. I have never seen any sufficient reason for a political system in which, except at the polls, the voice of demagogues and blatherskites has equal weight with that of honest men who can think and reason, who have convictions, and who are unselfishly devoted to the interests of the republic. It seems to me, on the contrary, that what is needed is not greater servility to, but greater independence of, the caucus and the convention. This may be a false position; but to anybody who holds it, all attempts to invest primary meetings with a legal character must appear to be steps in the wrong direction. For they surround with the majesty of the law an institution whose chief function is to coerce the action of voters at the polls. Now there is but one kind of force to which the voter's independence is properly subject. His own conscience ought to compel him to prefer good candidates to bad, and wholesome principles to pernicious; and since this is largely a matter of individual judgment, obedience to such a law

is, like obedience to any proper law, the largest freedom. The legalized caucus is, however, a real abridgment of that freedom. It practically pledges the participant to exercise his freedom of judgment at a stage antecedent to the election, and to abide by an unknown result. If the caucus or the convention be regarded in its true light, as a mere conference of men who hold similar views of public policy, there is perhaps not much danger to the freedom of the ballot. But this theory has long since ceased to be generally held, and the New York statute seemed destined to give it a final blow. It enticed into the caucus many who had previously been conspicuous rather by their absence, but who affected to see in the safeguards which the law provided an opportunity to rescue the institution from the control of the corrupt and the vicious; yet at the same time this increased the number of good citizens who surrendered their freedom of judgment in advance of the election. For if the primary could control the actions of men even under the old loose and irregular methods, what must be its authority when the legislature has endowed it with sanctions carrying a vastly greater degree of legal, and accordingly of moral, force? The act abridges the sacred right of bolting, and without bolting there can be no healthy political life.

Let us inquire for a moment to what, if pushed to its logical consequences, the politicians' view of party would lead. It is known that they abhor independents, and often express the patriotic opinion that every citizen should join a party. The majority in each party should again control its action, and the minority should frankly obey. A careful organization, with executive agents and representative assemblies, would furnish the machinery for making the system effective. This seems to be a fair statement of the politicians' ideal. Now what would be the result if this

ideal were realized? The result would be to collect the voters of the country into two or three great parties, held together by inflexible rules of discipline and fealty, and each forbidden in effect to allow desertion or to receive deserters. As no changes of allegiance could take place, the relative strength of parties would be changed from year to year only by the death of existing members, and the enrollment of new ones from young men just reaching their majority and from newly naturalized immigrants. But even this element of uncertainty can be somewhat reduced. The annual death-rate would probably bear the same ratio to the total membership in all the parties. Again, young men generally follow in the political footsteps of their fathers; and as the birth-rate in the various parties would be also approximately equal, the balance of power would be little affected from this cause. We are confined, therefore, to the immigrants; they would hold the key to the situation. If now it be assumed that the Irish would in general go to one party, and the Germans to the other, the issue would really lie between these two classes, which compose the great body of our foreign population. The problem of immigration would assume a new and startling interest. One party would find a potent ally in Irish famines, which encourage emigration from the Emerald Isle. The other would have a keen sympathy with the high taxes and the military system of Germany, which drive so many excellent men from the fatherland. The battles of American politics would be fought out by immigration agents and runners for the rival steamship lines, all liberally supplied with money from the campaign funds of the parties, and perhaps also with platforms,

to be posted in the leading seaports and distributed by colporteurs in the interior.

This would be politics reduced to a practical science. But while this noble ideal may never be realized, the progress already made toward its acceptance in thought and in legislation has caused a distinct loss of vitality to our political affairs. The next phases of development are hidden with the mysteries of the future. But it may safely be said that any event which shakes the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance to party, any revolt which emphasizes the citizen's right of individual judgment, even though it may involve the downfall of a party whose annals are resplendent with great deeds, is an inestimable gain to the cause of good government. It is even a gain to the cause of government by party. For if the evil tendency of recent years should be arrested, and the earlier, truer conceptions resume their place, the result would be, not that we should have no parties, but that we should have better ones. We should have parties inspired by principles and led by statesmen. These parties would also be organized; but the organizations would be elastic, liberal, forbearing, and would aim to conciliate the wiser and better class of citizens. Politics would then mean the art of government, not the art of primaries; and an electoral canvass would be an honest struggle between clearly defined and sharply antagonized opinions or policies for the suffrages of the people.

This is also, unhappily, only an ideal. But the future of the republic is involved in the choice between it and that other ideal, against which this paper has attempted to utter an earnest warning.

Herbert Tuttle.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA.

WE know that the effects of the stupendous volcanic eruption in the Strait of Sunda extended through many months and were exerted over a large area of surface. From the newspapers of the day we learned much of the horrors that attended this unusual convulsion, and of the disasters which followed. But as information is gathered and collated, it is possible to present an interesting summary of this great effort of nature.

The eruption was at Krakatoa, an island in the fair-way of the Strait of Sunda, about midway between Java and Sumatra. Twenty-six miles to the southward and westward was the village of Anjer, where were a light-house and signal-station for the many vessels passing through the strait.

Krakatoa was but a small, uninhabited island, about five miles long and three miles wide. It had two elevations, of which the taller, called the Peak of Krakatoa, rose 2750 feet above the sea. On the adjacent land are volcanic cones; some active, some slumbering, and others dead.

It is recorded that Krakatoa itself was active in 1680, and that voyagers in the vicinity encountered in that year a great storm and an earthquake at sea, accompanied by most frightful thunders and cracklings. Mention was also made of a strong sulphur atmosphere and of large quantities of pumice floating on the sea. Since that time the island had been at rest, and was noted by travelers chiefly for the beauty of its tree-clad slopes,—the first verdant spot to greet the eye after long weeks at sea.

So far as is known, the earliest indication of any subterranean disturbance was felt at Batavia, eighty miles distant, on the 20th of May, 1883; and it is a remarkable fact that while the commotion about to be described was taking

place at Batavia, nothing unusual was noticed at Anjer, but twenty-five miles away, nor at Merak, thirty-five miles distant from Krakatoa, although from both places there is a clear outlook to that island.

In the forenoon of the 20th of May the inhabitants of Batavia were startled by a dull booming noise, followed by a violent rattling of doors and windows. Whether this proceeded from the air or from below was a matter of doubt, for unlike most earthquake shocks the quivering was only vertical. The director of the observatory in Batavia reported the next day that no increase of earth magnetism accompanied the tremblings, and that a suspended magnet with a registering apparatus gave no indications of the slightest horizontal oscillations. An instrument maker in the town stated that on a pendulum in his shop only vertical trillings were observable, at a time when the windows and glass doors were rattling in so violent a way as to render conversation a matter of no little difficulty. Nowhere do there seem to have been observed any shocks of a true or undulatory earthquake. Another curious circumstance was that at midday at some spots in the city no vibrations were perceived, while in the surrounding buildings they were distinctly experienced. It was a natural conclusion, however, that an alarming volcanic eruption had taken place; but it was impossible to localize the direction of the sounds, and at the observatory there were no instruments for making such determinations.

The tremblings continued throughout the day and during the forenoon of the 21st. A thin sprinkling of ashes fell at Telok Betong and at Semangko, in Sumatra; whence the ashes came, no one could tell. At Buitenzorg, thirty

miles south of Batavia, the same phenomena were observed; while in the mountains farther to the southwest they were even more pronounced. By this time general opinion had ascribed to the west or northwest the direction whence the movements were proceeding. Krakatoa itself was mentioned, but some of the mountains in Sumatra were considered more likely to be the seat of disturbance.

On the evening of May 21st smoke was seen issuing from Krakatoa, and on the 22d it was evident that the volcanic vent was at that place. Shortly afterward the vibrations in Batavia ceased. During the next eight or nine weeks the eruption continued with great vigor, ejecting masses of pumice and molten stone, and volumes of steam and smoke. Although the prevailing monsoon carried to the westward the greater part of the matter thrown out, a cloud of lighter particles rose higher, and, encountering an easterly current of air, some of the dust fell on the island of Timor, twelve hundred miles distant.

During these weeks vessels passed through extensive fields of pumice spread over the surface of the sea. Some of these pumice nodules, picked up about the 11th or 12th of July, in latitude 6° S. and longitude 94° E., were very large and considerably worn; several lumps were covered with barnacles an inch long, which represented at least four weeks' growth. On August 1st, in latitude 6° S., longitude 89° E., seven hundred miles from the coast of Sumatra, a steamer passed through a field of floating pumice; and here the current was running eastward fifteen to thirty miles a day. The soundings at the spot reached two thousand fathoms. It is known that a centre of volcanic disturbance exists in the Keeling Atoll, situated six hundred miles west by south from the mouth of the strait; and it is also known that pumice ejected from the sea bottom rises to the surface. The

currents of the Indian Ocean will show that any flotsam in the region between west and south of Java Head in that longitude could be drifted to the locality in which it was observed in the month of July.

In a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Forbes suggested that the sounds heard in Batavia on the 20th of May, which were unnoticed at places so near Krakatoa as Anjer and Merak, and which would be inexplicable if they really originated there, were the result of a submarine eruption in the Indian Ocean, somewhere southwesterly from Java Head; and that the tremors were propagated thither, perhaps, by continuous strata connecting the *locale* of the outburst with Batavia, Buitenzorg, and more especially with the hills to the southwest, where the manifestations were so distinctly perceived.

If such a submarine outburst did take place, Mr. Forbes suggested that somehow the orifice very soon became blocked after a great inrush of water had taken place, which, becoming transformed into steam under enormous pressure, shaped its course for the nearest old earth scar, and found vent in Krakatoa by an offshoot, probably, of the funnel of the eruption of 1680.

That such large lumps of pumice should be carried westward seven hundred miles into the Indian Ocean does not seem probable, especially as the earlier outbursts were not of very unusual vigor, for no pieces of any size are reported to have fallen on the neighboring coasts of Java and Sumatra; even after those of August, no ship farther off than one hundred miles speaks of the fall of any but the finest dust and sand.

On the 21st of August the volcano increased in activity. A ship reported being unable to venture into the strait on account of the great shower of pumice and ashes. On the afternoon of the 26th there were violent explosions at Kraka-

toa, which were heard as far as Batavia. High waves first retreated, and then rolled upon both sides of the strait. During a night of pitchy darkness these horrors continued with increasing violence, augmented at midnight by electrical phenomena on a terrifying scale, which not only enveloped the ships in the vicinity, but embraced those at a distance of ten to twelve miles. The lurid gleam that played on the gigantic column of smoke and ashes was seen in Batavia, eighty miles away. Some of the *débris* fell as fine ashes in Cheribon, five hundred miles to the eastward.

On the morning of the 27th there was a still more gigantic explosion, heard in the Andaman Islands and in India, which produced along both shores of the strait an immense tidal movement, occasioning that great loss of life recounted in the daily press. The matter expelled rose to an elevation so tremendous that, on spreading itself out, it covered the whole western end of Java and the south of Sumatra for hundreds of square miles with a pall of impenetrable darkness. Abnormal atmospheric and magnetic displays were observed, compass needles rotated violently, and the barometer rose and fell many tenths of an inch in a minute. Between ten and twelve o'clock in the forenoon of that day the subterranean powers burst their prison walls with a terrific detonation, which spread consternation and alarm among the dwellers within a circle whose diameter lay across nearly three thousand miles.

The description given at the San Francisco Hydrographic Office by Captain Watson, of the British ship *Charles Bal*, who was in the near vicinity at that time, is especially graphic and thrilling. He says that at "about seven P. M. on the 22d of August, in latitude 15° 30' S. and longitude 105° E., the sea suddenly assumed a milky-white appearance, beginning to the eastward, but soon spreading all around, and last-

ing until about eight P. M. There were some cumulus clouds in the sky, but many stars were shining, and from E. to N. N. E. a strong white haze, or silvery glare; this occurred again between nine and ten P. M., but disappeared when the moon rose. The clouds appeared to be edged with a pinkish-colored light; the sky also seeming to have extra light in it, as when the Aurora is showing faintly.

"On the 24th, in latitude 9° 30' S., longitude 105° E., this was repeated, showing when the sky was overcast, but disappearing when the moon rose.

"On the night of the 25th, standing in for Java Head, the land was covered with thick dark clouds, and heavy lightning was frequent. On the morning of the 26th made Java Head light; about nine A. M. passed Prince's Island, and had a sharp squall from W. S. W., with torrents of rain.

"At noon Krakatoa was N. E. of us; but only the lower portion of the east point was to be seen, the rest of the island being enveloped in heavy blackness.

"At 2.30 P. M. we noticed some agitation about the point of Krakatoa, clouds or something being propelled from the N. E. point with great velocity. At 3.30 we heard above us and about the island a strange sound, as of a mighty crackling fire, or the discharge of heavy artillery at one or two seconds' interval. At 4.15 Krakatoa bore N. one half E., ten miles distant. We observed a repetition of the noise noted at 3.30, only much more furious and alarming; the matter, whatever it was, being propelled with amazing velocity to the N. E. To us it looked like blinding rain, and had the appearance of a furious squall, of ashen hue. At once shortened sail, to topsails and foresail. At five the roaring noise continued and was increasing; darkness spread over the sky, and a hail of pumice stone fell on us, of which many pieces were of considerable size

and quite warm. We were obliged to cover up the skylights to save the glass, while our feet and heads had to be protected with boots and sou-westers. About six the fall of larger stones ceased, but there continued a steady downpour of a smaller kind, most blinding to the eyes, and covering the deck to a depth of three or four inches very speedily. While an intense blackness covered the sky and land and sea, we sailed on our course, until at seven P. M. we got what we thought was a sight of Fourth Point light; then brought ship to the wind, S. W., as we could not see to any distance, and knew not what might be in the strait.

"The night was a fearful one: the blinding fall of sand and stones, the intense blackness above and around us, broken only by the incessant glare of varied kinds of lightning, and the continued explosive roars of Krakatoa made our situation a truly awful one.

"At eleven P. M., having stood off from the Java shore, with the wind strong from the S. W., the island, being W. N. W. distant eleven miles, became visible. Chains of fire appeared to ascend and descend between it and the sky, while on the S. W. end there seemed to be a continued roll of balls of white fire. The wind, though strong, was hot and choking, sulphurous, with a smell as of burning cinders, some of the pieces falling on us being like iron cinders. The lead came up from the bottom at thirty fathoms quite warm.

"From midnight to four A. M. of the 27th, the wind was strong but unsteady between S. S. W. and W. S. W. The same impenetrable darkness continued, while the roaring of Krakatoa was less continuous but more explosive in sound; the sky one second intensely black, the next a blaze of light. The mast-heads and yard-arms were studded with corpusants, and a peculiar pink flame came from fleecy clouds which seemed to touch the mast-heads and yard-arms.

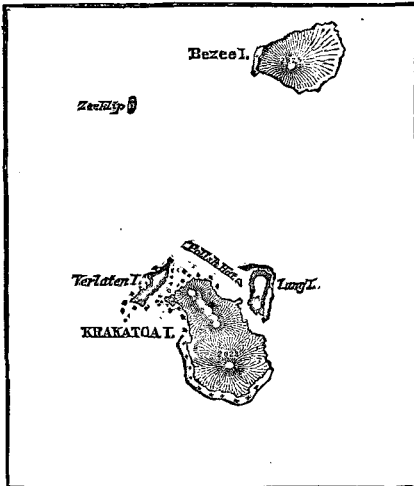
"At six A. M., being able to make out the Java shore, set sail and passed Fourth Point light-house. At eight hoisted our signal letter, but got no answer. At 8.30 passed Anjer with our name still hoisted, and close enough in to make out the houses, but could see no movement of any kind; in fact, through the whole strait we did not see a single moving thing of any kind on sea or land.

"At 10.15 passed the Button island one half to three fourths of a mile off, the sea being like glass all around it, and the weather much finer looking, with no ashes or cinders falling; wind light at S. E.

"At 11.15 there was a fearful explosion in the direction of Krakatoa, then over thirty miles distant. We saw a wave rush right on to the Button island, apparently sweeping entirely over the southern part, and rising half-way up the north and east sides, fifty or sixty feet, and then continuing on to the Java shore. This was evidently a wave of translation, and not of progression, for it was not felt at the ship. This we saw repeated twice, but the helmsman said he saw it once before we looked. At the same time the sky rapidly covered in; the wind came out strong from S. W. to S., and by 11.30 A. M. we were inclosed in a darkness that might almost be felt; and then commenced a downpour of mud, sand, and I know not what, the ship going N. E. by N. seven knots per hour under three lower topsails. We set the side lights, placed two men on the lookout forward, the mate and second mate on either quarter, and one man washing the mud from the binnacle glass. We had seen two vessels to the N. and N. W. of us before the sky closed in, which added not a little to the anxiety of our position.

"At noon the darkness was so intense that we had to grope our way about the decks, and although speaking to each other on the poop, yet we could not see each other. This horrible state and

downpour of mud and *débris* continued until 1.30 P. M., the roaring and lightning from the volcano being something fearful. By two P. M. we could see some of the yards aloft, and the fall of mud ceased; by five P. M. the horizon showed out to the northward and eastward, and we saw West Island bearing E. by N., just visible. Up to midnight the sky hung dark and heavy, a little sand falling at times, and the roaring of the volcano very distinct, although we were fully seventy-five miles from Krakatoa. Such darkness and such a time in general, few would conceive, and many, I dare say, would disbelieve.

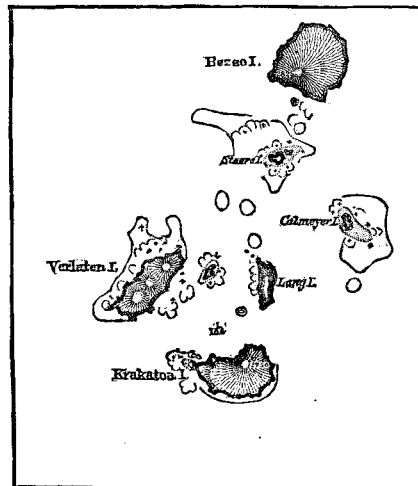


Before the Eruption.

The ship from truck to water-line was as if cemented; spars, sails, blocks, and ropes were in a horrible state; but, thank God, no one was hurt, nor was the ship damaged. But think of Anjer, Merak, and other little villages on the Java coast!"

At sunrise on the 28th of May the darkness began gradually to clear away, and then was seen the result of this paroxysm of nature. The northwestern part of Krakatoa Island had disappeared. The line of fracture began at a point south of Lang Island, and formed an arc of a circle passing through the peak to the western side of the island.

Boats from the U. S. S. *Juniata* entered the crater-like area, concave to the northward, and sounded along the face of the heights; but no bottom could be found with twenty fathoms of line. Prior to the eruption, Verlaten and Lang islands were green with trees and foliage; they are now covered with scoria. Eastward of Verlaten a small island had formed; small necks of land had been thrown out from the eastern side of Verlaten and the western point of Krakatoa. The Polish Hat had disappeared, but a new rock, about twenty feet in height and as many in diameter, now existed in Krakatoa channel, near to the southern



After the Eruption.

point of Lang Island. Within ten yards of this rock there were eight fathoms of water. At the place occupied by the Polish Hat the boats found no bottom with twenty fathoms of line, while at the spot where the volcano had been so active later soundings showed no bottom at one hundred and sixty-four fathoms, nearly one thousand feet. To the northward and eastward two new islands, Steers and Calmeyer, had formed, where before the eruption were thirty to forty fathoms of water.

It has been thought that the first great waves on the evening of the 26th were caused by a portion of Krakatoa

being shot out northwards for eight miles, and dropped where now is Steers Island; while the terrific detonation on the 27th, and the greater wave accompanying it, resulted perhaps from that still more titanic effort which lifted the greater portion of Krakatoa, hurled it through the air over Lang Island, and plunged it into the sea where Calmeyer Island now blocks the old East Passage.

The captain of the *Juniata* stated in his report that he anchored off the site of Anjer, and that "the buoys which mark the line of the submarine cable to Telok Betong, Sumatra, and the base of the light-house at Fourth Point are the only monuments of Anjer. The plain northward of Anjer peak was swept by the flood of waters, and nothing remains but the vine-like roots of the cocoa palm and some scattered and ghastly relics of the inhabitants. . . . Communication with Telok Betong is now interrupted by masses of floating pumice wedged in Lampong Bay."

A vessel which passed through Gaspar Strait as late as the 23d of November reported that at places in the Java Sea the floating pumice was so thick that headway was almost impossible with light breezes.

And yet another reported that on December 21, 1883, in the S. W. part of the Java Sea, quantities of pumice stone, large trees, bushes, and roots were encountered.

The tidal phenomena which followed this convulsion are particularly interesting. The waves formed in the narrow strait issued into the oceans east and west, and started on their journey around the globe. The undulations were registered at Mauritius, the Seychelles, in South Africa, and on the shores of the Pacific Islands on the same day that the Java villages were swept away. The waves continued their course, crossed each other at the antipodes of Krakatoa,

and returned to the spot from which they had started. Four times did they go around the earth before the equilibrium of the sea was so far restored as to be insensible to instruments.

At the same time an atmospheric wave also started around the globe. These disturbances were noted wherever there were barographs, and the dates are thus fixed when these undulations passed various places on the surface of the earth.

For instance, at St. Petersburg, on August 27th, there was a rise of the mercury, and immediately afterwards a fall. At Valencia, in Ireland, and at Coimbra, in Portugal, similar phenomena were noticed, and shortly afterward the disturbance was observed all over Europe, wherever a barograph was at hand. At the western observatories the movement was more pronounced than at the eastern, but the general appearances of the curves at neighboring stations were about the same. This disturbance moved rapidly from east to west, requiring but two hours and twenty-five minutes to travel from St. Petersburg to Valencia, a distance of thirteen hundred and fifty miles. On the 28th there was a somewhat similar disturbance which moved from west to east, requiring a little less than two hours to pass from Valencia to St. Petersburg. On the 29th there were two well-defined movements: one early in the morning, from east to west, occupying two hours and eight minutes from St. Petersburg to Valencia; and the other in the afternoon, from west to east, reaching St. Petersburg one hour and twenty-five minutes after it was observed at Valencia. Similar phenomena, less defined, were noted on the 30th and 31st.

Coincident with these atmospheric fluctuations, magnificent sunlight effects, lurid skies, prolonged dawns, and lengthened twilights were observed. The captain whose experience has here been given at some length states that on Sep-

tember 9, 1883, in latitude 14° N., longitude 114° E., the sun rose perfectly green, and so continued for forty-eight hours; and that the moon and the stars gave a green light as well. He also reports that he noticed peculiar red sunsets in the South Atlantic several weeks before the Java eruption, and that he carried them through to Hong Kong, and from there nearly across to San Francisco. The volcanic cloud that caused these peculiar effects seems to have followed a straight path, for they appeared on the east coast of Africa on the second day, on the Gold Coast on the third, at Trinidad on the sixth, and at Honolulu on the ninth day. It is impossible to say how high the lighter matter was carried; it is certain that months have

been required for it to descend. The places situated below the direct path of the cloud were the first to have those ominous displays, which varied in intensity according to their time distance to the westward; for the cloud was at first elevated as a comparatively narrow column. This column gradually spread out north and south, until the inhabitants of all lands obtained a view of the beautiful effects of broken and absorbed sunbeams, and a demonstration of the power of that steam which was imprisoned by the last convulsion of nature.

NOTE. The data from which this article is compiled has been taken from reports sent to the U. S. Hydrographic Office, from the preliminary survey of the U. S. S. Juniata, and from the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.

E. W. Sturdy.

ELIZABETH.

A WHITE stone glimmers through the firs,
The dry grass on her grave-mound stirs;
The sunshine scarcely warms the skies;
Pale cloudlets fleck the chilly blue;
The dawn brings frost instead of dew
To the bleak hillside where she lies.

'Tis something to be near the place
Where earth conceals her dear, dead face; —
But thou, true heart, thou art not there!
Where now thou art beloved and known
Love makes a climate of its own, —
Perpetual summer in the air.

The language of that neighboring land
Already thou didst understand,
Already breathe its healthful breath,
Before thy feet its shores had pressed;
There wert thou an awaited guest,
At home in heaven, Elizabeth!

I try to guess what radiance now
Is resting on that gentle brow,
Lovelier than shone upon it here;

What heavenly work thou hast begun,
 What new, immortal friendships won,
 That make the life unseen so dear.

I cannot think that any change
 Could ever thy sweet soul estrange
 From the familiar human ties :
 Thou art the same, though inmost heaven
 Its wisdom to thy thought has given,
 Its beauty kindled in thine eyes.

The same to us, as warm, as true,
 Whatever beautiful or new
 With thy unhindered growth may blend :
 Here, as life broadens, love expands ;
 How must it bloom in those free lands
 Where thou dost walk, beloved friend !

I do not know what death may mean ;
 No gates can ever shut between
 True heart and heart, Elizabeth :
 'Tis but to step from time's rude strife
 A little farther into life,
 And there thou art, Elizabeth !

Lucy Larcom.

NOT MUTE, BUT INGLORIOUS.

JANUARY 3. It is the beginning of January, and the world seems made of mud and vapor.

I am writing before a roaring fire, which mocks my misery by scorching my face while cold breezes are playing around my ears. How little the Northern people know what cold means ! They don't live in pasteboard houses, with the wind whistling in at every crack. Wood fires are very picturesque, and so on ; but the domestic hearthstone becomes a satire when one finds one's self liable to freeze to death upon it.

But I must not be ungrateful. Business connected with the new railroad deposited me in Samola, and Mr. Bett has taken pity on my homelessness. A kindly old fellow : has a red face, fringed

all around with white hair, and walks with the stiff-legged gait of a man who has lived most of his life in the saddle. He informed me, as we splashed through the mud and water, on our way to Hampden Court, that his daughter Elinor is a genius.

I confessed to myself, when I saw her, that she was worth looking at : decidedly tall and slender, without suggesting an anatomical study ; head and face small, surrounded by a lustre of frizzy golden hair ; neat little features, which seem to promise nothing in the way of character ; complexion strangely varying from pink to a pallor almost gray ; color of eyes a clear, pale violet, subdued by thick black lashes. They have an upward look which is little short

of heavenly. When, however, she fixes them upon one, it is with a bright glance, almost fierce, which seems to cry out, "What are you?"

January 4. Feel quite at home in Hampden Court, as my too ambitious friend has named his plantation. The house is the customary collection of rooms strung out in a line, with long galleries back and front. Prevailing style of architecture rather flat and depressed; the building looks as if some one had sat on it.

No very great signs of wealth, past or present, to be seen in the parish. The dwelling-houses are mostly moderate frame erections, often lacking paint. Am told that this section was settled by the poorer classes of Kentucky and Tennessee. In the neighboring parish, which was settled by Virginians, they tell me one may find handsome mansions, pictures, statuary, solid family plate.

I have made the acquaintance of all the dogs, — a dozen or so, — and also of Wood Hemphill, Elinor Bett's cousin and lover. The two are a common conjunction; the bucolic youth being too sheepish and unenterprising to fall in love with any girl he has not known from his cradle.

January 5. Miss Bett has acquainted me with all her ambitions, and most of her thoughts and feelings. A sort of neighborhood prodigy. Has no intimate friends among the girls, and the young men stand a little aloof, awed by her superiority. Perceive that she rather enjoys this, taking it as a homage. She graduated from the village seminary, and delivered the valedictory, much praised by the Samola Comet in its weekly issue. This is an enterprising sheet. I found in its columns a poem containing the following lines: —

"You threw out the lasso of friendship and love,
To catch me, a wanderer, like Noah's lost dove."

She likes to sit in the green and white Methodist church, with her neat little profile in relief against the dull wall.

Thinks, I fancy, that the congregation are whispering, "What a superior girl Elinor Bett is!"

There is a certain vagueness about her superiority. It has made few outward signs, beyond the valedictory and occasional poems and mystic "communications" in the local paper, signed "Étoile." She is just nineteen, — just emerging from the state of feeling in which the consciousness of her own prevailing genius sufficed. Now, she is going to make the world gasp. The complaint is dolefully common, particularly among women. Any one of them who can string words together thinks that she can be an authoress. The other arts are more exacting. Literature is too often the straw clutched at by drowning souls, — the only straw in sight.

January 10. Raining, — the rain freezing as it falls, — with a wind that pierces to the bone. The cows are huddled by the bars of the cow-pen, lowing hideously, and the sheep are walking about in coats of mail, so to speak, with long icicles hanging to their fleeces.

Asked Mr. Bett why he does not have a shelter for them. "Oh," said he, "'t ain't wuth while. We don't have a spell like this more 'n once a winter."

He tramps in out of the mud and rain, and flings down his overcoat in the corner of the sitting-room, for Dodge, the pointer, to sleep on. Wood Hemphill drops in presently with a fresh relay of dogs. The smell of a wet dog before a fire is something never to be forgotten.

Miss Bett does not appear to be disturbed by the canine atmosphere. Any little domestic incoherences pass over her head. She is otherwise occupied. Napoleon, she tells me, is her favorite hero, and Ouida her favorite romancer. She has studied diligently the noble army of English authors who occupy themselves in burlesquing nature. They possess a miraculous generosity of adjec-

tive. There is a kind of clumsy spite displayed in the delineation of certain characters, clearly not favorites of the author. One is reminded of the sprawling caricatures which school-girls draw of each other on the blackboard.

Of American fiction she knows almost nothing, excepting what she has found in a few stray volumes of Cooper, and does not wish to be better informed. She seems to be what the unlearned of these parts call "mighty self-opiniated."

January 13. Damp; almost sultry. Feel as if I must tear off my winter clothing. Remarkable climate.

Why should I confess to her that I have fallen on the same road which she is trying to traverse? How persistently my fancy clings to the little book that no one read but the reviewers! — and they no doubt, have long forgotten it. I am a man of business, of routine; I live for use, now . . . but the father of one child, and that one in heaven, must always look wistfully at the boys and girls he meets.

No, I won't tell her. Who could confess himself a failure to a worshiper of success?

I see that she values me because she believes I can inform her on certain subjects. This is a most imperious spirit to have found its being in a little frame house in the backwoods. No man feels ill disposed, of himself, toward a pretty girl. Yet she is not a gracious neophyte. She has all the folly and waywardness of girls brought up by men. They can never stand in the needful critical attitude which woman assumes naturally toward woman. It is plain that Elinor Bett needs the tonic of wholesome neglect, of occasional snubbing. Her egotism is almost fierce. If one differs from her, she grows rebellious. She wishes to make a clean sweep of all one's beliefs and predilections, and set up her own in their stead; not so much from interest in one's mental growth as because her opinions are best.

January 14. This strange girl! She arrests and fatigues the mind, at once. She leaves flying shreds of half-completed things behind her; flings open doors that should be closed; speaks in unfinished sentences; makes immense drains upon one's interest and attention regarding irrelevant matters; scatters articles for others to pick up; indeed, like the sheep, she leaves her fleeces on every thorn. But she has an excuse. Her father and cousin, and every one with whom she comes in contact, bow before this indistinct superiority of hers.

Her cousin, with his rather opaque blue eyes and wiry light hair, is a good-looking, manly young fellow when he has his slouched hat on and his pantaloons tucked in his boots. But he comports himself in his best clothes as if he had stolen them. He is so ill at ease in them that one has to make his acquaintance all over again of a Sunday.

January 15. Damp, — a dampness that oozes in at every pore, and makes the atmosphere like a sponge.

Elinor has shown me her great work. We were sitting together in the parlor. It is a repulsive apartment, furnished in the haircloth of our forefathers. Portraits of Mr. Bett's ancestors, done by wandering artists, deface the wall. The high mantel-piece, painted black, with casual splotches of yellow, is surmounted by a gilt-framed mirror set lengthwise and two cheap vases with flaring, empty mouths. Elinor has made no effort to beautify it, — not even a snow-basket. It stands in unadorned dignity, like a hopelessly plain woman who refuses to italicize her ugliness with finery.

Elinor informed me that she intends publishing her novel, the title of which is *Feu-Follet*.

"Don't you think," I suggested, cautiously, "it would be better to try something shorter, just at first? Send it around to the magazines, and even if they refuse it you will gain experience."

She made an impatient movement, and her facile brows quivered a denial. "But I don't want to do that," said she.

"And of course, if you don't want to do a thing, it is never done."

"Of course not," she replied, simply.

If rapt belief in one's self could insure success, it would be hers. This may be true as regards society; never where art is concerned. It is often said that the world takes us at our own valuation; but this complaisant world, alas! cannot include editors and publishers, or how many happy authors there would be!

She proposed that I should look over her novel. I have been doing so, with intervals of rest, all the evening. It is punctuated with dashes, and written in that pleasing running hand in which all the loop letters look alike, and all the rest like nothing in particular. By careful perusal and the laws of analogy, I have succeeded in making out one word in ten.

January 18. I have suggested, delicately, that a first novel by an unknown author is always a risk. Even if the book should be above the average in substance, a time would come when she would be ashamed of her crude work. These and other customary platitudes. I have tried to point out to her her error in choosing faulty models; have assured her that Anglomaniya has not extended to literary style. "Indicate, suggest." I reiterate. "A book should have a perspective. Never state a fact in all its native coarseness. It pays the reader a compliment to leave something to his imagination. Check this tendency to say broadly what you mean."

She turns a deaf ear; she will hear of no delays. Has already selected the name of a publisher from one of her reprinted English novels. She has written him a rather imperious letter on paper which bears the device of a silver tortoise climbing up a gold ladder,—

perhaps symbolical of the slow ascent to fame.

January 29. A most poetic day; one of three others as delightful. The air is balm; the sunlight a caress. A mocking-bird has appeared, and is singing on the banks of the pond, where the gnarled quince-tree has put out a bloom or two. I see the sky shining blue between the naked boughs.

After a season of waiting, the publisher has replied. At present he would not feel justified in running any risk; however, if Miss Bett wishes to undertake half the expenses—five hundred dollars, etc.; signing himself, with trenchant sarcasm, "Your obliged and obedient servant."

This reply is not what Elinor had expected. She had wished to make her own fortune, not that of her publisher. But between the publisher as he is and the publisher as we would have him there is a great gulf fixed.

February 2. Mr. Bett has come to the rescue. What his Nelly wants she must have. He has sold a tract of land on the river, and Feu-Follet will soon be in press. He reverences genius. Indeed, I believe that he fancies he has become, by absorption, a sort of literary character himself. He tells me that in his youth he used to read a great deal of poetry, but then he got out of the way of it. Perhaps there may be still some confused echoes of Byron and Bulwer and N. P. Willis knocking about in his brain.

"Just at first, you know," he says, "you have to pay 'em; but when they find out that you have first-class genius, then they pay you. The papers are always expectin' the great American novel. Why, the other day, I was readin' where one man said he was lookin' for it prayerfully. *Prayerfully*, you know! Of co'se an editor must be mighty hard up for a thing when he prays for it.

Samola's small, to be shore; but then genius comes out o' queer places. There was Burns, he was a ploughboy; and Byron, he had a club-foot" —

"Well, pa," says the expectant author, less irritably, "as I'm not a ploughboy, and have n't a club-foot" —

"Of co'se not, — of co'se not, hon-ey," he hastens to reply soothingly.

March 17. I don't suppose any mortal ever experienced greater happiness than Elinor when she untied the package containing half a dozen copies of her novel. I watched her: the color in her cheeks pulsated wildly, and her pale violet eyes looked deep and bright. Here were her finest thoughts, her happiest efforts of wit and pathos, clothed in print.

She sat beside the window as she read, her fair hair ruffled up against the light, like a halo hastily put on.

Mr. Bett alternately laughs and weeps over the book. One is reminded of the sensational posters heralding the domestic drama: "Shouts of laughter. Floods of tears." I don't know whether the cousin is capable of the mental exertion of reading it; but he carries a copy about with him, and looks triumphant.

The reaction has set in. She has waxed captious already, and points out several misprints. For instance, "robes," instead of "roses," are described as wreathing Feu-Follet's head. There are also allusions to her "dim brown hand" and "panting underlip."

Poor Nelly!

She has ordered her publisher to send the reviews of her book. It has, I regret to say, all the bad points of its school, which may be termed a kind of literary ballet. The effect is at once shocking and absurd, — as if we should hear the voice of a little child echoing the curses and revilings of a drunkard. I perceive, moreover, a certain wild, vivid power of describing things she has never seen, which may startle and

compel attention. There is, of course, a chance that the book may make a hit.

Mine did n't. Perhaps it was too good.

March 23. The publisher is a man of his word: he has sent the reviews. There was silence for a while, as Elinor read them. Suddenly, she turned upon me, as the person nearest at hand.

"Listen, — listen to them!" she cried; and she read me the following extracts: —

"Italics are freely employed for purposes of emphasis, which suggests that the book — did not its substance forbid the thought — was intended to be read aloud to children. Girls between sixteen and eighteen may enjoy this story, excepting the Latin, French, and German quotations."

"Noted for strong expressions and exciting positions."

"There is a tendency to discuss — always provincially, Tennyson, Plato, and other unrelated persons, the besetting sin of Southern novelists. The book is pert and flippant rather than clever, and overstrained rather than strong."

"A curious production. Vague, indefinite longings and soarings into the aerial regions of sentiment are mingled with conversations which are not only utterly mundane, but stupid and inane, and which make the unfortunate critic wonder which is most lacking in the *dramatis personæ* — brains or heart."

"Studded with exclamatory gems from foreign languages."

"Feu-Follet deserves a sort of distinction. It is probably the worst novel ever published, if not the worst ever written. Flippant, bald, jejune, ridiculous, plotless, it blunders around its brief circle of balderdash like a blind puppy stung by a bee. The author of such a book deserves to be pitied; but the unfortunate reviewer, after having read it, has no tears for any one but himself."

Certainly this "unfortunate reviewer" must subsist on vinegar and lemon

juice. Whatever else the book lacks, it seems to possess the power of lashing critics into a fury.

Another alludes to it insultingly as "this thick little book," and adds, "A wild and artless sprightliness combines with sweetly sentimental episodes, and a tragic death or two make the work a fine *mélange*."

"Why, honey, they 're praisin' it," urged Mr. Bett, who had approached us. She gave him a look of impatient anguish.

When he had fully grasped the idea of Nelly's discomfiture, he began to stamp up and down the gallery, exclaiming, "It's a conspiracy!"

She stood silent, with her arms dropped by her side. A sickly pallor had passed across her face. Her lips moved, and I caught the murmured words, "I had nothing else. And now it's all — all gone. No hope."

I would have said "Courage" if I could.

Presently, her father came to her, and grasped her fine little hand in his harsh palms.

"Don't you take on, Nelly," he said. "To fail the first time does n't mean anything. Just you wait. Who knows but the great American novel 'll come out o' this little frame house yet?"

For the first time in her life, perhaps, her eyes sought her father's face for comfort and reassurance.

"I'm shore of it," he asserted, stoutly.

She clenched her fists, and looked upward. "I'll show them!" she cried; and her whole form seemed to dilate. "I'll show them!"

Perhaps she will. Who knows? Or perhaps she will become a unit in the great unwritten History of the Souls Lost in Villages.

April 29. Feu-Follet has fallen flat. The reviewers, who might have done Elinor a good turn by denouncing it as unfit to be brought into the family circle, have found it merely tiresome. So much vulgar, silly trash is written and published and read with avidity that I had some faint hope of its success. Still, the vulgar, silly trash which succeeds is generally reprinted. She is greatly changed. I see her sitting silent for hours; but it is not the uplifted silence of old. Life is a certainty, now; no longer a hope. Wood Hemphill goes about with his hat pulled down over his eyes, almost as if his Irish setter were dead.

I shall be glad to leave the place. She begins to weigh upon me like a sorrow.

May 11. I looked my last upon Elinor and Samola this morning.

When I bade her good-by, she put her hands behind her, childishly, and said; "No! we 're not friends. You have never understood me. But no one — no one does, not even poor Wood."

"Ah," said I, "he only loves you. Good-by."

Julie K. Wetherill.

TO

SOME words are giants, and some dwarfs, but all
Come marshaled duly, at thy minstrel call, —
Invincibly melodious, sweet as strong, —
The Pyrrhic phalanx of undying song!

Paul H. Hayne.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.¹

THE author of *The Poets' Birds* starts with a theory that the British poets are profoundly ignorant of natural history, and thoroughly unsympathetic in their treatment of "things in fur and feathers." His purpose in the present work — the first of a series, as it has been intimated — is to maintain this theory so far as it relates to birds; and with at least one branch of his subject he claims to have a very exceptional acquaintance. He writes with the most unhesitating assurance about the "whole range of British poetry," "all the range of English poetry," the "whole range of the poets," "all the rest of the poets," "no poet," and so forth. In an article published since the book, *The American Eagle* in the *Poets*, he says, "During the last year or two, I have rummaged through such a prodigious number of European poets as I fancy few have ever done." He is a writer of experience, and has a certain attractiveness of style. All this tends to give plausibility to his utterances, and the question arises how far they are worthy of credit.

The book is in two parts, and consists of notes by the author on the poets' treatment of birds and of quotations from the poets. The notes abound in novel assertions and criticisms; and since by far the larger part of the volume is made up of the poetical extracts, selected, classified, and quoted by the author himself, it is reasonable to expect that these extracts will justify both his statements and his comments. This, however, they signally fail to do.

"What a 'turtle' is," he says (page 23), "the poets cannot agree. Some make it the male of 'the dove,' others the female of the 'stock dove,' and others, again, the male or female of the ring

dove; while the stock dove and ring dove are similarly mismated in bewildering combinations, the general result being as delightful a confusion of three wholly distinct species of birds as even poets could wish for." He also tells us repeatedly and emphatically that the poets are ignorant of the migration of the turtle dove; also that this bird is "habitually described as lamenting her dead stock dove or ring dove." He has given about one hundred and seventy quotations from the poets about doves, and in the whole there is not a word to sustain any one of these charges. In one passage, however, our author apparently designs to accuse Watts of "mismating" doves: "What relation each species bears to the other the poets never considered themselves at liberty to determine. Watts makes 'the turtle' the opposite sex of 'the dove:' 'No more the turtle leaves the dove.'" Poets hope to have readers of ordinary intelligence. Instead of saying here, "No more the turtle leaves its mate," Watts, for the sake of his rhyme, uses the general term "dove." The only rational interpretation of the expression is perfectly obvious. "Many [birds] of conspicuous charms," says the writer, "might be all as dowdy as nightingales or larks. I take these two birds 'advisedly,' for they are the supreme favorites of the poets, and for one avowed reason, — *because* they are feathered in simple brown." Nothing in support of this declaration can be found in nearly three hundred passages quoted about these birds, although in two of those on the nightingale it is implied that it does not need gaudy or dazzling plumage to make it attractive.

But if it is too much to insist that our author's own selections from the poets should warrant his accusations, let us

¹ *The Poets' Birds*. By PHIL. ROBINSON. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.

go to the poets themselves and to naturalists. In the chapter on the lark, we find this note: "It is a curious fact that several poets mention a '*mountain lark*.' Is it possible that their familiarity with Milton's phrase '*the mounting lark*' led to the poetical creation of a new species?" The brilliancy of this remark, which refers to poets, not school-children, cannot fail to be appreciated, especially in view of the fact that the phrase "*the mounting lark*" does not occur in the poems of Milton.

We read on page 232, "How delightfully Virgil's metaphor, '*So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain*,' etc., might be misapplied to the goose!" This figure (not a metaphor here, but a simile) was taken by Æschylus from Libyan fables. Several poets since have made use of it, but it is not to be found in Virgil.

Poets are specified (page 157) who have improperly mated doves, thus: "Thomson uses '*the stock dove*' as the male of the turtle, Cowper as the male of '*the ring dove*,' and Wordsworth as the female of it." Thomson does not mention the turtle dove, nor is the ring dove named by either Cowper or Wordsworth, while the latter does not allude to any species of dove with its mate.

Exception is also taken to certain poets' references to the haunts and nesting of the stock dove: "Cunningham's hint of its nesting in the grove is suspicious, and Wordsworth's

'True as the stock dove to her shallow nest
And to the grove that holds it'

is, in Wordsworth especially, inadmissible; for the stock dove does not build in trees, but (by preference) in rabbit holes."

In Selby's *Illustrations of British Ornithology* the stock dove is described as a "constant inhabitant of woods, breeding in the hollows of old and pollard trees." Morris (*History of British Birds*) says, "It frequents woods, coppices, and groves, and these both in low and more

hilly countries, suiting itself alike among oaks and fruit trees, beeches and firs, or any others that present facilities for building purposes;" also that the nest is placed "ordinarily in any suitable holes in trees." In Dresser's *Birds of Europe*, "fir-trees," "matted ivy, close to the trunks of cedars and fir-trees," and "holes of old trees" are mentioned among its nesting-places. Stephenson (*Birds of Norfolk*) states that this bird, although generally considered by naturalists as *only* an inhabitant of the woods, has, in a *district of that county*, the habit of resorting to rabbit warrens, and refers to Yarrell as authority for the opinion that it *acquired its name* from its habit of nesting in the "*stocks* of old oak pollards."

Among the "poets' dove-fictions" of which our author had "not space to speak," is "how vultures chase them." One cannot well conjecture how much space would be needed to speak of this fiction as it deserves, but of the alarming extent to which it has prevailed in poetry this writer enables us to judge. From the "whole range of the poets" he has gleaned one couplet, the meaning of which approximates his interpretation of it:—

"From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs,
Swoops down and bears yon tim'rous dove
away;"

and in his one volume he has found space enough to allude to this passage at least five times.

Another of these fictions is "how they had no galls, and were thus serenely mild." According to the author's poetical quotations, two poets have spoken of doves as "gall-less," and a third as "serenely mild," the latter making no allusion to the absence of gall. Professor Owen (*Anatomy of Vertebrates*) says that the gall-bladder is constantly deficient in the dove tribe; and the late Professor Garrod, prosector to the Zoological Society of London, in one of his scientific papers, specifically mentions those

genera which include all the European and American species of doves as having no gall-bladder. Webster defines gall as the liquid found in the gall-bladder, consisting of the secretion of the liver mingled with that of the mucous membrane of the gall-bladder; therefore, when the latter is absent, the gall must also be wanting. So it appears that Cowley and Oldham, writing more than two centuries ago of gall-less doves, referred to a very singular fact in the natural history of these birds,—a fact which seems also to have been known to a poet of a much earlier day; for Shakespeare allows Hamlet to say, —

“But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall
To make oppression bitter.”

Another statement, of the truth of which these quotations do not furnish any proof, is that the poets, following tradition, make the dove “lift its head after every draught, ‘to thank the Giver,’” — a remark which is supplemented by this note: “As a matter of fact, pigeons have *not* this prettily significant gesture. It is reserved for the cock-and-hen tribes.” The accuracy and the pertinency of this note may be seen by an extract from the account of pigeons in Cassell’s Book of Birds (edited by Professor Jones from the text of Dr. Brehm): “They are also remarkable for their mode of drinking, in which they *differ from all other birds*. The general practice of birds in drinking is to take up a small portion of water in the bill, and then, by raising the head, to allow it to run down into the throat; the pigeons, on the contrary, dip their bills into the water, and hold them there till they have quenched their thirst.” So the “prettily significant gesture” is not “reserved” for any tribe, but is characteristic of all birds except doves.

Again, speaking of the poets’ “curious fancy” in making the singing nightingale female, the writer says that “in nature only the male nightingale sings, and then *always* to his brooding mate;”

yet that in poetry this is overlooked; that Milton and Gilbert White knew the “solemn bird of night” was a male. On a previous page he included with them Montgomery, but excluded the rest. If Milton knew the fact, as is possible, may we not infer that other poets also were aware of it, who nevertheless sometimes disregarded it in their poems, as Milton *generally* did, and as this writer himself has done in the concluding paragraph of his chapter on the nightingale, where he speaks of the “sweet *queen* of song,” and of “*her* surpassing melody”?

But should not Spenser, and Cowper, and Coleridge, and Tennyson, and many other poets, some of whom are sometimes and others always accurate in regard to this, be taken into account when speaking of poetry? The very expression of the criticism that the bird “sings always to his brooding mate” is, as far as it is correct, an expression of the poets themselves. Southey and Morris write of his “telling his tale” or his “love-song to his brooding mate.” Kingsley has it to “his listening mate.” But that the bird sings *always* to his brooding mate is not true. The male birds arrive in England two weeks, more or less, earlier than the females. This fact has been expressly noticed by ornithological writers. Rev. C. A. Johns (British Birds in their Haunts) says that the male birds sing from their “first arrival until the young are hatched;” also, that it has been fancifully said that they employ the interval before the coming of their mates in “contending for the prize in a musical contest.” Charles Tennyson Turner has made this singing of the nightingale before the arrival of the female the theme of one of his sonnets.

“It is doubtful, indeed,” continues our critic, “whether the poets were aware that the nightingale was a summer migrant only. Waller and Carew knew it, Mrs. Hemans suspected it, but

there is *no evidence in the rest* of the great fact of the nightingale's migration being known." One poet speaks of it as a "brief sojourner;" another questions it about the many months of its absence; Keble inquires as to its

"Spell unknown from genial southern grove,
From purer gales, and skies without a blot;"

Wordsworth addresses it as "wanderer," and alludes to its "migratory flight;" says Mrs. Browning, —

"The nightingale did please
To loiter beyond seas;"

and Mant, —

"Brief is Philomela's stay;"

Cochrane, also, —

"The nightingale ere comes the snow
Is far off on the wing."

We find one sonnet entitled *To a Nightingale on its Return*, and another, *The Nightingale's Departure*. This seems like evidence, but our author's views on evidence are not less peculiar than on other subjects. Referring to the turtle dove, he says (page 158), "As I have already *shown*, it is used indifferently as the widow of ring doves and stock doves;" whereas he only repeats his own assertion, without citing a single passage to prove it.

One of the most remarkable statements in the book is that "hardly a dozen references could be found to that summer miracle of every year, the nest-building of birds." Bishop Mant's poem, *The British Months*, which shows his most careful observation of bird-life, contains fifty references, at least, to this subject. Scores of British poets could be named, each of whom has mentioned it from once to a dozen times or more. The nest-making of birds belonging to many dozen species has been noticed. Details as to the time of nesting, place selected, materials made use of, tools employed, manner of building, different degrees of skill manifested, and the various results reached have been noted with surprising accuracy. This is seen not only in the poets' minute descrip-

VOL. LIV. — NO. 323.

26

tions of nests, both of very elaborate and of the most simple construction, but also in incidental allusions.

Among the birds that "with more forward haste" commence nesting is the hedge sparrow, that places

"On leafless bough his lowly home,"

which, from being thus so unsheltered, is more likely to be appropriated by the cuckoo for her eggs, or plundered by the school-boy, both of which circumstances poets also note.

Bishop Stanley, in his *Journal of our Starlings' Lives*, records that investigations preparatory to building are made in March. Kingsley had noticed the same, who thus wrote: —

"Early in springtime, on raw and windy mornings,

Beneath the freezing house-eaves I heard the starlings sing,

"Ah, dreary March month, is this then a time for building wearily?"

But it is several weeks afterwards,

"When whinny braes are garlanded with gold,
And, blythe, the lamb pursues, in merry chase,
His twin around the bush; the linnet, then,
Within the prickly fortress builds her bower,
And warmly lines it round, with hair and wool
Inwove."

Most observers find the swallow nesting in May. Browning, absent from England, remembers that this month "the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows."

"Towards the end of April or the beginning of May," says Yarrell, "should the season be favorable, the site of the nest is chosen." Owen Meredith recognizes an April builder as early: —

"O swallow, chirping in the sparkling eaves,
Why hast thou left far south thy fairy homes
To build between these drenched April leaves,
And sing me songs of spring before it comes?"

The swallow returns at this season to the "loved haunt which erst she knew," as do some other birds: —

"On ancient oak, or elm, whose topmost boughs
Begin to fail, the raven's twig-formed house
Is built; and, many a year, the selfsame tree
The aged solitary pair frequent."

Nests of other species are placed in altogether different localities: —

"In the sedge of the river the reed-sparrows build,
And the peewit among the brown clods of the
field ;"

while the curlew, which also frequents
the shore, "wisely" builds her nest
"upon the moor that's highest."

Certain birds build in communities ;
for instance, —

"Swallows, that hatch
Broods by the dwellings of men,
Colonize chimney and thatch
Fresh from migration again."

Other little colonists are mentioned by
Jean Ingelow, — martins, which

"cheeped in many a knot,
For they had ta'en a sandy plot
And scooped another Petra there."

Thomson observes that

"lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,
In early spring, his airy city builds."

The foundation of this "airy city" may
be where the trees

"cast their solemn shade around
Some village churchyard's hallowed ground ;"

or, as Warton says,

"Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall."

Often it is

"where the quenchless noise
Of jocund task-remitted boys,
Well pleased, or busy hum of men,
They hear, and back return again."

The frequent selection by rooks of building sites near schools and colleges leads us to inquire whether there can be another reason for it than the one suggested above, that they enjoy the noise and bustle of such establishments. Rev. J. G. Wood, in *My Feathered Friends*, tells us that he had from the window of his "garret in college" a view of the topmost branches of some fine elm-trees, which contained rooks' nests, and adds that "the rooks are especially under the collegiate protection." The reminiscence of another Oxford graduate, well known in the scientific world, affords a similar hint: "Once more are we seated beneath the old rook-trees in

Christ Church meadow, and congratulating the dark proprietors of the village overhead that their fortunate settlement is within the protective influence of academic laws."

One of the first things that a visitor notices on the school grounds at Rugby is the rookery. He is at once reminded of the evening when Tom Brown and his "little chum" looked from the west window of the latter's sick-room "into the tops of the great feathery elms, round which the rooks were circling and clanging," young and old "talking in chorus ;" of the boys' wonder as to whether the "old blackies" did talk or have prayers ; and of Tom's pertinent conclusion, in view of some remorseful recollections which it is not difficult to surmise, that Doctor Arnold, for "stopping the slinging," must be gratefully remembered in the rooks' prayers. And we are inclined to speculate, half seriously, whether rooks place themselves consciously under the protection of academic laws.

Like towns terrestrial, these "towns aerial 'mid the waving tree" are of gradual growth. Poets have remarked that birds "mend" "and retrim their nests." As early as February the rook commences operations. According to Gilbert White,

"the cawing rook
Anticipates the spring, selects her mate,
Haunts her tall nest-trees, and with sedulous care
Repairs her wicker eyrie, tempest-torn."

And Mant further notes the fact that the old birds reserve to themselves the easier task —

"The ruins of the former year
Afresh to garnish," —

remorselessly imposing upon the younger members of the commonwealth the burden of constructing

"The fabric of their mansions new ;"
also that they combine to punish any thoughtless or lawless young citizen that may attempt to shirk and help himself to a house or materials already pre-

pared. Herons also are gregarious in nesting, and

"make
On wooded isle, 'mid inland lake,
Aloft, a congregated town,"

or a "social city beside the moist fen."

It has been remarked that there is as much individuality in the nest as in the bird. The instinct that prompts the song thrush to build

"ere the sprouted foliage shield
Her dwelling from the biting air
Bids her no less her home prepare
Impervious to the impending storm,
A chinkless mansion, close and warm;"

and, says Clare,

"often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils, from day to day:
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modeled it within with wood and clay."

The plastic substance and bits of decayed wood which compose the thin but water-tight lining of the thrush's nest are prepared, smoothed, and given a "cup-like" shape by the bird's own

"plastic breast,
And bill with native moisture fraught."

Another early builder is the blackbird:

"And see
His jetty breast embrowned; the rounded clay
His jetty breast has soiled."

Other birds make use of very different materials. The kingfisher

"builds his nest of the pearly fish-bone,
Deep, deep in the bank, far retired and alone."
One of the curiosities of bird architecture is the nest of the long-tailed titmouse: an "oval ball of moss," with a "window in the wall," and "as full of feathers as can be;" wrought by the little creature

"Without a tool to aid her skill, —
Nought but her little feet and bill;
Without a pattern whence to trace
This little roofed-in dwelling-place."

The blue tit fits up the interior of his domicile with some soft substance, and uses spiders' webs for finishing: —

"And now look at his nest, made with exquisite
care,
Of lichen, and moss, and the soft, downy feather,
And the web of the spider to keep it together.

How he twists, how he turns, with a harlequin
grace!

He can't lift a feather without a grimace;
He carries the moss in his bill with an air,
And he laughs at the spider he robs of his lair."

The wren's nest, "close and vaulted o'er," with its "little gateway porch," and with the "finest plumes and downs" so "softly warped" within, is a marvel of skill, but the pictures of Grahame and Wordsworth scarcely fail of doing justice to the exquisite workmanship of the little architect. Not less interesting, perhaps, is Mary Howitt's description of the sparrow's "uncostly nest: "

"Not neatly wove with tender care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair;
But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends."

Poets have observed the simple construction of the wood-pigeon's "sprig-formed nest," —

"laid so thinly, that the light of day
Is through it seen;"

and how

"The cushat and the turtle doves
On the tall fir of transverse sticks
Their artless dwelling rudely fix,
Where on the gazer's eye below
Gleam their twin eggs of drifted snow."

Sometimes the furnishing within is of the most costly material. The eider duck, that rears her young on bleak northern islands, lines her nest thickly with the beautiful down of her own breast; not once, merely, but, if the nest is plundered, until her own supply is exhausted, and then, says Hartwig in his *Polar World*, "with a plaintive voice she calls her mate to her assistance, who willingly plucks the soft feathers from his breast to supply the deficiency," the down furnished by the latter being recognized by those that rob these nests as whiter than that of the female. In the following extract, the soul of a lady in purgatory is represented as speaking: —

"For where the brown duck stripped her breast
For her dear eggs and windy nest,
Three times her bitter spoil was won
For woman; and when all was done
She called her snow-white piteous drake,
Who plucked his bosom for our sake."

Surely

"With instinctive love is drest
The eider's downy cradle."

The author of *The Paradise of Birds*
was not ignorant of their nesting habits :

"See, here are burrows for the puffins' homes,
Gray lichens whence the titmice build their
domes,
Broad hawthorn for the chaffinches, and high
Spruce for the rook, the ring dove, and the pie.
Here, too, are streams, where, on the outreaching
boughs,
The water-hen may hang her balanced house."

Other British birds construct hanging
nests : —

"There the wren, golden-crested, so lovely to see,
Hangs its delicate nest from the twigs of the
tree."

It is a British poet that bids the golden
oriole its

"woven cradle 'mid my trees
Of black Morelloes hang."

The nest of the chaffinch displays in a
striking manner the protective power
of instinct. "It is," observes Morris
(*Nests and Eggs of British Birds*),
"usually so well adapted to the color of
the place where it is built as to elude
detection from any chance passer-by ;
close scrutiny is required to discover it."
Sometimes it is, as described by another,

"well disguised
With lichens grey, and mosses gradual blent,
As if it were a knurle in the bough."

Hurdis calls attention to the apparent
disadvantages under which a bird labors : —

"No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join ; his little beak was all."

But Courthope makes the birds claim
that the advantages of knowing how to
use both tools and materials are with
them rather than with man : —

"And next it was plain that he in the rain
Was forced to sit dripping and blind,
While the reed-warbler swung in a nest with
her young,
Deep-sheltered and warm from the wind.
So our homes in the boughs made him think of
the house ;
And the swallow, to help him invent,

Revealed the best way to economize clay,
And bricks to combine with cement.
The knowledge withal of the carpenter's awl
Is drawn from the nuthatch's bill,
And the sand-martin's pains in the hazel-clad
lanes
Instructed the mason to drill."

Nor are these examples found exclu-
sively in modern poets, or those even
since the time of Thomson. Marvell
notes that the corn crake builds in a
hollow "below the grass's root ;" Mil-
ton, that

"the eagle and the stork"
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build ;"

Shakespeare, that

"the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,"

utilizing every "jutting," "frieze," "but-
tress," and "coigne of vantage ;" and a
hundred years before, Skelton had ob-
served that the nest of the stork was
made on "chymneyes to rest." That
birds occasionally are found nesting in
very unexpected places has been some-
times taken advantage of by poets.
Leigh Hunt's *The Trumpets of Dool-
karnein* and Cowper's *The Chaffinch's
Nest* are notable examples of this.

So far from its being true that this
wonderful chapter in bird history has
been almost wholly neglected by Brit-
ish poets, it could hardly be too much
to say that any one wholly ignorant of
the subject might become quite well in-
formed as to the nesting habits of Brit-
ish birds by a careful reading of British
poetry. Some of the most apt expres-
sions employed by ornithological writers,
even of the present day, seem almost to
have originated with the poets.

The author's assertion that the turtle
dove is "habitually described as lament-
ing her dead 'stock dove,' or 'ring
dove,'" and the fact that his quotations
from the poets do not show even an at-
tempt to prove it, have been mentioned.
He goes on to say that she is "as such
condoled with, while all the time the
bird has just come from Syria, where
it hatched a brood of young ones only

three months ago, and now, mated to another spouse, is again the happy mother of another couplet."

Three months before the arrival of the turtle dove in England, the last of April or beginning of May, it is in its winter haunts. That, as a rule, birds do not nest in their winter quarters seems to be evident. Once a year, as is well known, birds have the impulse to mate. This impulse is accompanied by a remarkable physical vigor, which produces very striking changes in their appearance and habits:—

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;"

and

"Frae fields where spring her sweets has blawn

Wi' caller verdure o'er the lawn,

The gowdspink comes in new attire."

This change of plumage is apparent to a greater or less extent in all the birds with which we are acquainted, and "spring plumage," "nuptial attire," "wedding dress," are common forms of expression in describing birds.

The vocal organs are also especially strengthened and excited, so that the music of birds is one of the most noticeable features of spring. Even the notes of those not usually considered singing birds are modified during this period:—

"The raven croaks a softer way,
His sooty love to woo."

Peculiar gestures are observed, which Professor Newton speaks of as "akin to the song." The beginning, duration, and ending of this season vary, lasting with some species until two or three broods are hatched. These are matters of common observation in respect to the resident British birds, among which are numbered many of the most familiar species. After this term is past, the seasonal plumes and tufts and the exceptional brilliancy of plumage disappear, the song for the most part ceases,

and there is no recurrence of them until another spring. It is said to be a fact (Blackwall's *Researches in Zoölogy*) that "most songsters are absolutely unable to continue their melodious strains beyond the latter end of July or the beginning of August." Whatever prolongation of this period there may be in the case of cage birds and domestic fowls is thought to be due to the constant supply of nutritious and suitable food, and it is probable that occasional irregularities in the nesting of wild birds may be in part thus explained.

At this season many birds have the instinct to migrate,—

"Strange yearnings come

For the unknown shelter by undreamed of shores."

The winter habits of some of the migratory birds are well known, for they leave the north to winter in England. These birds do not nest in England in the winter, but return in spring to the northern regions, and rear their young ones in their own old homes. The number of birds that remain in New England throughout the year, or that migrate from the north to winter with us, is comparatively small, but no winter nesting has been noticed here. Obviously, then, we must infer that the birds that come from the south to enliven the spring of Great Britain and New England by their beauty and their song return in the autumn mute and "sober-suited," sometimes to moult, at any rate to rest, but not to nest, in their winter quarters; in other words, that the nesting impulse is annual, and that birds do not mate a second time in their places of winter resort.

The correctness of this inference is confirmed by the reports of residents and explorers in the countries which become the winter homes of migratory birds. Dr. Klunzinger, for many years resident in Egypt, whose volume on Upper Egypt includes sketches of natural history, says that "on the whole the singing of birds is not heard in

Egypt, as the birds that pass through or winter in the country do not sing in the winter season." The late Professor A. L. Adams (Notes of a Naturalist in the Nile Valley and Malta) speaks of certain song birds as "mute from their arrival [at Malta] in October up to the beginning of March."

During a winter passed in Tennessee, Mr. Wilson Flagg gave particular attention to the birds in the woods near Nashville, and he remarks that "not one was heard to sing." Florida is on the route of passage for the migratory birds of Northeastern America, and becomes the winter abiding place of many of them. Mr. J. A. Allen has written a comprehensive paper on the winter birds of East Florida, based on the observations of Messrs. Maynard and Boardman as well as his own, the researches of the three being, he thinks, equivalent to the labors of a single individual constantly in the field for at least four or five winters. But Mr. Allen's record shows no winter nesting of these birds. Audubon, who spent so many years in extensive journeyings over our continent, sometimes with the special design to trace the migrations of birds, could not have failed to note a circumstance so interesting as the nesting in a Southern State of the winter migrants there. The specimens of nests, eggs, or skins of young birds of migratory species contained in our large museums of natural history have not been obtained from their winter retreats. Brehm (*Bird-Life*) states his opinion very positively in regard to this: "Not a single migratory bird makes a new home; not one builds a nest or breeds in a foreign land;" and Seeböhm (Siberia in Europe) says, "We may lay it down as a law, to which there is probably no exception, that every bird breeds in the coldest regions of its migrations. . . . The well-authenticated stories of birds breeding a second time in the place of their winter migration

probably have the same scientific value as the stories of swallows having been found hibernating in caves and hollow trees, or of toads having been found in the recesses of otherwise solid rocks." Still, a rule which is general may not be universal, and some naturalists take exception to so unqualified a statement of this law. Harting (*Our Summer Migrants*) even thinks that many birds which summer in England and nest there, "must also nest in what we term their winter quarters." But he draws this conclusion from some cases that seem to him to be authenticated, and from certain inferences of his own respecting a few other birds. One instance is that of the red-backed shrike, said by Andersson (*Birds of Damara Land*) and others to nest in South Africa in our winter. Mr. Harting also mentions two species of sand martin. One of them, the ordinary representative of the English sand martin (our bank swallow) in India and the countries eastward, is vouched for by Mr. Edward Blyth, a field naturalist of much experience, and for more than twenty years curator of the Asiatic Society's Museum in Calcutta. "The only birds known to me," writes Mr. Blyth, "that breed in their winter quarters are two species of sand martin. In India I have been familiar enough with birds in their winter quarters, and have no hesitation in asserting that migratory species (with the remarkable exceptions named) do not even pair until they have returned to their summer haunts. Were they to do so, I could not but have repeatedly noticed the fact, and must needs have seen very many of their nests and young. . . . That our British sand martin breeds in Egypt during the winter months," continues Mr. Blyth, "is noticed in the Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society for 1863 (page 288)." This case I find to be on the authority of Canon Tristram, whose language is, "I found it breeding in Egypt in Feb-

ruary." Now Mr. J. H. Gurney, Jr., in his *Rambles of a Naturalist*, says of this bird, "The first of the spring migrants. On the 21st of February they appeared [in Egypt] in large flocks. . . . On the 6th of March they had commenced nesting operations at Siout." Some persons, no doubt, would regard this nesting which Canon Tristram observed in February, as a proof not of the bird's nesting in its winter quarters, but of an exceptionally early arrival. These are the only cases that I understand Mr. Harting to mention as authenticated.

To return to the turtle dove. We find no evidence of its being an exception to the general rule that migratory birds do not nest in the places of their winter resort. Captain Shelley (*Birds of Egypt*) remarks, "This turtle dove is abundant throughout Egypt and Nubia in the spring. It frequently breeds in the country. I first met with it on the 20th of April at Edfoo [four hundred miles or more from the coast], when it had evidently *just arrived*." Dresser (*Birds of Europe*) informs us that it winters in Africa; that it is a summer visitant in Northwest Africa; that vast numbers arrive at the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar, to cross in flocks during April and May; that in September and October this bird returns there, to retire south for the winter; that it has been met with as far south as ten degrees north latitude; also that it visits Northeast Africa regularly in the spring and autumn. Mr. Gurney, who first saw it in Egypt, April 2d, observed that the tide of birds pressed through Egypt northward in April; that by the last of the month the main troop had passed; and that when these and a few stragglers had disappeared he "saw no more birds except the residents and a few turtle doves, rufous warblers, etc., which had found their journey's end sooner than the main body, and were already commencing the duties

of incubation, not to migrate any more until the returning wave in autumn should impel them south again." From these notes it appears that the bird migrates *through* Egypt as well as Northwest Africa, both north and south, and that at the time of the spring migration some *remain* to nest, as birds of this and of other species do at various places on their routes of passage; and Captain Shelley's account affords no proof that the bird nests in its winter quarters, but strongly implies the contrary. But while a few do not leave Egypt, the most of them pass northward, vast numbers staying in Palestine, where, as Canon Tristram says, suitable food being extremely plentiful, they are more abundant than in any other country that they inhabit. According to Dresser, however, they do not remain there through the winter, and on this point the testimony of Canon Tristram is most explicit. Speaking of its use for sacrificial offerings, he says, "The turtle dove is a migrant, and can only be obtained from spring to autumn;" and again, "Its return in spring is one of the most marked epochs in the ornithological calendar. . . . Search the glades and valleys even by sultry Jordan, at the end of March, and not a turtle dove is to be seen. Return in the second week in April, and clouds of doves are feeding on the clovers of the plain. . . . So universal, so simultaneous, so conspicuous, their migration that the prophet might well place the turtle dove at the head of those birds which 'observe the time of their coming.'" It is evident, then, that it does not winter even in the southern part of Syria.

In his important paper on the migration of birds, August Weissmann speaks of it as a well-known fact that the migratory birds that cross the Mediterranean make the transit only at certain fixed points, naming four, the first of which from the west is the Straits of Gibraltar. It is easy to see that the

natural crossing place of the birds that migrate from Africa to Great Britain is the Straits of Gibraltar; also that the birds that cross at the more eastern points would naturally reach, not England, but the continent of Europe, Syria, and Asia Minor. Harting's *Our Summer Migrants* includes about fifty birds, and in Colonel Irby's *Ornithology* of the Straits of Gibraltar we find nearly every one of them noted as a bird of passage at that point. So there seems to be no probability that the turtle dove ever comes to England from Syria.

The phrase "mated to another spouse" suggests a question which naturalists answer with great caution, although it presents no difficulty to this writer. Dresser, giving the characteristics of the genus *Turtur* (turtle doves), says, "They are strictly monogamous, and are said to pair for life." According to various ornithological writers, the same is believed to be true of rock doves (including tame pigeons, all the varieties of which are thought to have sprung from this species); and Canon Tristram remarks that "from its fidelity to its mate and its habit of pairing for life, among other reasons, the dove was selected as a symbol of purity and an appropriate offering by the ancient heathens as well as the Jews." We must therefore inevitably conclude that the turtle dove does not rear a brood three months before its arrival in England, for it is then in its winter quarters, and it does not nest in its winter quarters; that it does not winter in Syria, but migrates into Syria in the spring, and nests there afterwards; that it does not come to England from Syria; also that it probably pairs for life: and that therefore the assertion, as quoted above, is erroneous and misleading in every particular.

The author thus expresses himself (page 442) on the migration of the swallow: "In swallow life, again, there is one episode above all the rest instinct with significance, — the mustering

of these little sun-worshippers for the great autumnal pilgrimage. No one seeing them even once could fail to understand the meaning of this gathering of the feathered clans. . . . Nor can there be more than one explanation of those sudden impulses to launch out into the deep-sea air, often checked as soon as they arise, but as often tempting the little travelers to take just one, and then another, and then a third preliminary sweep round the sky. Yet Thomson, after watching them diligently, came to the conclusion that they were gathered 'for play,' and were having one last good game together 'ere to their wintry slumbers they retired!' It is true he gives them the choice of

'clinging in clusters
Beneath the mouldering bark, or where,
Unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats,'

or of being 'conveyed into warmer climes;' but it is almost incomprehensible that he should have even given them a choice."

This opinion that only one explanation of these swallow gatherings is possible, and that for this only one observation is necessary, also the reproach of Thomson (spoken of elsewhere as so often absurd, and in similar terms) for any doubt he may have had, show our critic's usual discrimination.

In the time of Thomson and much later, the common interpretation of the disappearance of swallows was that they hibernated. Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell, "Swallows certainly sleep all winter. A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river." More than this, one of the greatest scientists of any age, Linnæus, who was a contemporary of Thomson, evidently considered the then prevalent theory as established; for in his *Systema Naturæ*, published a few years after Thomson's *Autumn*, he names certain species of swallow that

"demerge" at the approach of winter and with the return of spring "emerge."

This, however, was not the only explanation possible. Thomson had another, which seemed to him more reasonable, — that of migration, as is shown by the very passage referred to : —

"Or rather into warmer climes conveyed,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back."

The theory of migration, to be sure, did not originate with the poet. Ray, the great English naturalist of the previous century, had not long before discussed the question whether swallows did not migrate to the moon; concluding, however, that they did not. But the lines of Thomson, quoted above, are without doubt among the earliest expressions from any British poet, philosopher, or naturalist so decidedly in favor of the rational theory of the migration of swallows, and as such are a striking monument to the poet's advanced views on the subject. The correspondence of Gilbert White shows not only his own but the doubts of other prominent naturalists of the last century on this question. Letters of Mr. White, written forty years after Thomson's poem, contain many passages like this (which referred to a late brood of house martins, a species of swallow) : "Or rather, is it not more probable [than that they migrate] that the next church, ruin, chalk cliff, steep covert, or perhaps sand-bank, lake, or pool (as a more northern naturalist would say), may become their hibernaculum, and afford them a ready and obvious retreat?" Mr. White even wrote some verses on the torpidity of swallows in winter, drawing from their revival in spring a lesson on the resurrection, which Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, has given from the unpublished manuscript of Mr. White. Cuvier, in his *Animal Kingdom*, published nearly a hundred years after Thomson's *Autumn*, thus writes of the

bank swallow : "It appears to be unquestionable (*constant*) that it becomes torpid in the winter, and passes that season at the bottom of marshy waters." Even now the subject of hibernation is not beyond the pale of literature or of controversy. One of the most distinguished ornithologists of the present day, Dr. Coues, gives several pages of his *Birds of the Colorado Valley* (1878) to the question, "Do swallows hibernate?" In the course of this discussion, he says that he supposes our chimney swifts hibernate in hollow trees, and that he could give reasons for the supposition; also that the "most wary or the most timid student may be assured that he will find himself in perfectly respectable company, whichever side of the fence he may fall on."

I have avoided direct reference to our author's faults of style, since my purpose has been to inquire into the truth of his theory; but perhaps attention ought to be directed to his strange use of words, which often renders it impossible to see that his expressions have any significance. What does the word "pleiad" mean in his phrase "the pleiad of the doves"? There is no group of seven to which the writer can have referred. The stormy petrel takes its name "petrel" or "peterel" (little Peter) from its appearing to run on the top of the waves. In what sense is this "name itself a tragedy"? "The bittern's very name is poetry." Bittern is thought to be a corruption of *Botaurus* (the scientific name of the genus), from *bos* and *taurus*. The author of *British Birds in their Haunts* gives a different etymology. "It is," he says, "called *Botaurus* because it imitates *boatum tauri*, the bellowing of a bull," — a truly poetical name. Not to multiply these examples, I will give but one more, the striking passage with which our critic concludes his strictures as to the poets' treatment of the nightingale : "Yet with all their compliments, the poets,

so it seems to me, do not satisfy even the poetical requirements of the actual facts, nor in any measure exhaust the poetry of the natural bird. . . . Nor are the unnatural merits imagined by the poets — that it scorns to mix its song with that of other birds, and that it alone of all songsters undertakes the task of gladdening the gloomy hours of night — so poetical as the real circumstances, the modesty that makes the ‘sweet queen of song’ merge her surpassing melody into the general choir of nature during the hours of daylight, the dignity of self-respect that leads it to reserve yet one anthem more in glad thankfulness for night. Milton, Keats, and Shelley are able to grasp in its full compass the exquisite significance of the parable of the nightingale, and of night with this her solemn bird; but it eludes most.”

A goodly array of words, but what does it all mean? An appeal is made from the poets’ false fancies to the “actual facts,” the “real circumstances.” But no one for a moment imagines that it is “modesty,” or a real desire that its song, by being “merged into the general choir,” may be disregarded, that prompts the nightingale to sing by day; or that it is from a sense of its own “dignity” and “self-respect” that it sings at night. Moreover, what is the propriety in saying that the bird “reserves yet one anthem more” for night, when, as is well known, it sings at intervals throughout the night? What does the word “parable” signify here? We have had occasion to speak of this writer’s comments on Milton and the nightingale; Keats and Shelley are freely criticised and misquoted by him, and the “glaring errors” of the latter are recounted with the same zeal that he has shown in regard to other poets; and again we ask, What is this parable, the exquisite significance of which, in its full compass, these three poets, in distinction from others, have not failed to grasp?

The value of the author’s notes and criticisms can be estimated from the preceding.

In the second part of the volume we have a Synopsis of the Poets’ References to Birds, Arranged Alphabetically according to Species. If these references are really arranged according to any system, the basis of it is quite beyond our comprehension. Quotations on the albatross are found, not among the A’s, where we naturally look for them, but among the S’s, under the head of Sea-Fowl, which is not a specific but a general term, including hundreds of species. The canary bird and the parrot are classed *together* “alphabetically” in the “species” of *Cage Birds*. A quotation on chats and linnets is found under the head of Water-Wagtail. Of the six extracts in this division, only two refer to the wagtail; the other four, to birds belonging to at least six species and three families, none of them, however, to the same family, even, as the wagtail.

But, what is of far more importance, this collection is in no sense what it professes to be, — a synopsis of the poets’ references to birds. The American poets, who manifest “such an engaging pitifulness” and “Buddhistic kindness” to “things in fur and feathers,” are represented by two lines from Longfellow. Assuming what we are nowhere told, that the author’s design was to include only British poetry, we are led to inquire why we find nothing from Edwin Arnold, whom the compiler of these extracts calls the “latest evangelist” of this “tender gospel of sympathy;” or from Tennyson or Morris, who (with one or two earlier poets, not named) are designated as “conspicuous exceptions” to the “systematized lack of sympathy with the natural world” “betrayed” in the “whole range of British poetry;” or from dozens of British poets, who, by the general character of their poetry, or by one or more

notable poems, have shown their interest in birds. Complaint is urged repeatedly respecting the poets' failures in this or that particular, when the failure has been simply on the part of the cavalier to mention poems and extracts.

The author quotes from Marmion "the snowy ptarmigan," having previously told us that in "all the rest of the poets" there is nothing more on this bird, although its attachment to the north, its love of the cold, and its striking change of plumage are themes most appropriate for poetry. It is certainly a curious circumstance that one conversant with the whole range of British poetry should have overlooked not only Scott's references to the bird with one exception, but those of other Scotch poets. Hogg designates it as the "inmate of the cloud." Moir gives many vivid pictures of the ptarmigan as a "wintry bird," bringing to the mind visions of "naked, treeless shores," where "far north the daylight dies," and as a frequenter of the "herbless peak," a "habitant 'twixt earth and sky;" also of its "cloud-embattled nest," asking, —

"Where did first the light of day
See thee bursting from thy shell?
Was it where Ben-Nevis grey
Towers aloft o'er flood and fell?
Or where down upon the storm
Plaided shepherds gaze in wonder,
Round thy rocky sides, Cairngorm,
Rolling with its clouds and thunder?
Or, with summit, heaven directed,
Where Ben-Voirlich views, in pride,
All his skyey groves reflected
In Loch Ketturin's tide?"

English poets have written of "ptarmigans, too, from the regions of snow;" the "close-feathered" leg and foot, the

"summer vest
Of brown with lighter tints arranged,"
and the *autumn* colors of "mottled gray," before the bird

"assumes
The whiteness of his *winter* plumes,"

have not been forgotten.

Again, the writer remarks, "Or as expressing the quiet gloom of the wood-

land in the moth-time, what more striking than the word 'night-jar'? Yet only once (in Gilbert White, a naturalist) do we find it, finely supplementing the worn-out old owl." This bird is known by several names; that of Gilbert White, in the passage cited by our author, being not night-jar, but churn-owl. Wordsworth, who employs still another name for it, has several times emphasized the "soft darkness" and the "silence deeper far than deepest noon" of the twilight or evening hour by mentioning the "busy dor-hawk," which "chases the white moth with burring note." The author of *The British Months*, in his description of the night-jar's habits, speaks of its "issuing forth in evening gloom," to

"chase in airy ring
The night-moth's soft and downy wing."

I recall other poems on this "nocturnal haunter of the homeless sky," whose

"voice unto me seems
Coming o'er the evening meadows,
From a dark brown land of shadows,
Like a pleasant voice of dreams."

It is more than once implied in regard to sea-mews that they have received no special attention from the poets, but are only "thrown in as adjuncts of sea scenery." The poems on this bird by Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow (not to mention others) cannot be unfamiliar to most readers of English poetry.

This synopsis fails more in respect to what is contained in it than in what is omitted. The extracts are often too brief to give any idea of the poets' treatment of the birds; yet very frequently the references are so inaccurate, both as to poems and authors, that they would not be of service to any one desiring to investigate for himself. I will point out some of the ways in which this inaccuracy is shown.

Quotations are ascribed to the wrong authors. For example, the line

"Over his own sweet voice the stock dove broods,"
from one of Wordsworth's best known poems, is credited (page 173) to Gra-

hame; stanzas from William Howitt's familiar poem, *The Departure of the Swallow* (page 445), to W. Smith; and an extract from Keats's *Epistle to Charles Cowden-Clarke* (page 451), to Shelley. Not only so, but the same passage is sometimes attributed to more than one author.

Again, translations are assigned to the translators as original poems, to whom is also imputed the motive which prompted the writing of them. A poem on the swallow, by a Greek poet, *Evenus*, is (page 450) ascribed to Cowper, the latter being one of numerous translators of it; but elsewhere the writer, speaking of the swallow, says, "Cowper sees it catch a locust, and remonstrates with it," and cites in illustration a stanza from this poem. This must be the first time since literature has had a history that a poet has been made responsible for the conception of a poem, written as the result of his personal experience, more than two thousand years before he was born. On page 449 is another poem of which Cowper, who translated it, is here made the author. A line of this poem becomes (page 441) the text of another equally forcible criticism: "Cowper even pretends that there is not tradition enough [about the swallow], and concocts a fiction for himself, — that it sleeps on the wing! It is bad enough that he did not purge himself of that same heresy with regard to the bird of paradise; but that he should extend it with a high hand to the swallow is intolerable." What the author of the poem intended to say we are not now considering, but for this poet's intention Cowper is not accountable; furthermore, as to the bird of paradise, it is not mentioned in Cowper's poems, and we have no means of knowing what he thought about it.

However, errors respecting the authorship of poems do not affect their intrinsic merit. Poetry is poetry, whoever writes it; and there still remain, it may

be thought, the quotations themselves, making a compilation of the poets' own expressions about birds, which must of necessity be invaluable. Unfortunately, this is not so. Not even the poetry is left to us. An extract is frequently transposed, so that lines which belong at the beginning of it come in the middle or at the close. Very often, by the substitution of one word for another, or by the omission or insertion of words, phrases, or of one or more lines, a passage is transformed, with utter disregard to rhyme, metre, syntax, or sense; and to this end the printers seem to have ingeniously and cordially conspired, although I am by no means disposed to include among typographical errors all that might at first appear to be such. I will give a few examples of the curious manner in which British poets are persistently travestied in that part of this volume in which it is claimed that they speak for themselves. Take quotation (44), page 318:—

"Through the sleek passage of her open throat
A clear unwrinkled song: then doth she point it
by short diminutions,
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety.
Crashaw: *Music's Duel*."

The metre of Crashaw's *Music's Duel* (not *Music's Duel*, as given above) is the rhymed iambic with five accents; and the slightly prosaic second line of the quotation is made to do duty for five lines of the poem according to its author.

In the last line of the second quotation on page 451, "afar" takes the place of "a fay," and Keats is thus made to say that the swan's *own*

"feet did show
Beneath the waves like *Afric's* ebony,
And on his back afar reclined voluptuously."

"Male" has been substituted for "mute" in the extract from Wordsworth on page 452:—

"As the male swan that floats adown the stream,
Or on the waters of the unruffled lake
Anchors her placid beauty."

On page 470 occurs the following : —

"As vultures o'er a camp with hovering flight
Snuff up the future *carriage of the light*,
While thousand phantoms from th' unbury'd
slain
Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain.
Gay: Trivia."

The second line of the above should finish the sentence in which it stands, and read thus : —

"Snuff up the future *carnage of the fight*."

The two lines that follow do not belong to this poem.

Thomson has a delightful picture of the redbreast in winter, commencing with these lines : —

"One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the *embroiling sky*,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit."

On page 33 of his notes our author gives this description, adding that "the fidelity to nature in this well-known quotation invests the passage with a rare charm." If the passage as he misquotes it has a "*rare charm*," it cannot be on account of its fidelity to nature, since the poet's expression "the embroiling sky" has been replaced by "the broil-

ing sun," a term suggestive of American summer days rather than of those of an English winter.

Our author thinks that a "serious induction is only justified by a sufficient collocation of instances." Without examining a tenth of the extracts with reference to errors like those last mentioned, I have found many more than a hundred, — sufficient, it would seem, to justify a serious induction as to this writer's sense of what is due (even in the simple matter of quoting poetry) to himself as an author, to the poets whom he professes to quote, and to the public.

A hint of the spirit by which he was actuated in the preparation of this volume seems to be afforded by another of his avowals in the article already alluded to : "It has, then, been recently added to my other afflictions that I should have to go rooting about, like a truffle-hunting poodle, in a great number of volumes of American verse for certain quotations that I needed." This is the kind of study that has been given to a subject at once so broad and so important from its relations to nature, to science, and to literature.

RECENT FICTION.

WE should have been obliged to Mr. Bellamy if he had not added to the title of his new story¹ the words *A Romance of Immortality*. Before one begins the book the announcement is a little unpleasant; after one has read it one is apt to regard it as fraudulent. In giving an account of a book which misses — and the miss is as good as a mile — of being a great book, we are sufficiently irritated by the trick which the au-

thor has played on us to tell his secret beforehand to those who may chance to read this notice before they read the book itself.

Miss Ida Ludington, at the opening of the story, is a gentlewoman living in a New England village. At the age of twenty she was stricken with a disease which robbed her of her beauty, suddenly aged her, and threw her into a hopeless state of regret over her lost youth. She has withdrawn herself from the companionship of a society in which she was once a central figure, and now

¹ *Miss Ludington's Sister*. A Romance of Immortality. By EDWARD BELLAMY. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

lives chiefly in the memory of an irrecoverable past. The death of her father leaves her almost without kin, but with sufficient means to consult only her own whims. The accession to a large property shortly after confirms her in a decision which has long filled her imagination. She removes from a village which is rapidly succumbing to the inrush of modern improvements, and takes up her residence on Long Island; but she carries with her exact measurements of the village of her youth, and pleases herself with a complete reconstruction upon her new estate. Not only does she rebuild her own house in fac-simile, but she reproduces the village street, the other houses, the meeting-house, and the school-house.

In this ghostly village she makes her home, and so far as is possible reconstructs in imagination her shattered girlhood. She has had a miniature which represents her before the decay of her beauty painted life-size and hung in the chief place in her house. At this point she receives into her home an orphan child, the legacy of a remote cousin. The boy at once stretches out his hands to the beautiful lady hanging in the picture-frame, and thus wins the love of the lonely woman. He grows up in her society, hears her talk of her lost youth, and every year becomes more devoted in his romantic attachment to the girl in the frame. At last he graduates from college, but before returning to his home he writes to Miss Ludington a philosophical letter, in which he discloses the faith which has taken possession of him. He believes in immortality, but in an immortality of persons who go to make up an individual. Listen to him:—

“The individual, in its career of seventy years, has not one body, but many, each wholly new. It is a commonplace of physiology that there is not a particle in the body to-day that was in it a few years ago. Shall we say that none of

these bodies has a soul except the last, merely because the last decays more suddenly than the others? . . . Either there is no immortality for us which is intelligible or satisfying, or childhood, youth, manhood, age, and all the other persons who make up an individual live forever, and one day will meet and be together in God's eternal present; and when the several souls of an individual are in harmony, no doubt he will perfect their felicity by joining them with a tie that shall be incomparably more tender and intimate than any earthy union ever dreamed of, constituting a life, one yet manifold,—a harp of many strings, not struck successively as here on earth, but blending in rich accord.”

The practical outcome of this philosophy is that the Ida Ludington of the portrait died during the sickness of her forlorn successor, and now lives in the spiritual life, and will hereafter be known as other souls are known. The faith in this investiture of immortality forbids Paul De Riemer to transfer his devotion to any other woman. This is his love; this shall remain his love until he meets her after his own death,—which, by the way, does not seem connected in his mind with that fragmentary personality bestowed by him on his love. It is an undivided Paul who is betrothed to her. The confidence with which he broaches this doctrine carries away Miss Ludington, and she becomes a joyful convert to the same belief. Some day she shall see this beauteous creature. Meanwhile she is consoled for her own fading life, puts off her cheerlessness of dress and behavior, and looks upon the world with new delight.

It chanced that, when shopping in Brooklyn, Miss Ludington falls in with an old schoolmate, whom she has not seen since her girlhood. She persuades the woman to return with her to her home, and enjoys the amazement with which Mrs. Slater discovers the village

which belonged so entirely to her past. The conversation naturally turns upon this new faith of Miss Ludington and Paul, and Mrs. Slater, who has had some half-believing dealings with mediums, suggests, half in earnest and half in rail-lery, that if their doctrine be correct they may be able to see the materialized spirit of the portrait girl. She mentions a friend who has had successful encounters with a very remarkable medium. Paul seizes upon the notion. He is infatuated with his love, and will run any risk, if by chance he may realize her to himself.

Mrs. Slater disappears from the scene the next day, but in course of time sends the address of the medium, and Paul, whose resolution has not faltered, although Miss Ludington's has, promptly follows the clue. The two arrange for a séance with Mrs. Legrand, who, with her agent, Dr. Hull, has been exceedingly interested in the problem; and sure enough, the conditions are favorable, and Miss Ludington and Paul do receive a material revelation of the portrait Ida. The medium, however, is exhausted by the singular manifestation of her power and all that is involved in it, and it is some time before she is able to repeat the séance. Paul, meanwhile, after the glimpse he has had, is in an agony of pleasure. His mind dwells upon the great problem, and the question occurs to him, Since the materialization of the spirit is dependent upon the vitality of the medium, what would be the result if, under the intense strain, the medium should actually die after the spirit had been materialized? Since the will of the medium called up the spirit and sent it back into the spirit world, what if the medium should have no power to remit the spirit?

The question is answered by the fact. The medium does break down under the strain; and while the others are horror-stricken about the couch of the woman, Paul sees, with a tremor, that the beau-

tiful Ida hovers distractedly about, bewildered and overpowered by the loss of some will, or rather by the faithful presence of a body. Miss Ludington and Paul take her with them to their home, and there she is shown her own portrait, but, more than that, discovers with delight the familiar scenes of her earthly life. She is at home, though still in a maze; but the two, profoundly stirred by this realization of their belief, indoctrinate her with it, and life begins for her anew in subtle joy.

Miss Ludington shows her old books and toys, and they dwell together upon the former life, details of which come readily to the mind of the girl. Paul, meanwhile, is in a state of torture. His love has matured through years of consecration, but what response is there from her? None at all, apparently. Why should there be? He is a stranger to her. The secret, however, is soon told, and the girl accepts the lover with a simple straightforwardness. But now certain practical difficulties arise. Who is this maiden? What name has she, — what right and title before the law? The questions propound themselves when Miss Ludington is moved to make some provision for her, in case of her own death; they occur very forcibly when the material interests of marriage are considered. The difficulty of relationship in the intercourse of the two women is set aside for the present by regarding the girl as Miss Ludington's sister; but the girl herself shrinks painfully from a determination of the several questions. Indeed, the approach of marriage causes her to manifest a most painful sadness, and her lover surprises her one day in uncontrollable grief. He seeks to comfort her, and is himself smitten with a profound sense of the impossibility of turning the relation which he has held to her into an earthly one. Who is he, that he should dare to wed this soul come back from heaven! He rises into a state of self-renunciation; he re-

veals the thought of his heart, and the girl's grief is checked. She is mute, and then, as if quieted by his resolve, leaves him.

She leaves him and Miss Ludington in good truth, for that night she disappears. Possibly, in our hurried *précis*, we have prepared the reader for the inevitable note on the dressing-table, which discloses the art by which these two dreamers have been beguiled. The girl come down from heaven was the daughter of Mrs. Slater. Dr. Hull was her father, Mrs. Legrand her aunt. Mrs. Slater, accidentally thrown in with Miss Ludington, devised the plot, and the four perfected it. Everything worked well up to the point we have reached in our narrative, but now the girl's better nature supplied the mine which exploded the whole scheme. She was by nature gifted with theatrical power, and she had been carefully trained in the piece by her mother, who provided her with the necessary facts in Miss Ludington's early life. Mrs. Legrand did not die; the girl had come down out of a trap-door. The whole thing was a trick played upon two credulous people. But when the girl entered their home and received their lavish love, and when, more than that, her own heart went out to Paul, deception was no longer possible. Her grief had arisen from this cause; her heart was breaking; but when Paul placed her, an arrant cheat, above his reach, her nature could no longer withstand the appeal of her conscience, and she fled.

The end is quickly told. Paul discovers that he loves the flesh and blood which his imagination has invested with a heavenly nature. Her repentance draws him still closer to her. Now he can have her, and he seeks her until he finds her. Miss Ludington and Paul wake from their dream to a more satisfactory reality.

We are perfectly ready to expose ourselves to the charge of fatuous credu-

lity when we admit that we kept along with the author up to the moment of the *dénoûment* in an unsuspecting frame of mind. Of course we did not believe in the actual materialization of the spirit, any more than we accepted the doctrine of momentary immortality, or, farther back, were misled into believing that any woman could have reproduced a ghostly village on Long Island, within driving distance of Brooklyn, and within calling distance of the reporters of the Brooklyn Union. What we mean is that, accepting the author as a romancer, we delivered ourselves up to him, and found every step a continuation of the last. The whole story as far as the revelation is consistent, and even carries one over the thin ice of a spiritualistic séance. Nay, more, the conception is in a high degree original, and is wrought with extraordinary skill. The author himself seems to believe in his imagination. The whole tone of the narrative is exquisite in its purity and gentle melancholy. Dr. Heidenhoff's Process had prepared us for good work, but we kept saying to ourselves, This is more than ingenious,—it is beautiful; it is more than fancy,—it is a piece of fine though extravagant imagination. The quaintness of the conceit disappeared before the pathos of the situation. The unreality of scene and persons was forgotten. The light which never was on sea or land was sufficient to give color and warmth and the breath of life to this still village and its inhabitants. Not a false note seems to have been struck. If Mr. Bellamy had carried out the romance in the same scheme, he would have produced an original and lasting piece of art.

He has not done this. He has chosen to throw away a great opportunity. He has begun a statue in marble, and left it upon legs of clay. There is no excuse for this wanton misuse of high power. Hawthorne never would have been guilty of such an outrage, and yet in the

earlier part of the story Mr. Bellamy comes nearer to Hawthorne than any writer whom we have. Indeed, the more we look at the matter, the more our indignation gives way to a pity and the sense of personal loss. We thought we were in the hands of a magician, and we find he was only a juggler. In these days when realism holds us in its chains, we look for an escape; we ask for some strong spiritual imagination, and when we think we are in the shadow of its wings we suddenly drop upon a very disillusionized earth. In truth, we can almost fancy Mr. Bellamy himself sharing our disappointment. Does he not look with some dismay upon the wreck of his imagination? Did he foresee the end from the beginning, or was he betrayed into a trap and obliged to get out by sleight of hand? Does he really think that the ethical change in *Ida Slater* compensates for the loss of a beautiful piece of art?

If any one wishes contrasts in his novel-reading, let him lay down *Miss Ludington's Sister* and take up *The Crime of Henry Vane*.¹ Here he will find himself untroubled by any glimpses of immortality, whether real or imaginary, but hemmed about by a most merciless world, the exit from which is by the narrow gate of suicide. Henry Vane, upon whom a jury of his friends sit in the first chapter of the book, is as complete a representative of the world with no nonsense about it as Paul De Riemer is not. He is introduced to the reader as "sitting on the *perron* of a small summer-house in Brittany, poking the pebbles in the driveway with his cane." He has just been refused by the young Englishwoman to whom he had offered himself in marriage. The author, having started his hero with a supposed misfortune, proceeds to rob him of his sister, who dies; of his trust in his fa-

ther, who has speculated and lost his property; then of his father, who dies; and of his mother, who goes insane. A dozen pages or so suffice for these incidents, and Mr. Vane is now stripped and ready for the fray. He is just twenty-one, and very completely his own master. With the coolness and iron will which belongs to heroes of that masterly age, he returns to America, devotes himself for three years to the necessary struggle with fortune, and emerges, still cool, but rich and with his hand on the lever which makes the engine go. Another dozen pages. He is now ready for the great battle of life, his antagonist being a young lady, introduced to the reader as Miss Baby Thomas. Why baby, the reader is never told. Nothing in the description of the young lady, who appears to be full grown in all the arts of feminine warfare, answers to the name. Perhaps there was a subtle suggestion in the pitting of a baby against the iron-bound hero. The author, however, does not intend the reader to remember the name; once only, afterward, does it occur, we think. Miss Thomas now leads the hero a dance through the rest of the book. The incidents are not varied. They belong to the conventional life of young men and women in New York. A walk up Fifth Avenue is taken, or it is not taken. A steamboat ride up the Hudson, with a picnic and a sudden shower; a handkerchief; a german; a few weeks at a semi-fashionable country resort, — these supply the scenery of the story. Mr. Vane goes suddenly to Europe. He puts an ocean between himself and Miss Thomas, partly to find out his own mind. He spends great ingenuity in trying to find out Miss Thomas's mind. He works assiduously at his own. He is never quite sure if she is flirting; he is not quite sure if he is himself in earnest. It is a ballet, in which the motions constantly suggest a collision and a narrow escape. Meanwhile, the author, without saying a word

¹ *The Crime of Henry Vane. A Study with a Moral.* By J. S. OF DALE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

in his own person, appeals to the reader like a dumb chorus, beseeching him in pantomime to observe what a terrible encounter this is. The short, sharp sentences, the semi-oaths which escape the hedge of the teeth, the whole air of the book, announce a tragedy. The lady is beautiful, she is winning; she does not appear to the reader very wicked, but he feels all the while that if the chorus could only speak it would burst out in a torrent of words to show how unutterably cruel the girl is. The man, with his hesitations, with his cowardice, with his playing with love, is the victim of one of the deepest-laid plots ever devised by serpentine woman. So the chorus, in its dumb anguish, manages to hint. Finally, the girl marries another man, who has been seen by the reader scuttling round the corner several times. Then Henry Vane, the long tried, the much enduring, the Job who never cursed his Maker, because he did not believe he had one, but sat down in a nineteenth-century railroad office and conjured all his flocks and herds back again, — this iron-clad hero, with all the coolness of a man who has looked into the volcano of this world and seen that there was nothing in it, blows his brains out. The reader is expected to join the jury and give his verdict. The author apparently withholds his own judgment. What was Henry Vane's crime? he asks mysteriously; did he commit it? And if he committed it, was he justly punished by himself? The reader may fairly answer, The facts are not all in; you have not called some of the principal witnesses. Mr. Ten Eyck, for example, could have told an interesting story. Miss Thomas herself was not really on the stand, and if, as we dimly suspect, the author is undertaking to hold fickle woman responsible for all the misery in the world, we can only reply that the world is not made up of young men and women of about the age of twenty-four, and that the

jury which sits upon character is not made up of club-men.

The reader of Miss Jewett's *A Country Doctor*¹ is more inclined to compare it with her previous stories than with other people's novels. It is always interesting to see how a writer of short stories will handle a novel, and Miss Jewett has made for herself so good a place by her earlier books that one feels a personal interest in the success of her first long flight. We believe emphatically in the wisdom of such ventures. An artist may have a peculiar gift for miniature-painting, but he will paint miniatures all the better for occasionally trying his hand at a life-size picture. It may be said that *A Country Doctor* is in effect an extended short story; that is, more room is allowed for the expansion of character, more details are given in the separate scenes, a longer stretch of continuous time is covered, but the theme is as simple and the real action as brief as if the author had undertaken to present a study of life within the compass of an ordinary single-number story. Miss Jewett has an excellent subject in the life of a young girl who is predestined to the career of a country doctor. She has blended with her delineation of this life a delightful sketch of a typical country doctor, and she has introduced other characters, drawn chiefly from the class with which she has already shown herself familiar. She has not set herself a very complex problem. The resolution to study medicine is taken by a girl who has no great opposition to brave. Her guardian supports her in her resolve, her own nature witnesses to its inevitableness, and the world is not brought in to object until the resolve has made good headway into action. The task which Miss Jewett has thus had to accomplish has been the faithful portrayal of a character ripen-

¹ *A Country Doctor*. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

ing under favorable conditions, and this task exactly fits her power. In saying this, we do not in the least disparage her work; on the contrary, we assert for her a high quality of literary skill. It is no mean thing to dispense with strong contrasts and to make much of delicate shades. This is what Miss Jewett has done. She has, in the first place, made an interesting book. Then she has made a wise book. One is struck by the serene good sense which characterizes the defense of the girl's position. She has made, finally, a graceful book. It is much to be in company with such genuine high breeding, such unfailing courtesy. There are touches, moreover, of something higher; quiet passages which glow with a still beauty. How charming, for example, is the little series of pictures illustrating Dr. Leslie's successive views of the child Nan! "He always liked to see her come into church on Sundays, her steps growing quicker and surer as her good grandmother's became more feeble. The doctor was a lonely man, in spite of his many friends, and he found himself watching for the little brown face that, half-way across the old meeting-house, would turn round to look for him more than once during the service. At first there was only the top of little Nan Prince's prim best bonnet or hood to be seen, unless it was when she stood up in prayer-time; but soon the bright eyes rose like stars above the horizon of the pew railing; and next there was the whole well-poised little head, and the tall child was possessed by a sense of propriety, and only ventured one or two discreet glances at her old friend."

The development of Nan's mind is well given. We question only if the author has put with sufficient incisiveness the reactionary period, when the girl seems to have forgotten her intention, and to be waiting for the spirit to move her again. This eddy in her life is true to nature, but we doubt a little

if its full meaning is clearly expressed; for the reader feels a little surprise when Nan begins all over again, as it were. The faint struggle in her nature when love is offered is cleverly given, though one is aware of a certain timidity in the author when presenting this phase. The lover is sketched good-naturedly, but not with very strong lines, and one feels that Nan's slight stirring of love did not receive a very strong reinforcement from the nature of the man who excited it. The whole passage, however, is in tone with the rest of the book.

A curious comparison might be instituted between this book and Björnson's *The Fisher Maiden*, where the heroine, of a much more tumultuous nature, is likewise possessed of a passion for a profession which the world in which she lives frowns upon. Björnson deals with the whole matter in a masculine manner, Miss Jewett in a feminine. Nothing very strange in this, to be sure; but while Björnson, in his vigorous fashion, forgets his story for a while in his desire to preach a doctrine, Miss Jewett maintains her art successfully in the animated scene of the tea-table discussion. We speak of her treatment as feminine, and the merit of it is that the womanliness of the work is of a thoroughly healthy sort. Heaven be praised for a handling of the theme which is absolutely free from hysterics, and regards men and women in a wholesome, honest fashion! The very seriousness with which the author regards her task is a sweet and fragrant seriousness, and one is unconsciously drawn into thinking and speaking of Nan Prince with that affectionate interest which leads Miss Jewett to lay her hand on the girl's shoulder, as it were, all through the narrative.

It seems that we never shall have done with contrasts. A Country Doctor takes one into the regions of a pure, honest maidenhood, and one is refreshed by contact with life which is strong,

unsullied, and bent on high enterprise. The world is wide, and Nan Prince is not the only type of girlhood. We must worry ourselves to the end over Phœbes like the one whose troubled career is drawn out by the author of that volcanic book which flamed away years ago, Rutledge.¹ Here also one is confronted at the outset with a problem of life, but of a different sort. He finds himself in company with a matron, well poised, of ordered life, a religious nature set in smooth circumstances, when she gets sudden tidings that her only boy, at his studies in another town, has become infatuated with a country girl, has won her heart, lost his own moral balance, and now stands condemned by conscience, but still in a position to escape punishment at the hands of the world in which he lives. We have looked over the shoulders of the mother who reads the letter bringing this news, and we are permitted to attend her midnight vigils and to hear her conversation with the girl's mother, who has made her way to the house of the man who has done this evil thing. The narrative of this interview is powerfully sketched. It is vivid, true to nature, and thoroughly dramatic. One is prepared by it for anything in the further treatment of the subject.

The question is, What shall be done? The mother and father put to each other this formidable riddle, and at last they decide to offer the boy an alternative choice: he may either marry Phœbe, bring her home in the spring, take the gardener's house to live in, and receive two thousand dollars a year from his father as clerk in his office; or he must cut off all his connections at once and take ship immediately for China, there to enter a mercantile house and remain indefinitely. The mother, whose sense of religious honor has made the former alternative the only possible one to her

mind, agrees not to write, or in any way attempt to influence the son.

Barry Crittenden elects to bring his wife home, but he is too proud to vouchsafe a word as to his own feelings, and so the ordeal is to begin. The daughters of the family know nothing more than that Barry has made a misalliance; the mother endures the shameful secret in silence. The problem which thus offers itself is the adjustment of these discordant family elements. This certainly is no mean theme, for it involves the presentation of the girl, of whom the only hint so far is that she is handsome, which was to be expected, and is a high-school graduate, and therefore, we are told, likely to be possessed of superficial culture; it involves also her endurance of all the tests which the situation naturally offers, and the trial of the young man's temper. All the signs in the early part of the book point to this as the subject of the story, and despite the disagreeable facts which lie at the basis of the novel the reader is not unwilling to accompany the author in her development of so interesting a plot. He is encouraged to believe that she takes it seriously, by some of the incidents which are introduced. By this we do not mean that the reader is eager for an ethical treatise, but that he recognizes the knottiness of the problem, and feels sure that an author capable of writing the early chapters will untie the knot, and not cut it. Here is an opportunity for character to be busily employed, and a *deus ex machina* is not essential. The excellent modeling of Mrs. Crittenden prepares the reader for an equally rounded figure in the case of each of the other personages, and the individuality of the several *dramatis personæ* gives a fine chance for a play of the personal forces.

The reader is encouraged, we say, by the appearance of incidents which give promise of a thorough development of the ethical forces. The little scene

¹ *Phœbe*. A Novel. By the Author of Rutledge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

where Phoebe goes to the Episcopal church for the first time is one of these scenes, and the reader, calmly laying aside his prejudices or partialities, is quite ready to listen to the influence which this sensation is to have upon the heroine and her character. To his surprise, he has gone down a blind alley; he is on a road that leads no whither. He is not a bit farther into the real story.

It is all very well to hear how the first meeting between the various persons comes off. The quickness of the heroine to take in the situation and rip up her countrified gown is to be expected, — any novelist, especially if a woman, would have carried us safely through this phase; but the trouble is that nearly all the movements in the story are quite as superficial and external. We say this in full recollection of the central point of the story, — that upon which the plot hinges. Here we have a number of carefully considered characters, each capable of real thought, real suffering, real passion; and when the test supplied by the author is presented, they all turn into automata. The most threadbare of incidents is used for the crisis. The heroine finds a note, in her husband's handwriting, which purports to be a passionate love-letter to his old flame. It is really a copy of a part in private theatricals, but blinded by jealousy she snatches her child up, packs her trunk, and flees. Instead of finding the story which the book seemed to promise, one is treated to a cheap piece of sensationalism; everybody is rendered miserable for the rest of the book, and when the wreck is cleared at the end very few valuables are saved. It is a disappointment indeed to the reader to find himself offered a stone, when his hostess really had a capital loaf in her hand all the time. One of the best touches in the book is where the heroine laughs at the discovery of the heroine's mistake. The reader laughs, too, but

for all that he has not been invited to a comedy.

We scarcely need to do more than remind readers of *The Atlantic* that they can now enjoy *A Roman Singer*¹ over again in the proportions of a book; but after surveying recent fiction, — not only the books which we have here noted, but others which go to make up the great account, — we settle down to the conviction that for a good, honest story, vigorously told, Mr. Crawford's is the most satisfactory thing we have had in America this year. Here is the passionate, Romeo-like lover, the northern Juliet, the obdurate father, the hoary villain, the castle with the maiden immured in its tower, the rescue, the marriage, and the unreconciled father — all the stock, well-worn, and acceptable properties of the novel — transmuted into a story of to-day, and presented with the well-restrained garrulousness of a professor who has a story of his own, which he won't tell. What more could one ask? The charm of it is that while it might have been melodrama it is not; that the situations are not impossible, not highly wrought, yet are ingenious and follow in swift succession; that the romantic element, while fervid, is not blatant; and above all, that the love which is the theme of the book is honest and straightforward. We especially like the form in which Mr. Crawford has cast the story. By putting it into the mouth of Cornelio Grandi, he allows himself to suffuse the whole work with an Italian air. It is true, he now and then forgets himself, and changes from the slightly falsetto tones of Grandi to his natural voice, when he is very much in earnest; but these slips are not obtrusive, and one comes to have a very good acquaintance with the old fellow, and to see him on his way back to Serveti with hearty good will. The use of this form is maintained with tolerable consistency, but

¹ *A Roman Singer*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

we have learned to accept carelessness in it, much as we accept good-naturedly the absurdities of opera. There are not many instances of thorough faithfulness in carrying out the conception of one man telling the story, who is not the principal character, and yet tells it in the first person. Mr. James achieved a greater feat in Roderick Hudson, where Rowland Mallet is the concealed storyteller; he crippled himself by not even taking advantage of the autobiographic form, while telling nothing which does not come immediately under Mallet's cognizance. Now Mr. Crawford reflects himself from time to time, and explains how Grandi comes into possession of scenes which take place between two other characters, and sometimes no explanation is necessary; but there is after all a good deal of action and conversation which suppose the narrator to be merely the all-potent author.

We are disposed to grumble a little at the device by which the fiction of the Wandering Jew *redivivus* in the person of Benoni is made to crumble at the end. We distrust insane people in novels.

They can do anything they want to, and their lawlessness is their destruction as component elements of a piece of art. Why could not Mr. Crawford have allowed Benoni to end as mysteriously as he began? At least a hint would have been better than so matter of fact an explanation. Hawthorne would have teased the reader, and allowed him to take sides upon the question whether Benoni was the Wandering Jew or not; and Hawthorne would have been right in conserving so capital a figure. For all that, Benoni is a very clever study. He is like one of those photographs over which one claps a hand and says, If you cover up the mouth, that is a capital portrait of So and So; of the Wandering Jew, let us say, in this case. One of the brightest scenes in the book is where Benoni nearly drives Nino wild by playing incessantly upon one string of his violin.

It may be said of this book — and it is a fine thing to say of any novel — that it really does carry one away, and when one comes back he is none the worse for the adventure.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RARITY.

WHAT profit or entertainment there is in the perusal of a list of book titles, however learnedly selected and elegantly printed, may not be altogether plain to the uninitiated; but to the lover of books, not so much for their own sake as for their history, or scarcity, or some other purely bibliographical interest, — in other words, to that highly organized being who experiences the sensation that is known as “the feel of a library,” — this catalogue of the first books issued

¹ *Titles of the First Books from the Earliest Presses established in different Cities, Towns, and Monasteries in Europe, before the end of the Fifteenth Century, with Brief Notes upon their Print-*

from the first presses will probably afford a refined pleasure.¹ It is true that Mr. Hawkins has introduced these titles with a short preface in which he discusses once more the long-debated contest of Holland and Germany for the honor of the invention of printing; but as this is nothing more than a very learned rejoinder by a partisan on the side of Germany to Mr. Hessels' recent argument in defense of the claims of Holland, and in particular as it does not add anything *ers*. Illustrated with Reproductions of Early Types and First Engravings of the Printing Press. By RUSH C. HAWKINS. New York: J. W. Bouton. London: B. Quaritch. 1884.

to the stock of evidence, but only rearranges in a very lucid and convincing manner the old facts, we need not be detained by its musty antiquity. Probably the real moral character of that thievish runaway servant of Laurens Coster, whose flight from Holland with the secret of his master's invention was first remembered a century and a half after it took place, will never be known; and until there is some better reason than has yet been brought forward to identify him with Gutenberg, or in fact to believe that he existed, or even that his master experimented with matrixes at all, the world will continue to ascribe the most powerful element in modern civilization to the obscure Mentz printer, whose legal difficulties in the course of his invention were miraculously preserved in the rotting records of Strasburg.

Besides this discussion of the old question, the origin of the art, Mr. Hawkins gives nothing in this beautiful volume except the titles — two hundred and thirty-six in number — of the first books published in any European city or town before the year 1500, with some brief comments of a bibliographical nature and several admirable reproductions from pages of the original volumes interleaved in the text.

To the antiquarian the volume has a peculiar flavor; and since it affords a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the state of knowledge and of literature in Europe at the beginning of a new age, the scholar, also, who is interested in the successive phases of civilization will find much that is suggestive in these mere names. Naturally the first books printed in any community were either those of the highest repute among the learned, or of the greatest popularity. The Bible, of course, — the great Bib-

lia Sacra Latina of 1455, — in two large folio volumes, heads the list, and as one turns over the pages devoted to the German press he finds that theology practically monopolized attention. Italy, on the other hand, the heir of antiquity, began her printed literature characteristically with Cicero de Oratore (1465), which the little town of Subiaco, where the German printers had settled, sent forth; and in Rome and Venice, too, Cicero was the first author to receive the honor of print. Throughout the Italian list the classics occupy the same place as theology in the German. Bologna published Ovid, Parma Plutarch, Fivizzano and Modena Virgil, Savona Boëthius; and in the native tongue, to which the art was at once applied, Padua first gave its citizens Boccaccio, Jesi Dante, Polliano Petrarch. Similarly in the publications of every country one finds the national characteristic. One of the first French books was *Le Liure des Bonnes Meurs*, printed at Chablis, and in England Caxton's first book was *The Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophres*. Before the end of the century that saw the earliest leaflets of the Gutenberg press the invention had spread over Europe; the Germans carried it to their neighbors, and the Jews took it from them and disseminated it to the borders of Spain and Turkey. One cannot obtain an idea of the course of this movement more directly and simply than by the aid of this volume, by far the most complete of its kind; but it should be added that the utility of it in these ways as a chart of the times depends almost wholly on the knowledge that the reader brings with him. Generally speaking, it is merely a curious and well-annotated handbook for bibliographers, who will take further pleasure in the beauty of the volume.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

TOWARDS the close of one afternoon, when George Fuller was tired, having been at work on two portraits all day, I dropped in, and we had a long, rambling talk about Millet, Corot, Henner, the old masters, and art in general. Fuller was in a genial, talkative, twilight mood, and I am sorry that I can remember only a part of what he said. He was a good talker, because he was so much in earnest. "Portrait-painting," said he, "is a downright grind, and if it were not so interesting it would be quite too hard work. My eyes get tired looking, and my legs walking to and fro. If I can satisfy the sitter's family, I am happy. I was very shaky about the hands in Mr. —'s portrait, and worked like fury over them. If he knew I was painting on the hands, those hands would grow perfectly rigid; so I tried to fool him, sometimes, by saying, Now I am going to work on the hair, or the coat; and then he would forget about his hands, so I got a chance to observe them when they were natural. His wife pleased me by saying, when she saw the portrait, 'Those are his hands, sure enough, and nobody's else.' In that portrait of Miss — the dress bothered me more than a little. I repainted it I don't know how many times. It was always too prominent. I wanted to get away from it; I wanted to get something between it and me. At last, when the sitter was not here, I simplified it, and got it to suit me better."

I quote these remarks to show how carefully and devotedly he worked over every part of a portrait, till he was satisfied that it was as good as he could make it. In fact, more than a few persons were surprised by the portraits in the Fuller Memorial Exhibition: they had much "quality," and the best were

remarkable for a warm and rich harmony of color.

Had Fuller been educated thoroughly in his art, I believe he would have left a name far greater than any of modern times. He hated his materials, because they impeded his utterance. Suppose him to have had them under almost perfect control, like Velasquez, and there is no saying what he, with his exquisite ideals, might not have accomplished. Of course this is supposing a great deal. As it is, he accomplished surprising things through force of will and loving labor, though a most faulty workman. He never had what is called facility in the slightest degree. Men who have it, he once remarked, seldom have anything important to say. I believe he was thinking of modern men when he said this, for he knew too much not to admire the mechanical superiority of many old Dutch and Flemish works, for instance, the motives of which could make no appeal to his sympathies. He regarded tricks of technique with indifference, if not with contempt. One of his favorite practices was to scrape his pictures with the brush-handle. He wished by this means to permit the cool grays of the under-painting to show through and temper the warm flesh-tones; but he finally carried the practice to excess, applying it apparently without discrimination to flesh, draperies, background, etc. It became a mannerism, but he defended it by saying that it made no difference which end of the brush you painted with; a remark intended to cover the whole ground of the practice of the art, but which was liable to be misinterpreted. In point of fact, it makes no difference in the world which end of the brush you use, if you know what you want to do and how to do it. He never learned to draw well, and this defect

was conspicuous in some of his leading works, whereas in others it was either hidden or vanquished. His sense of color, always fine, grew more delicate and more refined, so that some of his latest pictures are the best in this regard. It was interesting to see how he wrestled with a picture, now gaining and now losing ground, but never giving up until he got what he wanted. He always knew just what that was. It was not likely to be appreciated at once by others, but it was almost always beautiful in a certain original way, — sometimes exceedingly beautiful; and its beauty was of a sort that grew upon you and held you. Power of expression was the gift that made Fuller great. With all his faults he knew how to express personal character, and could thus create ideal works, destined to live. As he was *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*, and overflowed with the milk of human kindness, he was capable of feeling the moral beauty that dwells in maidens' minds, and his youthful Winifred Dysart stands for all that is amiable, sweet, and true in our sisters.

To name his pictures was always a vexatious affair for him. One day there were several of us in the studio looking at a painting which was almost finished. "What shall I call it?" he asked. Various absurd suggestions were made and rejected: Doubt, Waiting, Listening, Suspicion, and the like. The picture was afterwards named Priscilla Fauntleroy. The title of Winifred Dysart created an untold amount of mystification. It was a pure invention, but every one thought it must be a character in fiction, and there were not wanting persons who insisted that they had read about such a person "somewhere." I do not know exactly when Arethusa was named, but it was not long before she was put on exhibition; for many visitors to the studio had seen the unfinished work, during the two or three years it was in process of completion, and noth-

ing was said about a name. Fuller had many misgivings about this picture, and asked me if in my judgment it would create scandal to put "a nude" on public exhibition in Boston. I thought not. He remarked that a certain painting by Benjamin Constant, lately exhibited, was, "to all intents and purposes," a much grosser picture than his, though not a nude. This was true enough. Every one who knew Fuller was aware of his unusual scrupulousness; he believed in art as a didactic and ethical force as well as in "art for art's sake." Beauty was to be loved because it was beauty, but he appreciated the fact that moral truth constituted the highest and most enduring form of beauty. It was this instinct which inspired the Winifred Dysart, of which the unique value consists in its being a type. No artist has better expressed the purity and sweetness of maidenhood; and what clearer title to fame could any one desire? We have plenty of American artists who, in spite of superior educational advantages, great skill and facility, with all their industry and ambition, perhaps even endowed with exceptional taste, do not give the slightest promise of greatness. What was it that Fuller had and that they lack? Nothing but an artist's temperament. His hand was not as ready as the thought.

He never studied abroad, but spent about eight months in the year 1859 traveling in Europe and seeing the works of the old masters. He did not believe that American young men should seek instruction in Paris. He advised them to stay in this country. He considered that the time was almost ripe for the foundation of a national "school" of art, and that it was delayed by the denationalization of so many of our young men. "They never outgrow the foreign habit of thought in which they are unconsciously being trained all the while they are in France," he said. In his view, the manual train-

ing they received at the same time was not so perfect in its way as to atone for this calamity. Undoubtedly the artistic gods before which he himself first worshipped were the early Americans, — Allston, Stuart, and Copley. When he roomed with Thomas Ball, the sculptor, in Boston, in the early days, all the young artists looked upon Allston as the bright particular star in the American firmament. Afterwards, through all the palmy days of the Düsseldorf school and of the French school, Fuller brooded in the silence of his home over those gracious fancies of his which were later to find adequate expression on canvas, to bring him a measure of fame he hardly expected, but which was surely no more than his due.

—“All in your eye” is a common jocose remark which has more literal truth in it than is usually intended, the reference generally being to some whimsicality or prejudice in the mental vision of the person addressed. The physical eye often abuses the authority it enjoys over the other senses; it is a born hyperbolist, a kind of mercurial Gulliver, touching now at Lilliput, now at Brobdingnag, and returning with amusing, though sometimes fallacious, reports of what it has seen abroad. How can I trust implicitly my own eyes' witness, when I take into account the prevarications practiced by the optic organs of other people? Let the testimony of different sets of eyes be admitted, it would almost seem that no sublunary object is possessed of absolute and constant size; or, to go higher, not even the moon itself appears of unvarying magnitude, since to one its disk is no larger than a dinner-plate, while to another it is exactly commensurate with a cart-wheel. As great diversity prevails even in the matter of estimating distance and making nice chromatic distinctions. It is all in the eye, or in the disciplining which the eye receives. Why does the natural, untrained sight so generally in-

cline to magnify the object on which it rests? Almost invariably the tyro enlarges the proportions of any design set him to copy.

The eye of a child and the eye of an aged person differ by something more than the degree of convexity in the visual lenses of each, by something more than the sharp sight of the one and the dim sight of the other. Something back of the eye plays the despot. From childhood the proportions of objects gradually but surely diminish to the beholder: the great houses of our early admiration dwindle, as by a reverse Arabian Nights charm; the once frowning hills at length abase themselves, and become mere gentle land-waves; besides, there are not now, as formerly, men of such notable stature as we once knew. Experience and conversance with new magnitudes and magnificent distances furnish us with other measuring criteria, sophisticate the simple eye, and lend it a prudence and moderation which it had not in the beginning. “It is all in your eye,” cautions age; “It is all in your spectacles,” thinks youth.

—Is there conceivable any greater contrast of manner and method between two literary workmen than that between Daudet and the late Anthony Trollope? There is something very droll in the picture I make for myself of the two men sitting face to face, and expounding to each other their literary theories and individual modes of working. Imagine the inward amazement of the painstaking Daudet if he could have listened to the easy-going Trollope, as the latter related the history of his literary successes and of the system of labor to which he attributed them. Fancy the smile of good-natured compassion with which Trollope would have looked into the interior of the Frenchman's mental workshop and seen him at his task of polishing a perfect page. Each would appreciate the other's intellectual industry, while marveling at that on

which it was expended, — in the one case the simple quantity of the product, in the other mainly the quality of the same. How could Trollope have comprehended even faintly the Frenchman's anxious concern for the artistic finish of the form into which his conceptions were to be thrown! Why should a man take the matter of writing a novel more or less with such intense seriousness, when if he would only set himself to work in a sensible, practical fashion, observing a few rules as to simplicity of expression and to hours of labor, nothing could be easier for him than to turn out a couple of novels a year that should please the great general public and put a comfortable number of pounds, or francs, into his pocket? Nothing more than a little systematic regulation of one's time and a common-sense, business-like way of managing one's affairs was needful — as Trollope could prove by his own example — to secure success in literature as in any other way of getting a living. One might not make a fortune: seventy thousand pounds was of course no more than a fair remuneration for as many years of work as he himself had put into the novel-writing business; yet it ought to satisfy any but a grasping man. Can we not see Daudet's puzzled shake of the head as he gives up the attempt to fathom Monsieur Trollope's philosophy? Seventy thousand pounds, or seventeen hundred thousand francs, roughly speaking, — the Englishman need not complain of fortune, certainly. And how many novels had he composed, did he say? Ah, 't was an enormous number! A wonderful man, that Trollope.

Between the method of a Daudet and a Trollope, which to choose? What is the outcome respectively of their labors? Repelled by the English novelist's lack of all grace of form, by the slovenliness and wearisome verbosity of his style and his uniform prosaic coloring, we may be tempted to deny him his due, to re-

fuse him the recognition of his fidelity to the truth of the average human nature which he paints. The reverse is apt to be the case with the reader of Daudet, or other of the skillful French writers of to-day. Their charm is the thing first felt; the delightful conviction that we have to do with an artist who takes himself and his creative work most seriously, and who will treat us to no slouched, rough-cast, half-complete work. Only after continued perusal of these accomplished writers does the sense of something wanting make itself felt. Admirable as they are, highly as we enjoy them, we note the absence of a certain impression of reality; there has not been enough of vital sympathy in the author with the humanity he would depict to create an illusion for the reader, who feels little or no warmth of personal interest in the characters, but is rather occupied mostly in pleased appreciation of the author's cleverness of construction and charm of narrative and descriptive style. The result of Trollope's intellectual activity is quite disproportionate to the effort itself. If the time spent on twenty novels had been given to the perfecting of four, the four would have been worth to us five times as much as the twenty. No wonder the man could write to order as he did, cutting off his manuscript in foot or yard lengths, according to the requirements of the publishers! Does the outcome of Daudet's minute and scrupulous labor justify the theory of literary art which guides him? If we want bread, a stone will not satisfy us, no matter how brilliant the crystal, nor how exquisitely cut. Yet we must acknowledge and allow the fact of every man's limitations, and perhaps comment and complaint are needless and useless. Great writers are few in any period, we know, and the glory they win is "the cry of gratitude" with which mankind receives the benefit bestowed. When our Thackeray and George Eliot, our Balzac and George Sand, pass, we must try to put

up contentedly with the gifts of the *dii minores*.

— There is a book by Fischer, a German scholar of high reputation, entitled *Prolusiones de Vitiis Lexicorum*, which may be freely translated as “Fun made out of the Faults of Dictionaries,” — a subject which would be very funny indeed, were there not so much that is sadly serious involved in it. The fact probably is that there is very little of fresh work done in the making of what is called a new dictionary. Were the whole field passed under careful review, it would be the task of more than one life. A recent dictionary-maker employed as a proof-reader a scholar of preëminent learning and accuracy, but soon dispensed with his services, saying — and undoubtedly with perfect truth — that with such work the dictionary could not make its appearance till the middle of the next century. A large proportion of the matter in a new dictionary must, almost of necessity, be merely copied from those that went before. I have sometimes traced a false reference through half a score of dictionaries, and in one instance I have been for years attempting to find a Latin word in the book in which it is said to have been first used, but in which it occurs nowhere in the neighborhood of the place assigned to it in all dictionaries. I am not a young man, but I cannot remember when the term *lymphatic* was not currently applied to a dull, heavy (waterlogged?) temperament. The question of its meaning was raised the other day in a friend's house, and we looked in vain for the sense to which I have referred in three quite recent dictionaries, one of them being the Imperial, a work that makes very large pretensions. I have since examined several more, with the same result. In my edition of Worcester's quarto, the adjective *lymphatic* is defined, “1. Enthusiastic; raving; insane; mad. 2. (*Anatomical*.) Pertaining to lymph.” This is substantially the defi-

nition in all the dictionaries I have consulted (and they are not few), with the single exception of the quarto edition of Webster, 1882, in which (perhaps, too, in earlier editions) *lymphatic*, as an adjective, is defined, “1. Pertaining to, containing, or conveying lymph; hence, as applied to temperament, heavy, dull. 2. Madly enthusiastic; frantic. (*Obsolete*.)” This instance is but one of many in which the major part of our dictionaries have an antiquarian rather than a present value.

— I have tried to arrest in English the evanescent charm of Gautier's human landscape:—

ÉLÉGIE.

D'ELLE que reste-t-il aujourd'hui ? Ce qui reste,
Au réveil d'un beau rêve, illusion céleste ;
Ce qui reste l'hiver des parfums du printemps,
De l'émail velouté du gazon ; au beau temps,
Des frimas de l'hiver et des neiges fondues ;
Ce qui reste le soir des larmes répandues
Le matin par l'enfant, des chansons de l'oiseau,
Du murmure léger des ondes du ruisseau,
Des soupirs argentins de la cloche, et des ombres
Quand l'aube de la nuit perce les voiles sombres.
THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

ELEGY.

Of her what doth remain to-day ? So much
As of a dream survives the daylight's touch ;
As of the scented, velvet-swarded spring
The winter keeps ; as of the winter's sting —
Hoar-frost and snow — the laughing summer feels ;
As of a morning grief the eve reveals
In infant eyes ; as sound of stream gone by ;
As song of vanished bird ; as chimes, that die
A silver death ; as shadows put to flight
When day wings arrows to the breast of night.

— From the same treasure-house whence I lately drew information concerning certain old sayings I have been able to gather the description of several kinds of dishes, drinks, etc., in vogue among our English ancestors, which may be of interest to some persons. First, let us hear what was the *posset*, a name with which we are all doubtless familiar. There was nothing remarkable about it, for it was composed simply of hot milk curdled by some strong infusion. It was held in great favor, however, both as a luxury and as

a medicine. Our nearest approach to it is whey, or milk curdled with wine or acid. The posset made with sack was a treat usually prepared for bridegrooms. Macbeth alludes to this drink when, speaking of the king's guards, he says, "I have drugged their possets." An odd custom was that of putting the flowers called *sops*, but now called pinks, into wine at weddings, to give it a flavor. Cakes, wafers, etc., were generally blessed and put into the sweet wine which was presented to the bride; and probably because in shape or color these cakes were thought to resemble the flowers, the former were called "sops in wine." *Lamb's-wool* was the curious name for a favorite liquor of the common people, composed of ale and roasted apples, the pulp of the fruit being worked into a smooth mixture with the ale. *Hippocras* was a medicated drink of red wine with sugar and spices, also commonly given at weddings.

The *manchet* was a fine white roll, named, it is thought, either from the French *michette* or *main*, because small enough to hold in the hand. Manchetts are used at Oxford and Cambridge to-day. One recipe for manchet, taken from the True Gentlewoman's Delight, by Lady Arundel, date 1676, orders the compounder to take to a bushel (!) of fine wheat-flour twenty eggs and three pounds of fresh butter, together with salt and barm and "new milk pretty hot." Another later recipe makes of manchet what we should call a pudding; the directions being to put into a buttered dish a pound of minced beef suet mixed with a quart of cream, eight yolks of eggs and the whites of four, seasoning with nutmeg, cinnamon, rose water, and two grated manchetts. *Marchpane* is a confection not unlike our macaroons, composed of sugar and almonds, according to an old housewife's book called Delights for Ladies, 1608. This cake is of very old origin, and was an especial favorite in olden times.

Speaking of the manchet being still eaten at the English universities reminds me of an anecdote told me by a friend of an American gentleman who was once dining at Cambridge, in company with various university dignitaries; and after the long and stately meal was over, and the cloth removed, a waiting-man brought in a large roll of linen, about half a yard wide, placed it on the table, and unrolled a very little of it, after which a great silver bowl was set in the middle of the board. The bowl was empty, and the whole ceremony passed unheeded by the company. The stranger guest had the curiosity to inquire of his neighbor the meaning of the observance. He, however, confessed his ignorance, and the question went round the table till it came to a person of antiquarian tastes, who said that the custom dated back to the days when gentlefolk ate with their fingers and used no napkins; that then the bowl of water was passed to each guest that he might dip his fingers in it, drying them afterward upon the linen which was unrolled the length of the table as a common napkin. While still at table, or soon after the company left it, the American heard the sounding of a bell, and on asking for what purpose it rang he met with the same difficulty in getting an answer. Again the antiquarian came to the rescue with the information that it was the "Fen-Bell," rung at the same hour every evening, in accordance with the will of a person dead ages before, who once, belated on his homeward way, lost himself in the mist among the fens, and only found his road at last by help of a bell, which indicated to him the direction of the town; in gratitude for which circumstance he ordained that a bell should ring at fixed hours of the evening, for all time to come, to guide the wanderer upon the marsh. The last of the fens having been drained hundreds of years since, the survival is an amusing instance of

the English clinging to ancient usages. But the humor of the whole to the stranger present was the fashion in which the college dons took his inquiries. Apparently they had accepted those meaningless customs for an indefinite term of years, without a thought of challenging

them, as part of the scheme of things, — like the rising and the setting of the sun, — and woke up to the question of their origin and meaning with as much bewilderment as though it had been suddenly demanded of them why two and two make four.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York) publish an edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Poems in a style of binding which would have made the poet sigh for some law which should compel American publishers, when reprinting the works of an English author, to reprint the covers as well. Indeed, one takes leave to doubt if Mr. Rossetti's poems can possibly be read by his admirers unless they are printed without red rules in a book bound in smooth green cloth, with a significant stamp, and with lining papers especially designed by Mr. Rossetti or Mr. Morris. Of course this is all nonsense, but the followers of the school do require that there shall be fitness all the way through, and the more devout would not sit down to this poetry at all if dressed in a ready-made suit and compelled to live in a boarding-house. — The same publishers send Scott's Marmion and Lay of the Last Minstrel in the same dress. Let any one try to open the latter of the two books, and he will not succeed unless he breaks the back of the book. A volume of poems should certainly invite a reader, and not slam the door in his face. — The Poetical Works of Aubrey De Vere have been collected in three volumes (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), and will be welcomed not only by Irish patriots, but by lovers of tuneful song, not led astray by the fashion of the hour. — Song and Story, Later Poems, by Edgar Fawcett. (Osgood.) — The Highlanders in Nova Zembla is an arctic poem, translated from the Dutch of Hendrik Tollens by Daniel Van Pelt, and supplied with a preface and a historical introduction by S. R. Van Campen. (Putnam's.) The prose introduction, at any rate, is readable. It passes one's imagination, however, to conceive of people really and truly supposing that a trade with the Orient could be secured by the northeast passage. If a vessel by once getting through could clear all the ice out of the way, the venture were worth trying, but one looks upon one's ancestors with amazement as one sees them deliberately offering prizes and expecting to reap golden rewards from the discovery of a northeast passage. It would seem almost as reasonable to look for great wheat-fields in Spitzbergen. — Scientific and Poetical Works of the Last of the Hereditary Bards and Skalds. (The

J. M. W. Jones Stationery and Printing Company, Chicago.) We don't understand the scientific works, which are condensed into twenty-four pages of pemmican, so we have made a dash at the poetry, and are struck at once with the beauty of the line, uttered by a soldier in a fragmentary play, —

"Lammh dearg aboo! Lammh dearg aboo!"

Not know what aboo means? Read the lines immediately preceding: —

"Tell him that ere the moon's red targe appears
The clans will pour like thunder to the field,
While their wild Aboo's, massed in tempestuous
cheers,

Will knock at the capricious clouds,
And startle their echoes unto England."

— Estelle, an Idyl of Old Virginia, by Marcus B. Allmond (J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.), a not overstrained nor unmelodious story in verse, of a kind which sometimes tempts one to think that there is more chance for honest sentiment at the South than at the North. — Eos, a Prairie Dream, and Other Poems, by Nicholas Flood Davin. (Citizen Printing and Publishing Company, Ottawa.) The author of this little pamphlet is stirred by Canadian patriotism. Well, that is not a bad breeze for Pegasus to flap his wings on.

Travel. It is not quite clear under what head should be placed J. B. Thayer's little volume, A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson (Little, Brown & Co.), but inasmuch as the book came into existence because of a journey, we place it here. Mr. Thayer wrote home from time to time letters narrating his experience upon a journey to California with a party of which Mr. Emerson was the *sequoia*. Thirteen years ago such a journey was a novelty, and the impressions then produced were worth preserving, if for no other reason; but the death of Mr. Emerson has made such chance glimpses of him as the narrative affords to have a special value. If this little book had been, for example, a record of a journey in company with Franklin, and had just come to light, it would be hailed with enthusiasm. If it should lie in manuscript until 1930 and then were brought out, it would be regarded with equal favor. It suffers a little now from association with other reminiscences, but it will keep

better in print than it could in manuscript, and we advise all who own it to bind it carefully and leave it for an heirloom. If too many persons do not do this, the copies on hand, a half century hence, will figure at good prices on the auction lists. — *To Mexico by Palace Car*, by James W. Steele (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is intended as a guide to her principal cities and capital, and generally as a tourist's introduction to her life and people. Mr. Steele's enthusiasm is manifest, but it is under control, and he has made a capital little handbook, not too desiccated, and at the same time free from mere fine writing.

Fiction. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publish a translation of Daudet's *L'Évangéliste*, by Mary Neal Sherwood. It is not exactly a case of Saul among the prophets, but perhaps the picture here presented may lead some readers of English and American versions of the Romish faith in fiction to be a little cautious as to what they accept. — *The Mistress of Ibachstein* is a novel by Fr. Henkel, translated from the German by S. E. Boggs, which one may read with heightening alarm, but with an undercurrent of faith that the most inexplicable situations will be cleared before the close, and the two people made happy. — The sixth and closing volume of the series of *The Surgeon's Stories*, by Z. Topelius, is *Times of Alchemy*. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) The detail of these stories differs from that of the realistic stories to which we are most accustomed chiefly by the infusion of a strong historical and imaginative element. The books form an interesting escape from much contemporary fiction, but one is plunged into new and confusing perils. — *Dissolving Views*, by Mrs. Andrew Lang (Harpers): an attractive novel, in which the movement of the story is helped by making the characters change their places a good many times. Mrs. Lang has caught the bright, half-jesting tone of the refined novel very cleverly, but has not dissipated her story in mere badinage. — *Himself Again*, by J. C. Goldsmith (Funk & Wagnalls): a preposterous story, in which the author uses ever so much machinery, which he does not wholly understand, for bringing about a psychological change in a man. — *A Fair Device*, by Charles Wolcott Bales-tier (John W. Lovell Company, New York), comes out just in time for the summer boarder. — *The Shadow of the War*, a story of the South in reconstruction times (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), appears to be written by a person better able to describe scenes in Southern life than to construct a piece of fiction. It is, in effect, an apology for the forcible recovery of political power by the native-born Southern whites, a passage in our history which is likely for a long while to come to offer a fruitful theme for discussion to historian and moralist. — *Miss Nancy* (David McKay, Philadelphia) is a society novel, in which simple virtue comes out triumphant. — *Mr. Laurence Oliphant's Piccadilly* has been published in book form by Harpers, who also reprint the *Miz Maze*, already recorded in these pages. — Charles Reade's *A Perilous Secret* and *A Hero and a Martyr* appear both in 16mo and in the Franklin Square Library. (Harpers.) In the Franklin Square Library also appear God-

frey Helstone, by Georgiana M. Craik, *My Ducats* and *my Daughter*, and *Lucia*, Hugh, and Another, a novel by Mrs. J. H. Needell. — *Eustis*, by Robert Aphthorp Boit (Osgood), holds out hopes that writers will turn from the international to the intersectional novel, and gives us the contrasted forms of Northern and Southern life. — *Stage-Struck*, or *She Would be an Opera Singer*, by Blanche Roosevelt (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a coarse-flavored novel, which professes to illustrate the career of a Western girl who goes abroad to qualify herself for the stage. — *A Palace Prison*, or *the Past and Present* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a story intended to expose the viciousness of the insane-asylum system. — *Wheels and Whims*. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) The wheels are those of tricycles; the whims those of four young ladies, who make an excursion on or in these centaur vehicles. One of the young ladies in the introductory chapter has blighted hopes; the blight is so entirely fictitious that the reader has not the slightest fear that the wheels will roll her into a state of perennial happiness with the fictitiously base young man of the first chapter. — *A Midsummer Madness*, by Ellen Olney Kirk (Osgood), has the author's cleverness which lacks — who shall say what it lacks? Just the something which would make her stories thoroughly enjoyable, instead of constantly suggesting echoes and second thoughts. — *The Fortunes of Rachel*, by Edward Everett Hale (Funk & Wagnalls), is an entertaining story; it is also an indirect plea for the new world which Mr. Hale's charity and hope have never ceased to construct for men and women. If he sands his granite to make it more life-like, who shall complain? — *An Average Man*, by Robert Grant (Osgood) suggests its measure too readily. — *There was Once a Man*, by R. H. Newell (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), includes the author's whole duty of man. — *At Daybreak*, by A. Stirling. (Osgood.) — *Mingo*, and other Sketches in Black and White, by Joel Chandler Harris (Osgood), contains four stories of Southern life. — *Tinkling Cymbals*, by Edgar Fawcett. (Osgood.) — *The Usurper*, an Episode in Japanese History, by Judith Gautier, has been translated by Miss Alger. (Roberts.) — *The Loyal Ronins* is an historical romance translated from the Japanese of Tamenaga Shunsui by Edward Greey and Shin-ichiro Saito. (Putnams.) — The fourth volume of *Stories by American Authors* (Scribner's Sons) contains short tales by Miss Woolson, H. C. Bunner, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Foote, J. W. De Forest, and Noah Brooks. Mr. Bunner's *Love in Old Clothes* is altogether the best sketch in the present collection. — In *The Giant's Robe* (D. Appleton & Co.) Mr. Anstey has given us a delightful story. Though not so fantastic as *Vice Versa*, *The Giant's Robe* is quite as original and diverting. — Mr. Frank R. Stockton's very ingenious sketch, *The Lady, or the Tiger?* furnishes the title to a collection of his clever short stories. (Scribner's Sons.) We do not mean to disparage them when we say that none is so clever as the first.

Art and Archeology. National Academy Notes, edited by Charles M. Kurtz (Cassell), has passed to its fourth year. It contains a complete cata-

logue of the fifty-ninth spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York; 122 illustrations, 115 of them reproduced from drawings by the artists; personal notices of the artists whose works are reproduced; a brief history of the National Academy; a plan of the building and diagrams of the galleries. The personal notices, fortunately, are condensed statements of the artistic career of the artists, entirely free from any comment; the reproductions are convenient memoranda; and the descriptions of the pictures are as a rule free from impertinence. — The Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, have issued their eighth annual report. It contains an interesting special report on the increase of the collections. — The fifth annual report of the Executive Committee and the third annual report of the Committee on the American School of Classical Studies at Athens have appeared in a single number. (John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, Mass.) The reports are incidentally interesting contributions to archaeological science. — The Amateur Photographer is the title of a little handbook by Ellerslie Wallace, Jr., M. D. (Porter & Coates), which serves as a manual for photographic manipulation, intended especially for beginners and amateurs, with suggestions as to the choice of apparatus and of processes. It appears to be in the interest of those who wish to make use of this art, and not of those who have goods to sell. — Cottages, or Hints on Economical Building, containing twenty-four plates of medium and low cost houses, contributed by different New York architects, together with descriptive letter-press, giving practical suggestions for cottage building, compiled and edited by A. W. Brunner, architect; to which is added a chapter on the water supply, drainage, sewerage, heating, and ventilation, and other sanitary questions relating to country houses, by William Paul Gerhard. (W. T. Comstock, New York.) The limits of a book of fifty pages permit, of course, only suggestions and hints, but the plates will give further information to those who know how to look at them. A narrow examination would make a good housekeeper think twice before yielding to the seductive exteriors.

Education and Text-Books. The queer conglomeration which is issued by the Bureau of Education, at Washington, under the title Circulars of Information, is represented by two recent issues: The Teaching, Practice, and Literature of Shorthand, by J. E. Rockwell, is one, a volume of curious information on the subject, containing for one thing a bibliography a hundred pages in length; the second gives statistics regarding illiteracy, and contains an appendix on national aid to education. — Mr. John Tetlow, master of the Girl's Latin School in Boston, has prepared a progressive series of inductive lessons in Latin, based on material drawn from classical sources, chiefly from Caesar's Commentaries. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The system seems better adapted to maturer minds than to those that take up elementary work, but in the hands of a good teacher such a book ought to offer opportunity for close and valuable work. — Dr. A. P. Peabody has translated Cicero de Senectute, and furnished it with

an introduction and notes. (Little, Brown & Co.) — A First Book in Geology, designed for beginners, by N. S. Shaler. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The author's ingenuity of imagination serves an excellent purpose in vivifying the facts of geology to the young student. — A Method of English Composition, by T. Whiting Bancroft. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The book is intended as an accompaniment to formal works on rhetoric. It will be valued most, we think, for its practical portion, in which themes are suggested and examples of analytic treatment given. — The Mother's and Kindergarten's Friend, by Harvey Carpenter. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) It is doubtful if the ordinary mother or kindergartner could fathom this work. — On History and the Study of History, by W. P. Atkinson, consists of three lectures given to his classes by the Professor of English and History in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It has some very sensible notions well put, but a true student of history would be the last to decry the study of the classics, although he may object to certain methods in that study. — The Meisterschaft system has been applied to the Spanish language by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, and is presented in fifteen parts. (Estes & Lauriat.)

Religion and Philosophy. The Apostles' Creed, tested by Experience, by Charles R. Baker (Whittaker): the work of a man who has caught at the larger interpretation of the standard, and is more eager to find an inclusive meaning in it than to make it a mere touchstone of ecclesiastical standing. — Travels in Faith from Tradition to Reason, by Robert C. Adams. (Putnams.) The opening chapter is a curious piece of autobiography, by which the reader is enabled to account for the author's reasoning in the rest of the book. — The Great Argument, or Jesus Christ in the Old Testament, by William H. Thompson. Dr. Thompson labors to establish the Messianic prophecies and their fulfillment. The value of the book lies largely in its incidental illustration of the physical conditions of Hebraic life. — Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley, with a notice of the Scottish School (Scribners), is the sixth number in Dr. McCosh's Philosophic series. — Buddhism in China, by the Rev. S. Beal, is a volume in the series of Non-Christian Religious Systems, published by the S. P. C. K. (Young, New York.) Mr. Beal is an erudite scholar, and his book is necessarily rather a digest of Buddhist writings than the result of direct personal familiarity with the system. — The Consolations of Science, or Contributions from Science to the Hope of Immortality, and Kindred Themes, by Jacob Straub. (The Collegeville Company, Chicago.) Mr. Straub writes temperately, but with firm conviction that science points to an endless life for the person, and of the existence of a future world commensurate with the needs of humanity. — "Catholic," an Essential and Exclusive Attribute of the True Church, by Right Reverend Monsignor Capel. (Sadlier, New York.) Mr. Capel rests his argument upon a basis which would make the Catholic Church dependent wholly upon human instrumentality. The Catholic Church, apparently, is such by the count of noses and by tactual transmission.